SORRY, YOU WERE SAYING SOMETHING ABOUT DOOM? COULDN'T HEAR YOU OVER THE THUNDER.
IS THERE ANY MEAT UNDER ALL THAT FIRE AND METAL? ASKING FOR A FRIEND. AND BY FRIEND, I MEAN MY AX.
STEVE, YOU AND YOUR HUSBAND GET TO SAFETY! WE HAVE THIS!
YOU HAVE NOTHING, GODLINGS! FOR YOU FACE THE MOST POWERFUL DOOM THAT HAS EVER EXISTED!

HIT HIM ALL AT ONCE, SISTERS! WITH EVERYTHING YOU'VE GOT!
EVERYTHING, EH?

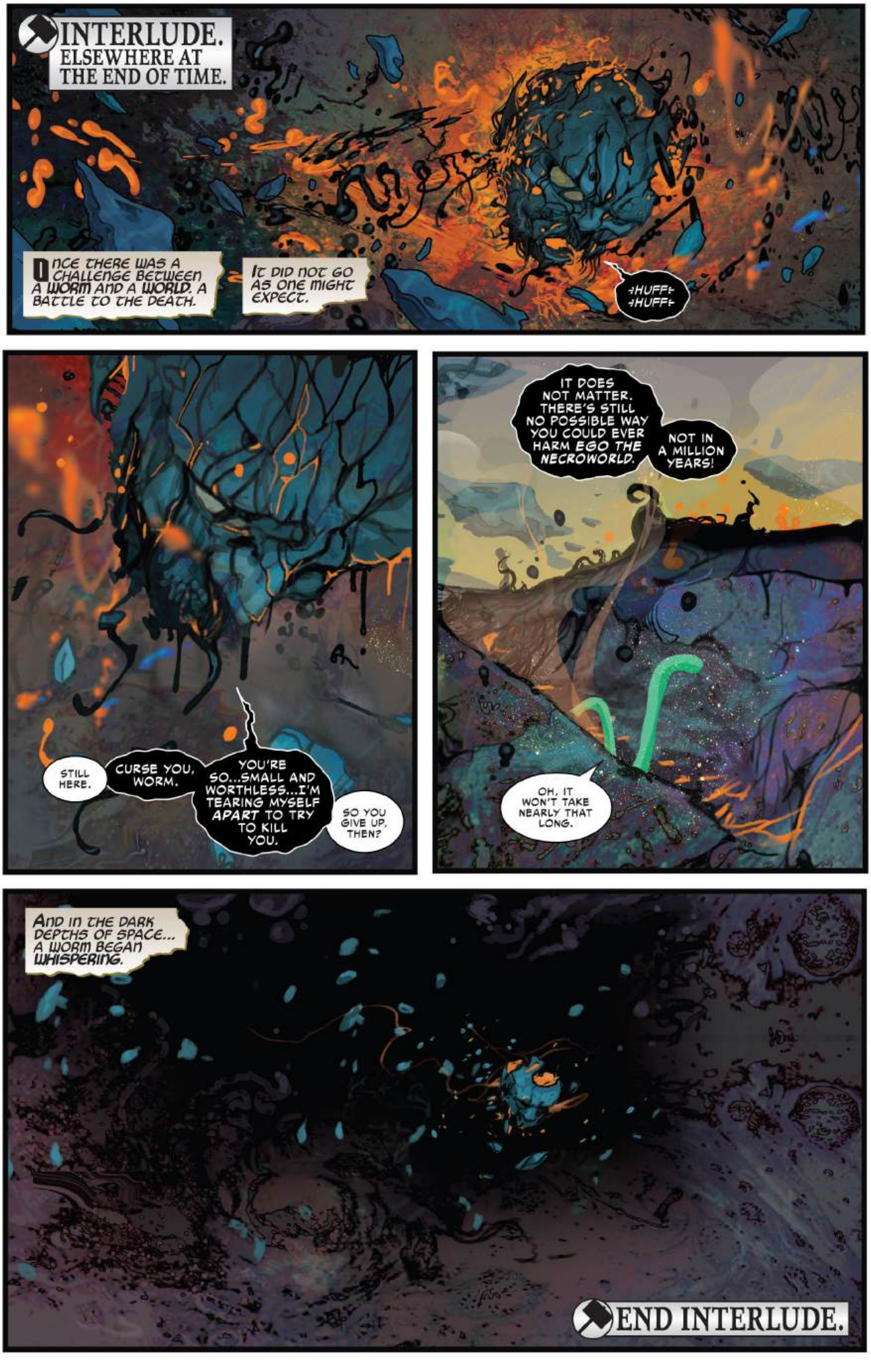
THWIP
BY THE LAST MOON OF MUNNOPOR...

THAT WAS EVERYTHING?
PITY FOR YOU.
NOW SUFFER, LITTLE CHILDREN.
GAAAARGH!!!
THE STARBRAND. THE IRON FIST. THE SPIRIT OF VENGEANCE. THE SORCERER SUPREME.
DOOM IS ALL THESE THINGS. IN ADDITION TO BEING DOOM.
YOU WHELPS NEVER HAD ANY HOPE OF EVEN SLOWING ME DOWN.
FOOM, TAKE THE OTHER MONSTERS AND RAMPAGE AT WILL. SLAY ANYTHING THAT DARES DRAW BREATH UPON THE FACE OF DOOM'S EARTH.
YES, LORD DOCTOR.
NO!
YOU CAN'T! THIS WORLD IS ALIVE AGAIN FOR THE FIRST TIME IN...
AAARRGGH!!!
IF DOOM WANTED LIFE HERE, DOOM WOULD HAVE CREATED IT HIMSELF. BUT THIS UNIVERSE ISN'T MEANT FOR THE LIKES OF MORTALS OR ASGARDIANS.
IT ISN'T MEANT FOR ANYONE OTHER THAN...

KRAKKAK
AH.
IT'S RAINING FIRE.
AM I SUPPOSED TO BE FRIGHTENED NOW?
NOT JUST FIRE.

ALSO OLD MEN.
HEY, VICTOR. I SEE YOU'RE STILL AN #%*@@#.
GET THE HEL AWAY FROM MY GRANDDAUGHTERS, YOU CRAVEN BASTARD!

THE PHOENIX AND THE ALL-FATHER. THE LAST OF THE ANCIENT POWERS I'VE YET TO EVISCERATE.
IT'S BEEN A THOUSAND CENTURIES SINCE I'VE HAD A DECENT CHALLENGE. MAKE THIS WORTH MY TIME, AND YOUR DEATHS WILL BE ONES FOR THE AGES.
YOUR DEATH IS MOST VERILY IMMINENT, VILLAIN!
THINK THAT MEANS NOW, BUB.


INTERLUDE.
ELSEWHERE AT THE END OF TIME.
ONCE THERE WAS A CHALLENGE BETWEEN A WORM AND A WORLD. A BATTLE TO THE DEATH.
IT DID NOT GO AS ONE MIGHT EXPECT.
HUFF
HUFF
STILL HERE.
CURSE YOU, WORM.
YOU'RE SO...SMALL AND WORTHLESS...I'M TEARING MYSELF APART TO TRY TO KILL YOU.
SO YOU GIVE UP, THEN?
IT DOES NOT MATTER. THERE'S STILL NO POSSIBLE WAY YOU COULD EVER HARM EGO THE NECROWORLD.
NOT IN A MILLION YEARS!
OH, IT WON'T TAKE NEARLY THAT LONG.
AND IN THE DARK DEPTHS OF SPACE... A WORM BEGAN WHISPERING.
END INTERLUDE.

WOOM
SHUNK
HEH.
FALL, DAMN YOU!
CAN'T BELIEVE I LET YOU TALK ME INTO THIS MESS!
SHOULD'VE KILLED YOU. WOULD'VE KILLED YOU, BUT THE DAMN PHOENIX WOULDN'T LET ME! WHAT THE HELL KIND OF FAVOR DOES THIS BIRD OWE YOU, THOR?!
THE ONLY KIND THAT MATTERS! THE KIND WORTH KILLING FOR!
TAKE HIM DOWN! MORE POWER!

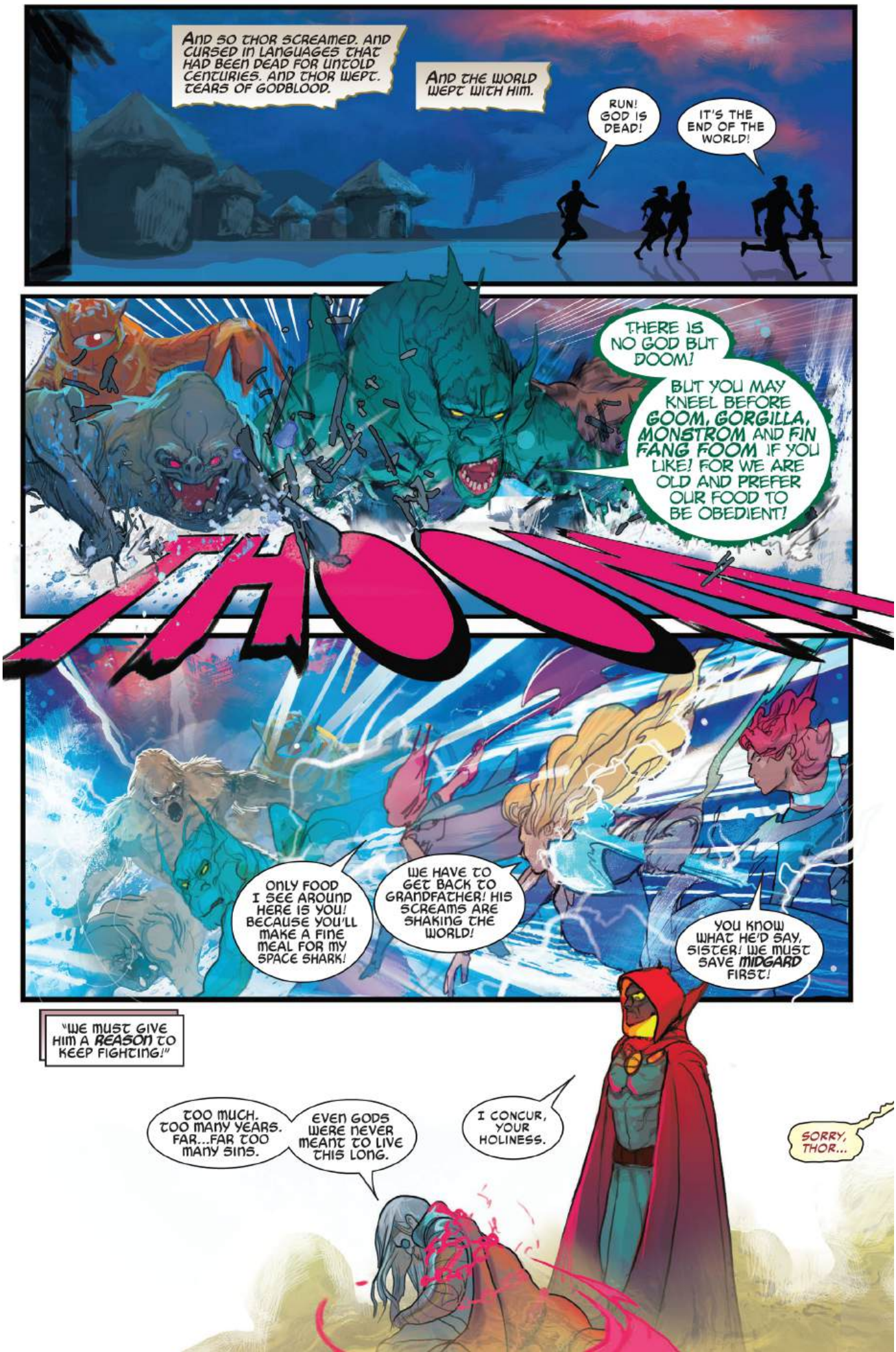
THERE ISN'T ENOUGH POWER LEFT IN THE ENTIRE UNIVERSE TO STAND AGAINST DOOM! LET ALONE BETWEEN THE TWO OF YOU RAGGED HAS-BEENS!
ME AND ONE-EYE HERE BEEN AT THIS A LONG TIME, VIC. YOU, YOU'RE STILL RAW WHEN IT COMES TO PLAYING GOD, AIN'T YA?
I HAVE HELD THESE POWERS FOR A HUNDRED MILLENNIA!
LIKE I SAID...
RAW!
ARGH!
OR THIS OL' COSMIC CANUCKLEHEAD'S GONNA BE AWFULLY--
FWOOOOOSH
YOU BETTER HAVE SOME BEER LEFT AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE, OLD-FATHER!
LOGAN!

EVEN A PHOENIX CAN BURN, IT SEEMS.
NAY! I SAY THEE--

GRRRAGH!!!
AND HOW ABOUT YOU, ASGARDIAN? LET'S SEE HOW YOU LIKE BEING BURNED...

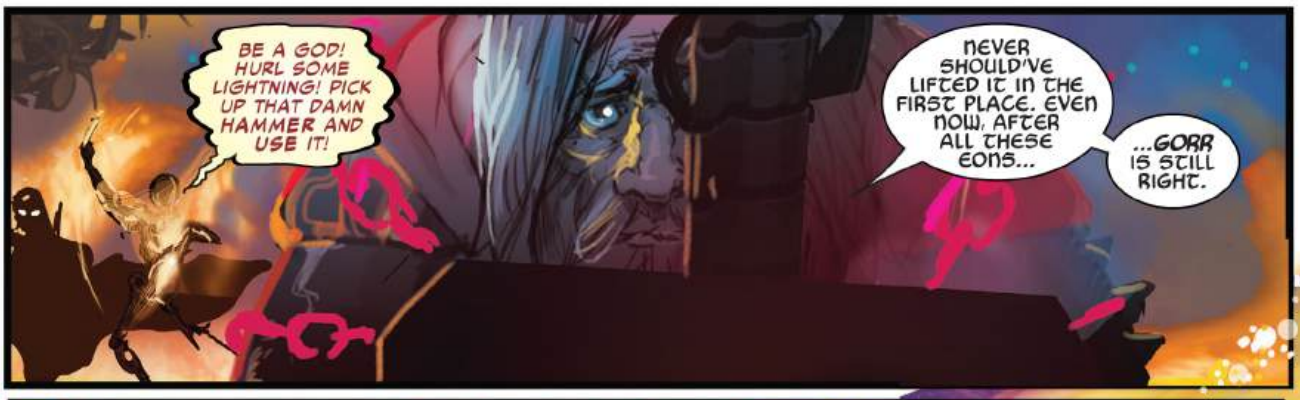
...FROM THE INSIDE.
WHEN YOU GAZE UPON THE FACE OF DOOM!
It had once been called the PENANCE STARE.
The weapon of the GHOST RIDER. Used to force a soul to feel the fire of its every sin.
Every pain you've ever wrongfully inflicted upon another, exploding through you all at once. For a mere mortal, the effects would prove quite agonizing.
no...

For a GOD...not to mention the oldest God who had ever lived...there are no words to describe the suffering.
Only screams and tears.


AND SO THOR SCREAMED. AND CURSED IN LANGUAGES THAT HAD BEEN DEAD FOR UNTOLD CENTURIES. AND THOR WEPT. TEARS OF GODBLOOD.
AND THE WORLD WEPT WITH HIM.
RUN! GOD IS DEAD!
IT'S THE END OF THE WORLD!
THERE IS NO GOD BUT DOOM!
BUT YOU MAY KNEEL BEFORE GOOM, GORGILLA, MONSTROM AND FIN FANG FOOM IF YOU LIKE! FOR WE ARE OLD AND PREFER OUR FOOD TO BE OBEDIENT!
THOR
ONLY FOOD I SEE AROUND HERE IS YOU! BECAUSE YOU'LL MAKE A FINE MEAL FOR MY SPACE SHARK!
WE HAVE TO GET BACK TO GRANDFATHER! HIS SCREAMS ARE SHAKING THE WORLD!
YOU KNOW WHAT HE'D SAY, SISTER! WE MUST SAVE MIDGARD FIRST!
"WE MUST GIVE HIM A REASON TO KEEP FIGHTING!"
TOO MUCH. TOO MANY YEARS. FAR...FAR TOO MANY SINS.
EVEN GODS WERE NEVER MEANT TO LIVE THIS LONG.
I CONCUR, YOUR HOLINESS.
SORRY, THOR...

HHRRGGH!!!
...BUT IF I DON'T GET TO DIE, NEITHER THE HELL DO YOU!

LOGAN. YOU WERE RIGHT.
I SHOULD'VE LEFT IT DEAD.
TOO DAMN LATE FOR THAT!
GET UP, THOR! I DON'T CARE HOW MUCH YOU'RE HURTING! HOW THE HELL DO YOU THINK THIS FEELS FOR ME?!


BE A GOD! HURL SOME LIGHTNING! PICK UP THAT DAMN HAMMER AND USE IT!
NEVER SHOULD'VE LIFTED IT IN THE FIRST PLACE. EVEN NOW, AFTER ALL THESE EONS...
...GORR IS STILL RIGHT.

GODS, WHAT HAVE I DONE?
DON'T GIVE ME NONE A' THAT UNWORTHY CRAP! YOU THINK ANY OF US ARE HERE AT THE END BECAUSE WE DESERVE TO BE?! THE WORTHY ONES ARE ALL DEAD AND GONE!

WE'RE JUST THE ORNERY OLD #%& WHO'RE LEFT!
GAAAGH!!!

WE CANNOT DO IT. WE CANNOT BEAT DOOM.
NOT WITH YOU ON YOUR KNEES, WE CAN'T.
DAMN.
FORGOT HOW PRETTY IT ALL USED TO BE. WE MUST BE IN CANADA NOW.
MAYBE YOU WERE RIGHT TO BRING THE EARTH BACK TO LIFE, THOR. DOESN'T REALLY MATTER ANYMORE, I GUESS. ONLY IMPORTANT THING NOW IS...
WE CAN'T LET DOOM BE THE ONE TO KILL IT.
THAT UGLY-ASS LATVERIAN BASTARD DON'T GET TO WRITE THE EARTH'S FINAL CHAPTER. NO MATTER DAMN WHAT.
AYE...
GO, LOGAN. I WILL FINISH THIS. I WILL DROWN HIM IN MY OWN BLOOD IF I MUST.
I'D KINDA LIKE TO SEE THAT. BUT YOU'RE RIGHT, THOR, WE CAN'T BEAT HIM. WITH ALL THOSE POWERS WARPED TOGETHER, HE'S A ONE-MAN AVENGERS SQUAD. HE'S JUST TOO DAMN STRONG.
AIN'T BUT ONE THING TO DO.
LOGAN... WHAT ARE YOU...
I KNOW WHY THE PHOENIX WOULDN'T KILL YOU. IT TOOK ME AS ITS AVATAR BECAUSE IT DIDN'T HAVE NO OTHER DAMN CHOICE. BUT ME AND THE OLD BIRD AIN'T NEVER EXACTLY BEEN FRIENDS.
YOU. YOU IT ACTUALLY LOVED ONCE, DIDN'T IT? WE COULD USE A BIT MORE A' THAT THESE DAYS.
KEEP THE FIRES BURNING, BUB.

RRRRRAAAARRRGGGHHH!!!
LOGAN! NO...
IT APPEARS THE OLD FOOL HAS TAKEN THE EASY WAY OUT.
THE PHOENIX FIRE WILL SOON BE MINE. JUST LIKE THAT HAMMER OF YOURS.
I'M SORRY, OLD FRIEND.
HAMMER. YOU WANT THE HAMMER?
BELIEVE ME, DOOM...
KRAKOOOOOM

YOU'RE NOT GOD ENOUGH TO HOLD THIS HAMMER!
AND SO THE FIREBIRD WAS REBORN YET AGAIN, WITH A HEART OF LIGHTNING AND A FISTFUL OF BURNING URU.
AS THE MIGHTY THUNDERBIRD.
KING PHOENIX, GOD OF FIRE.
BUT IF YOU'RE LOOKING TO PLAY THE DEVIL, THOR WILL OBLIGE!
AND THE WORLD SHOOK FROM WITHIN, AS THE GREATEST GOD AND THE GREATEST DEVIL EXPLODED WITH ALL THE FIRE LEFT IN CREATION.

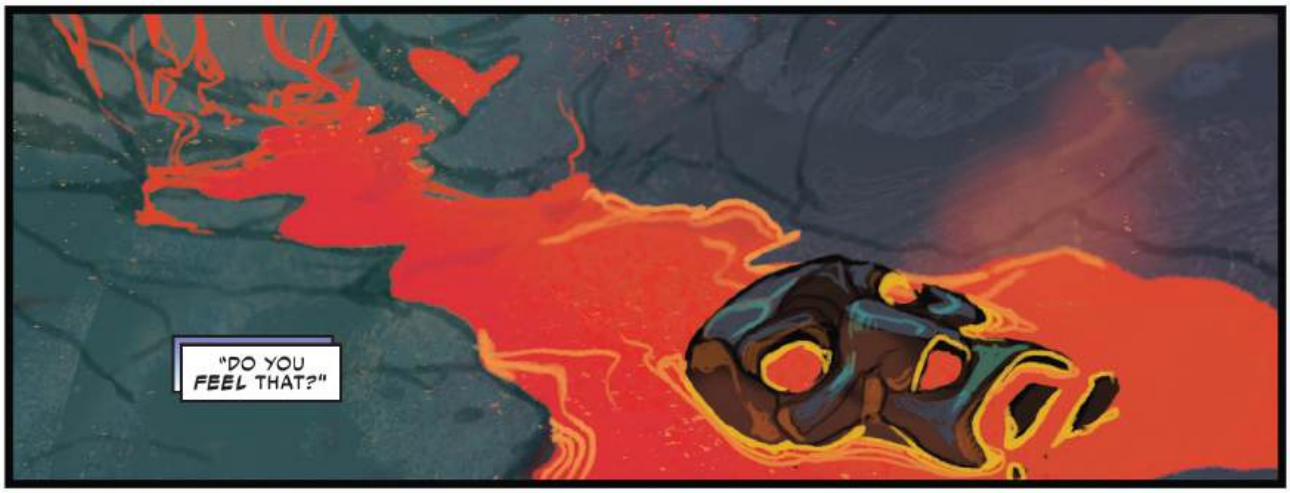
Day turned to night and night turned to day, and still the battle raged within the earth.
For many years to come, there would be fiery earthquakes and volcanoes that spewed lightning and roars loud enough to crumble mountains.

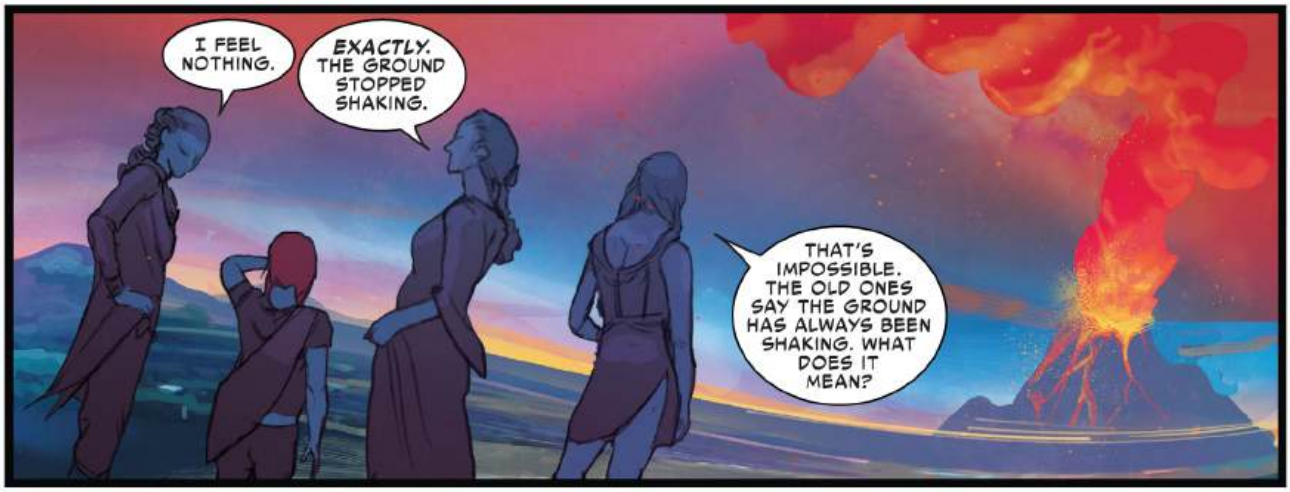
But life would endure.
Generations would come and go, never knowing a world that wasn't roaring and cracking apart.
Never knowing a night without screams from deep below.

The gardens were tended. The stars stayed lit. While the universe crept closer to its end.

Even deep within the earth, Thor could feel it.
The earth clinging to life, at the end of time.
He clung to that life too. And the world...

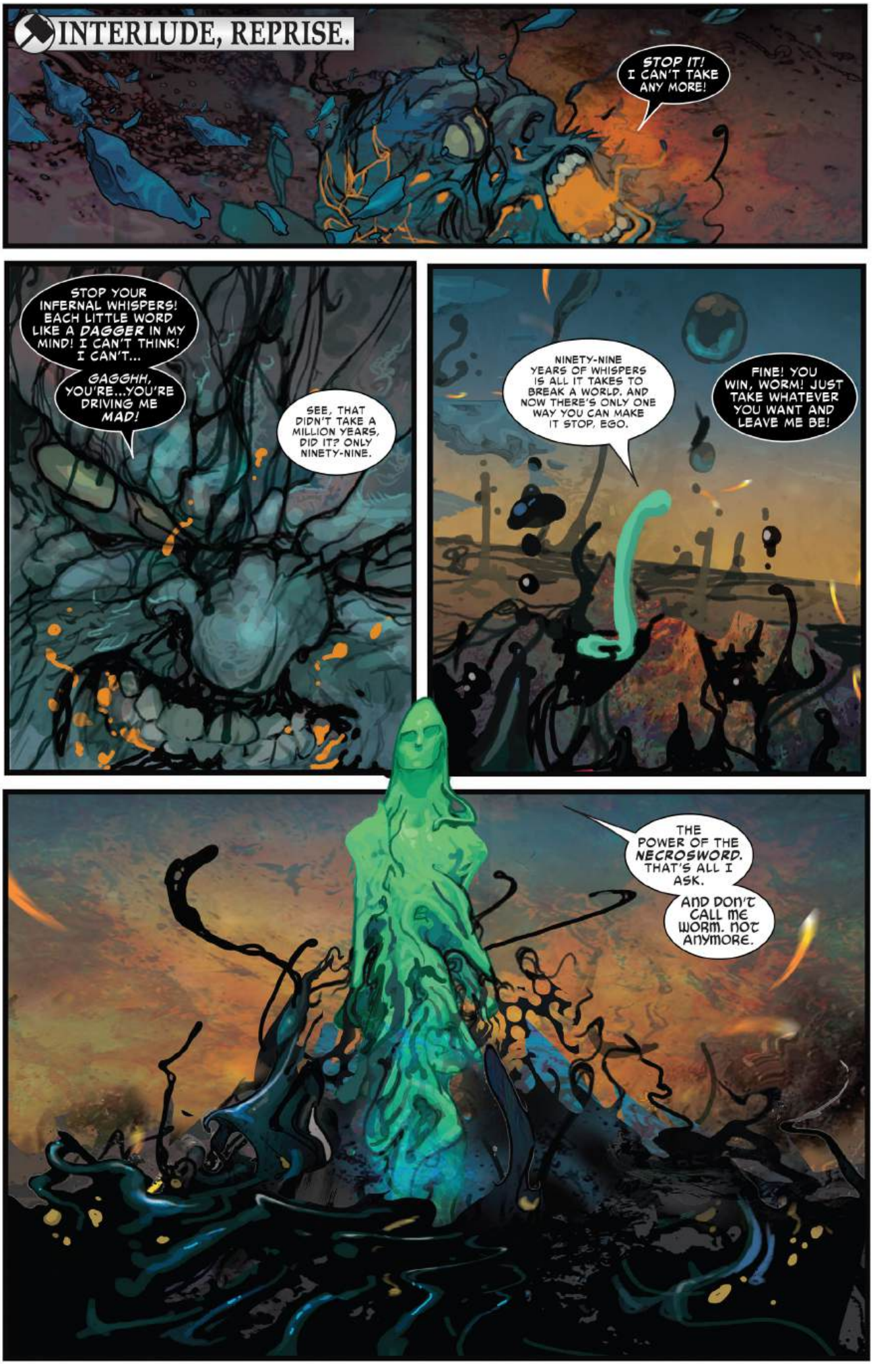
...BECAME THOR'S MIGHTIEST HAMMER.
MANY YEARS LATER.
WHUK
OOOM

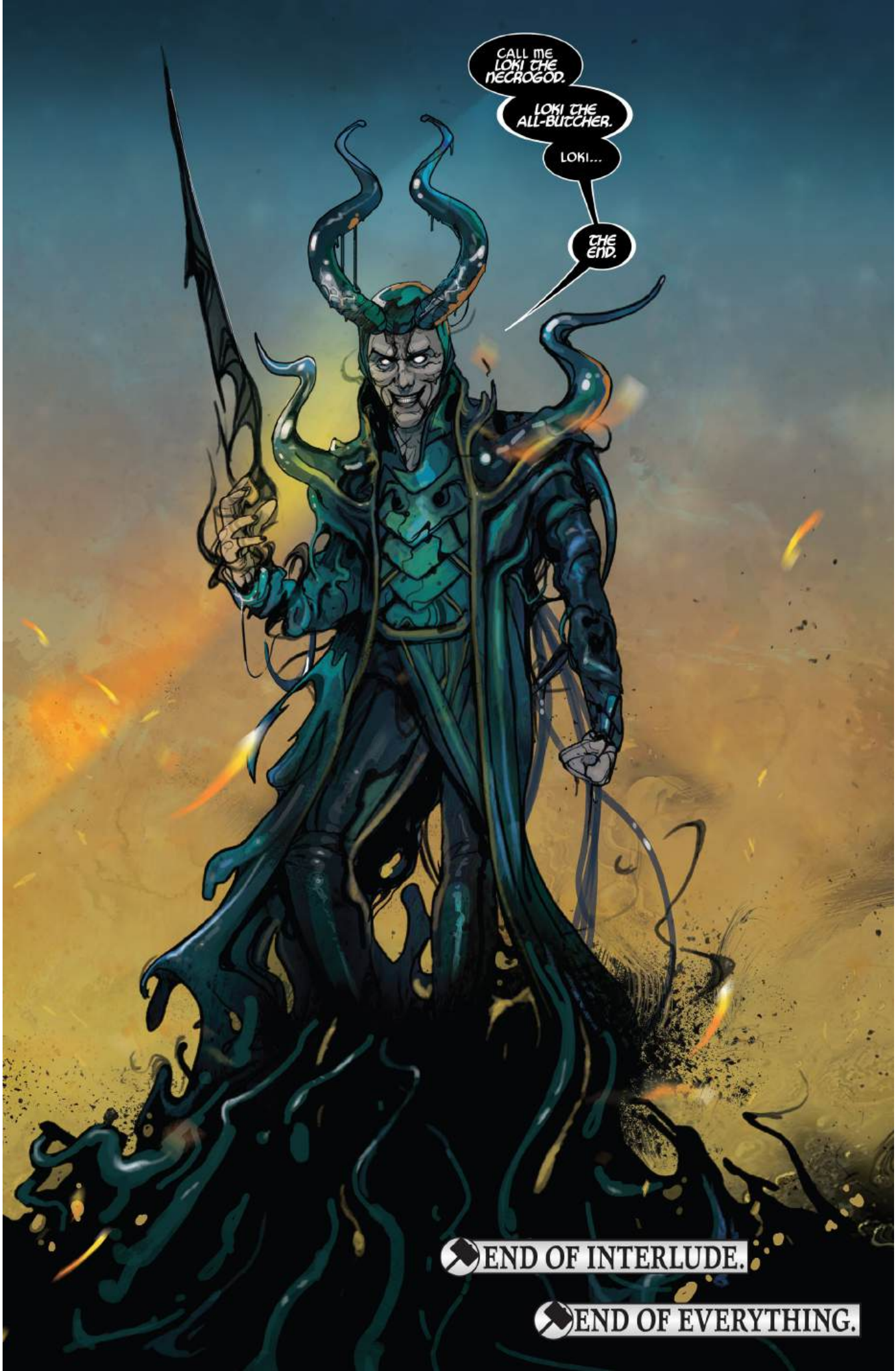

"DO YOU FEEL THAT?"

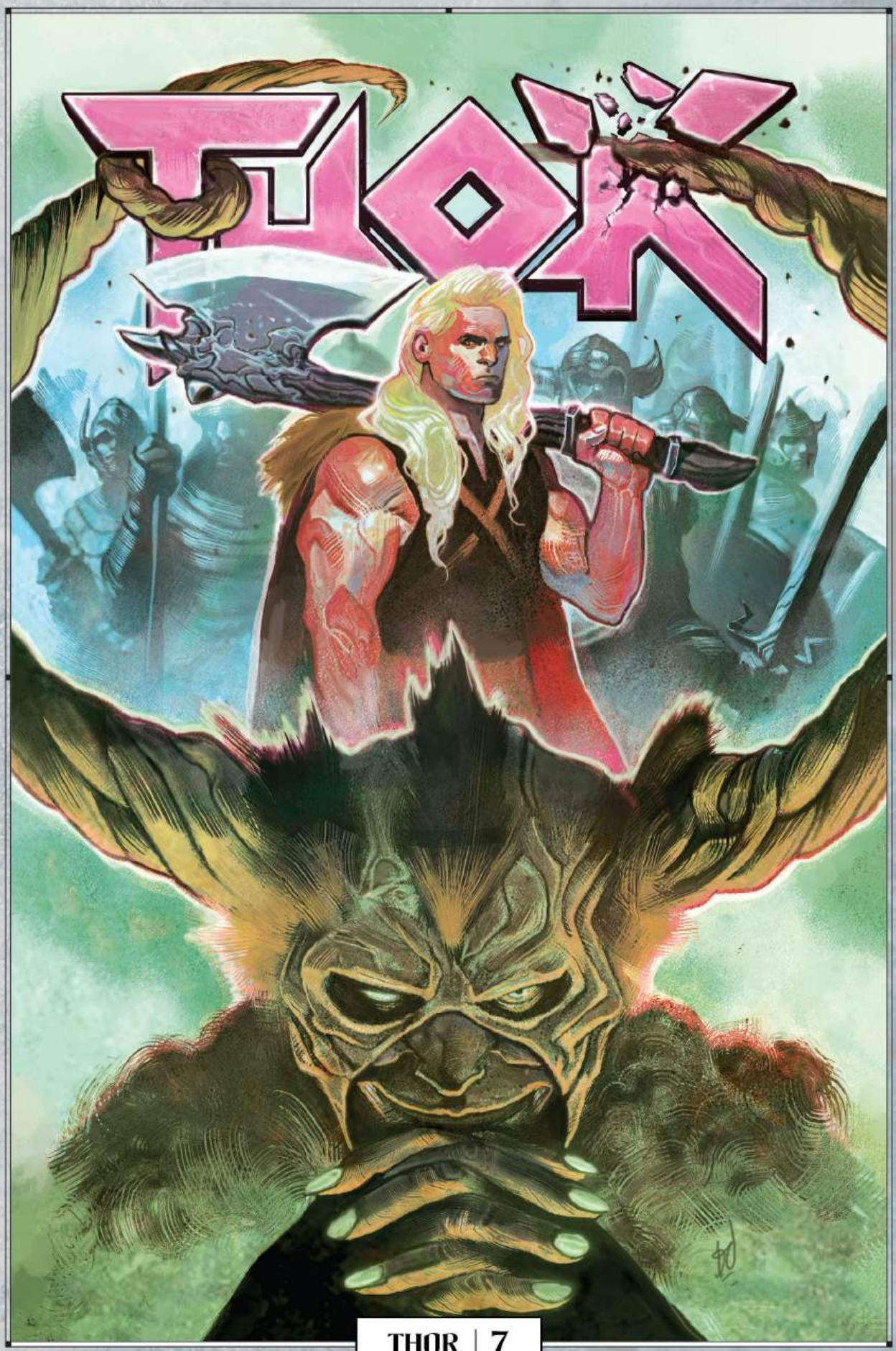

I FEEL NOTHING.
EXACTLY. THE GROUND STOPPED SHAKING.
THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE. THE OLD ONES SAY THE GROUND HAS ALWAYS BEEN SHAKING. WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

IT...IT MEANS...

IT MEANS GOD IS GOOD.
IT IS FINISHED.
THOR?! HE'S RETURNED TO US!
DAUGHTER, RUN! GET THE ELDERS! QUICKLY!
DAUGHTER? WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOUR...
IT'S TOO LATE, MOMMIES. GOD IS SLEEPING THE FOREVER SLEEP NOW. A LITTLE BIRD TOLD ME.
AND THE REAL DARKNESS IS AWAKE AGAIN.
"AND NOW IT'S COMING FOR US ALL."

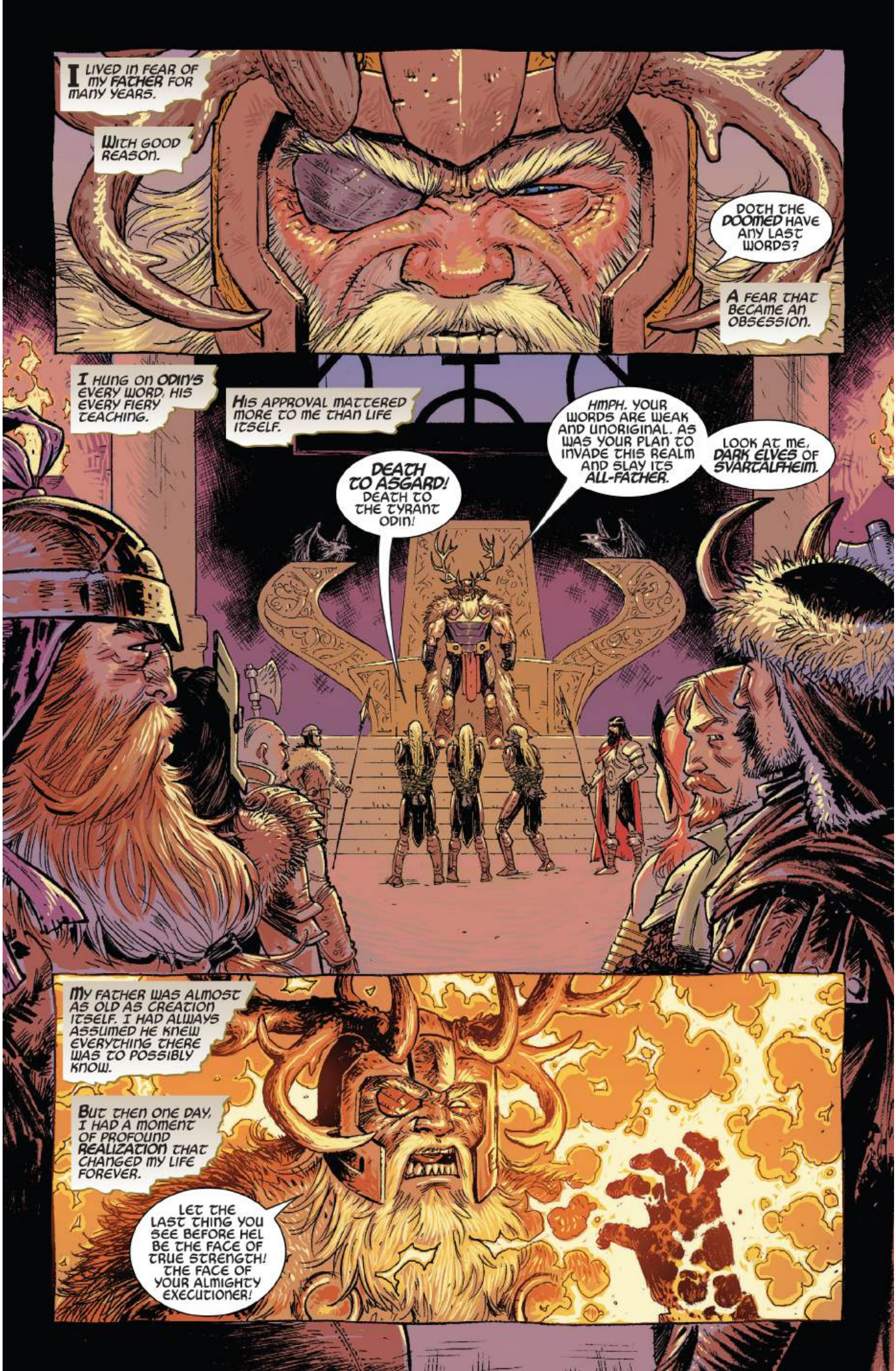

INTERLUDE, REPRISE.
STOP IT! I CAN'T TAKE ANY MORE!
STOP YOUR INFERNAL WHISPERS! EACH LITTLE WORD LIKE A DAGGER IN MY MIND! I CAN'T THINK! I CAN'T...
GAGGHH, YOU'RE...YOU'RE DRIVING ME MAD!
SEE, THAT DIDN'T TAKE A MILLION YEARS, DID IT? ONLY NINETY-NINE.
NINETY-NINE YEARS OF WHISPERS IS ALL IT TAKES TO BREAK A WORLD. AND NOW THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY YOU CAN MAKE IT STOP, EGO.
FINE! YOU WIN, WORM! JUST TAKE WHATEVER YOU WANT AND LEAVE ME BE!
THE POWER OF THE NECROSWORD. THAT'S ALL I ASK.
AND DON'T CALL ME WORM. NOT ANYMORE.

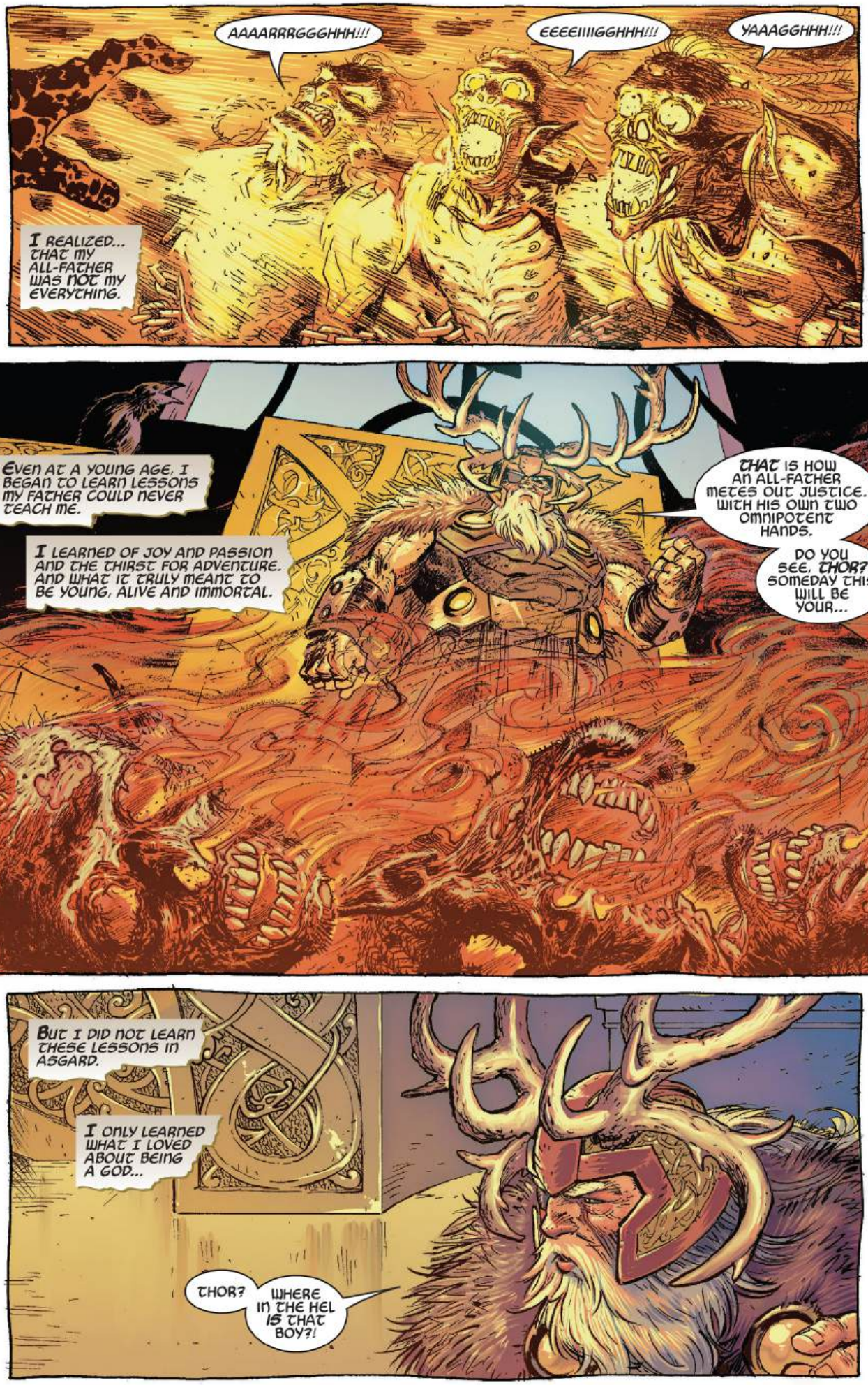

CALL ME LOKI THE NECROGOD.
LOKI THE ALL-BUTCHER.
LOKI...
THE END.
END OF INTERLUDE.
END OF EVERYTHING.

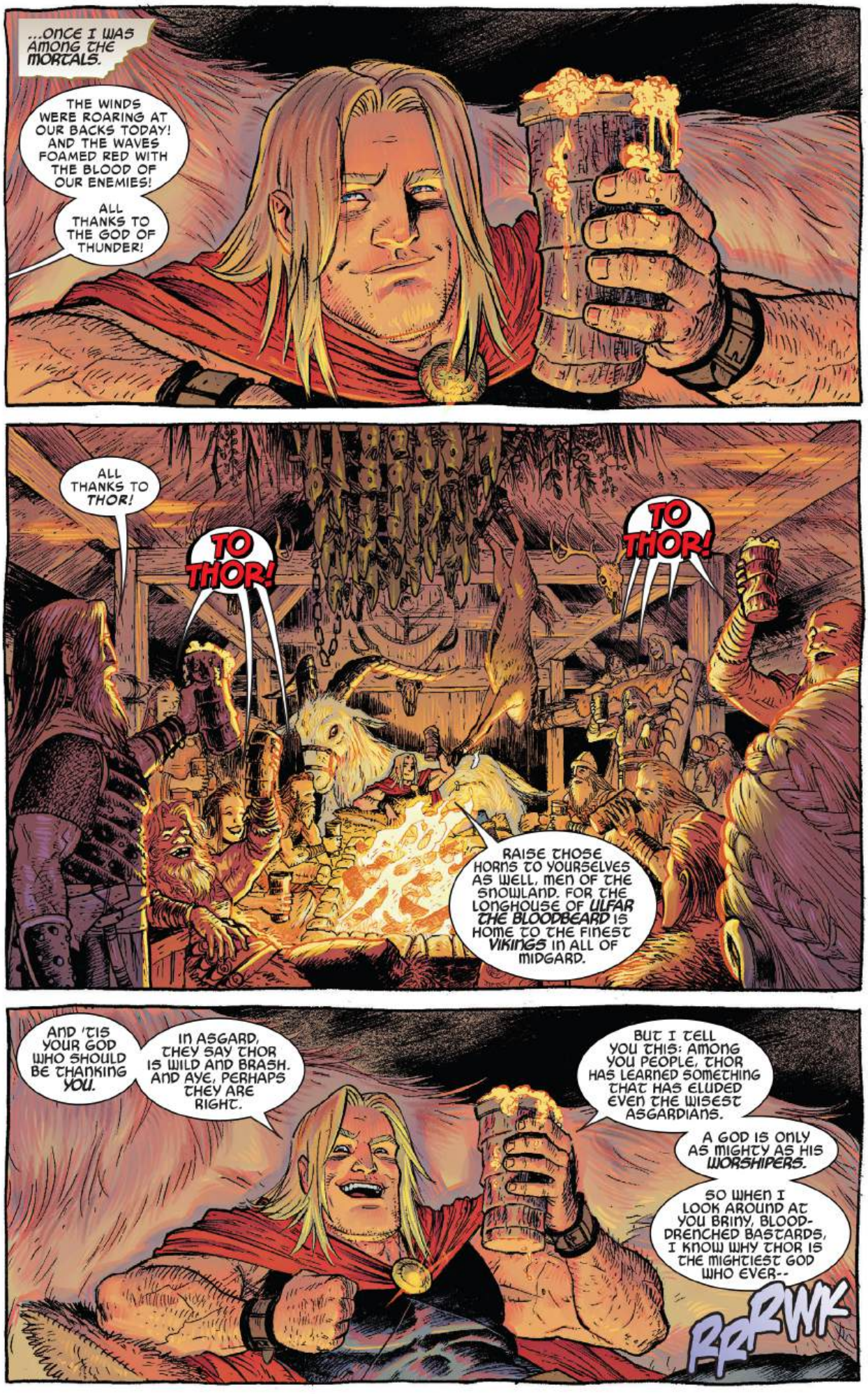


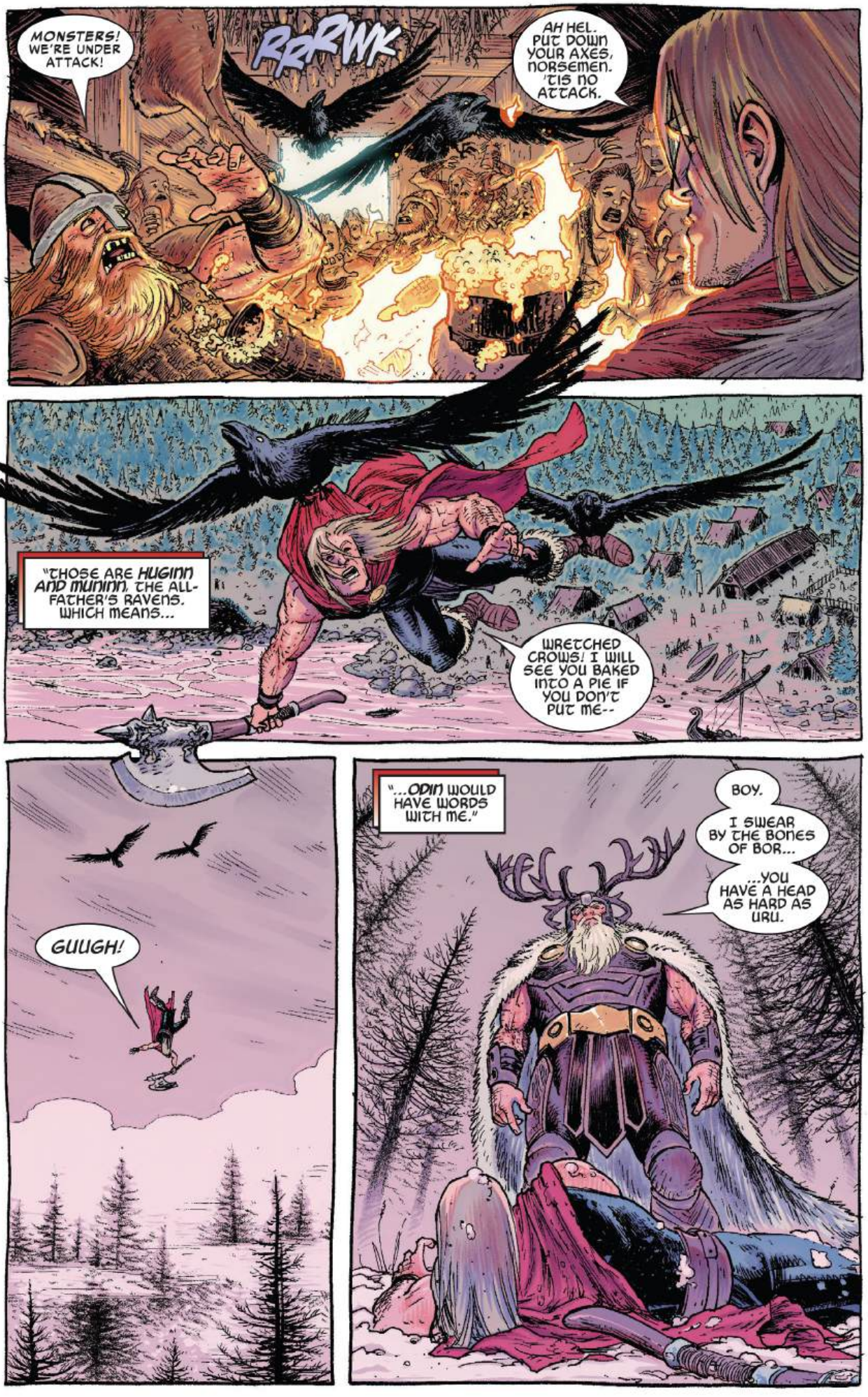
THOR | 7

"Young Thor's Lament"


I LIVED IN FEAR OF MY FATHER FOR MANY YEARS.
WITH GOOD REASON.
DOTH THE DOOMED HAVE ANY LAST WORDS?
A FEAR THAT BECAME AN OBSESSION.
I HUNG ON ODIN'S EVERY WORD, HIS EVERY FIERY TEACHING.
HIS APPROVAL MATTERED MORE TO ME THAN LIFE ITSELF.
DEATH TO ASGARD! DEATH TO THE TYRANT ODIN!
HMPH. YOUR WORDS ARE WEAK AND UNORIGINAL. AS WAS YOUR PLAN TO INVADE THIS REALM AND SLAY ITS ALL-FATHER.
LOOK AT ME, DARK ELVES OF SVARTALFHEIM.
MY FATHER WAS ALMOST AS OLD AS CREATION ITSELF. I HAD ALWAYS ASSUMED HE KNEW EVERYTHING THERE WAS TO POSSIBLY KNOW.
BUT THEN ONE DAY, I HAD A MOMENT OF PROFOUND REALIZATION THAT CHANGED MY LIFE FOREVER.
LET THE LAST THING YOU SEE BEFORE HEL BE THE FACE OF TRUE STRENGTH! THE FACE OF YOUR ALMIGHTY EXECUTIONER!


AAAARRRGGGHHH!!!
EEEEIIIIGGHHH!!!
YAAAGGHHH!!!
I REALIZED... THAT MY ALL-FATHER WAS NOT MY EVERYTHING.
EVEN AT A YOUNG AGE, I BEGAN TO LEARN LESSONS MY FATHER COULD NEVER TEACH ME.
I LEARNED OF JOY AND PASSION AND THE THIRST FOR ADVENTURE. AND WHAT IT TRULY MEANT TO BE YOUNG, ALIVE AND IMMORTAL.
THAT IS HOW AN ALL-FATHER METES OUT JUSTICE. WITH HIS OWN TWO OMNIPOTENT HANDS.
DO YOU SEE, THOR? SOMEDAY THIS WILL BE YOUR...
BUT I DID NOT LEARN THESE LESSONS IN ASGARD.
I ONLY LEARNED WHAT I LOVED ABOUT BEING A GOD...
THOR?
WHERE IN THE HEL IS THAT BOY?!


...ONCE I WAS AMONG THE MORTALS.
THE WINDS WERE ROARING AT OUR BACKS TODAY! AND THE WAVES FOAMED RED WITH THE BLOOD OF OUR ENEMIES!
ALL THANKS TO THE GOD OF THUNDER!
ALL THANKS TO THOR!
TO THOR!
TO THOR!
RAISE THOSE HORNS TO YOURSELVES AS WELL, MEN OF THE SNOWLAND. FOR THE LONGHOUSE OF ULFAR THE BLOODBEARD IS HOME TO THE FINEST VIKINGS IN ALL OF MIDGARD.
AND 'TIS YOUR GOD WHO SHOULD BE THANKING YOU.
IN ASGARD, THEY SAY THOR IS WILD AND BRASH. AND AYE, PERHAPS THEY ARE RIGHT.
BUT I TELL YOU THIS: AMONG YOU PEOPLE, THOR HAS LEARNED SOMETHING THAT HAS ELUDED EVEN THE WISEST ASGARDIANS.
A GOD IS ONLY AS MIGHTY AS HIS WORSHIPERS.
SO WHEN I LOOK AROUND AT YOU BRINY, BLOOD-DRENCHED BASTARDS, I KNOW WHY THOR IS THE MIGHTIEST GOD WHO EVER--
RRRWK


MONSTERS! WE'RE UNDER ATTACK!
RRRWK
AH HEL. PUT DOWN YOUR AXES, NORSEMEN. 'TIS NO ATTACK.
"THOSE ARE HUGINN AND MUNINN, THE ALL-FATHER'S RAVENS. WHICH MEANS...
WRETCHED CROWS! I WILL SEE YOU BAKED INTO A PIE IF YOU DON'T PUT ME--
GUUGH!
"...ODIN WOULD HAVE WORDS WITH ME."
BOY.
I SWEAR BY THE BONES OF BOR...
...YOU HAVE A HEAD AS HARD AS URU.

FUNNY. I OFTEN SAY THE SAME ABOUT YOU, FATHER.
MIND YOUR IMPUDENT TONGUE OR I'LL HAVE THE BIRDS MIND IT FOR YOU! I AM SICK OF BEING DEFIED BY MY OWN FLESH AND BLOOD!
HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I TOLD YOU TO STAY AWAY FROM MIDGARD?!
AM I MEANT TO ANSWER THAT? OR KEEP MINDING MY IMPUDENT TONGUE?
YOU ARROGANT LITTLE BASTARD!
GUUGH!
YOU GO TOO FAR, THOR! I HAVE LAID ENTIRE WORLDS TO RUIN FOR GIVING LESS OFFENSE THAN YOU HURL AT ME ON A DAILY BASIS!
I'LL REMIND YOU THAT I WAS MINDING MY OWN DAMN BUSINESS UNTIL YOUR RAVENS DRAGGED ME HERE. I'LL GLADLY RETURN TO MY MEAD.
LOOK AT YOURSELF! YOU DO NOT BELONG HERE, BOY!
YOU ARE THE GOD OF THE STORM, NOT THE MUD!
YOU WANT TO COME AMONG THE MORTALS TO SWING YOUR AX AND SOW YOUR OATS? BE MY GUEST! GODS KNOW I DID THE SAME ONCE UPON A TIME!
BUT YOU WILL NOT NEGLECT YOUR DUTIES IN THE REALM ETERNAL, NOT FOR THE SAKE OF MIDGARD! OR THAT DAMNED HAMMER YOU'RE SO OBSESSED WITH!
YOU UNDERSTAND NOTHING OF MIDGARD, OR OF ME, OLD MAN.
IF YOU WANT GODS BLINDLY KOWTOWING AT YOUR FEET, THEN GO BACK TO ASGARD.
AND LEAVE ME HERE IN THE MUD WHERE I BELONG.

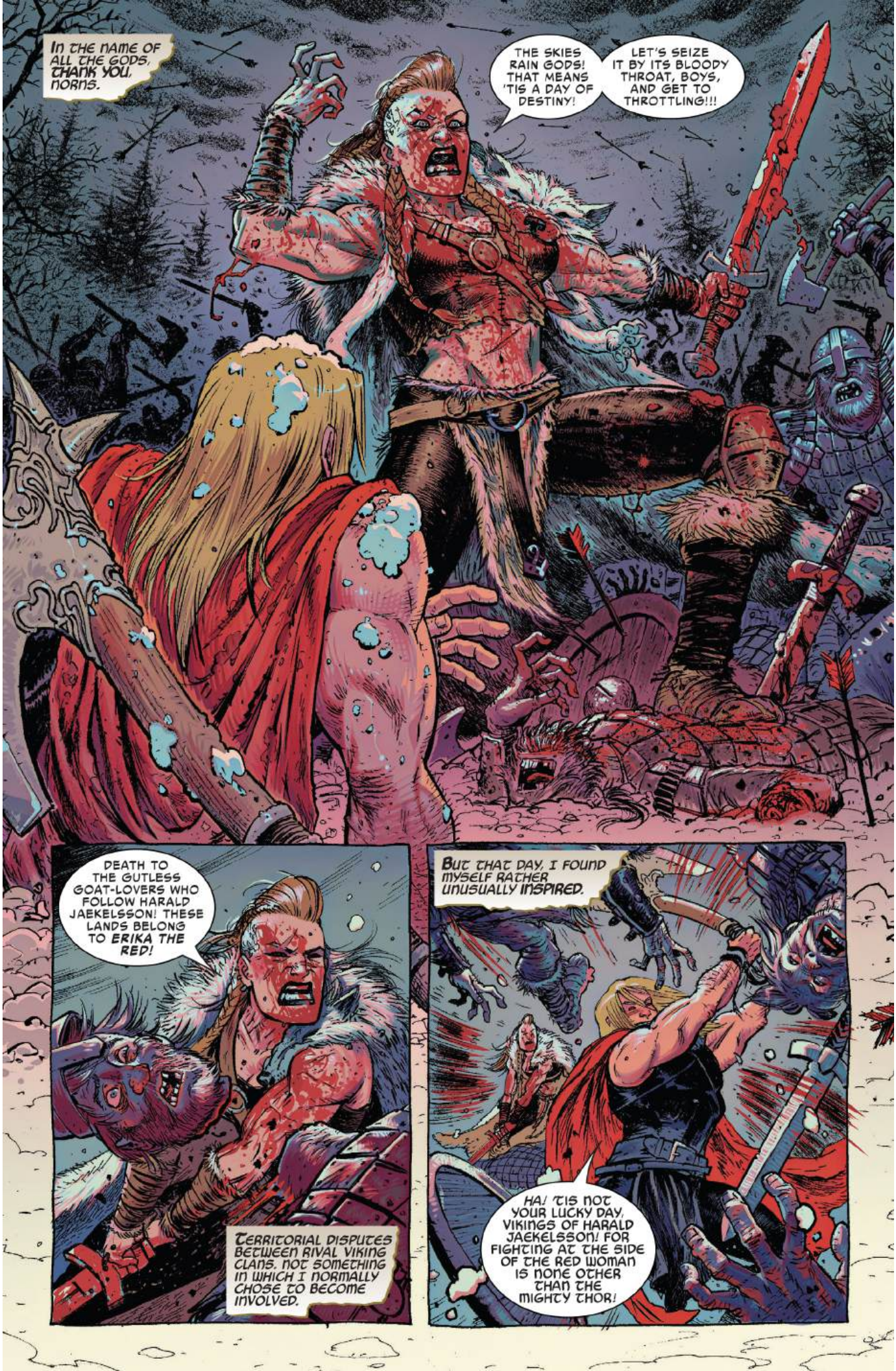
"I HAVE SLAIN ARMIES OF FLAMING GIANTS AND TOWERING MONSTERS FROM BEYOND THE STARS..."
...BUT IT'S MY OWN SON WHO WILL BE THE DEATH OF ME. THIS I KNOW.
PERHAPS.
OR PERHAPS IT'S YOUR SON WHO'LL SAVE THE DAY.
BE GONE, LOKI. I'M OF NO MIND TO DEAL WITH YOUR FOUL MISCHIEF.
BE YE CERTAIN OF THAT, SIRE? FOR IT APPEARS THAT A BIT OF MY MISCHIEF IS EXACTLY WHAT YOU NEED TO SOLVE YOUR PESKY...THOR PROBLEM.
LOKI, I WARN YOU...
I HATE TO SEE THE WAY HE TREATS YOU, FATHER. WITH SUCH BLATANT DISRESPECT. SPURNING THE ALMIGHTY ALL-FATHER IN FAVOR OF A FEW LOWLY MORTALS.
MY POOR LOST BROTHER MUST BE MADE TO SEE THE ERROR OF HIS WAYS. AND I CAN DO THAT. IF YOU BUT GIVE ME FREE REIN, I PROMISE YOU, MY LIEGE...
...I CAN MAKE IT SO THOR NEVER WISHES TO SEE MIDGARD AGAIN.

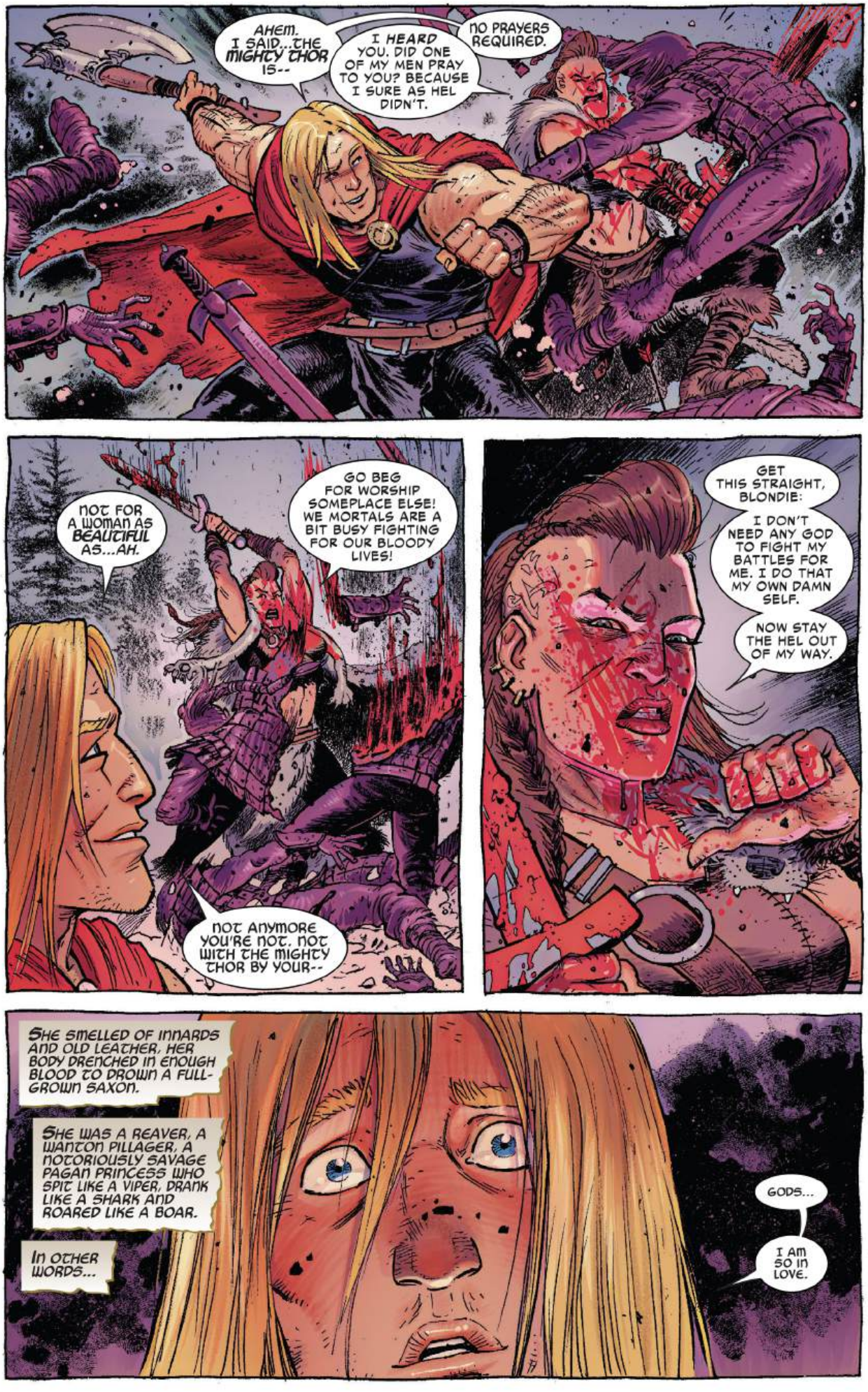
GODS HELP ME.
AND HOW WOULD YOU DO THAT?
WITH THE STRONGEST FORCE IN THE COSMOS.
THE CHAINS OF GLEIPNIR?
NAY, MY LIEGE. STRONGER STILL.
LOVE.

LOVE AND A BIT OF WIND.

AARRGGH!!! DAMMIT, NOT AGAIN!
BE YE GOD OR MORTAL, WE ALL LIKE TO BELIEVE WE ARE MASTERS OF OUR OWN FATE.
BUT IN THIS WE FOOL OURSELVES, FOR EVEN THE GODS ARE SLAVES TO THE WHIMS OF THE NORNS, THE MYSTERIOUS WEAVERS OF THE THREADS OF DESTINY.

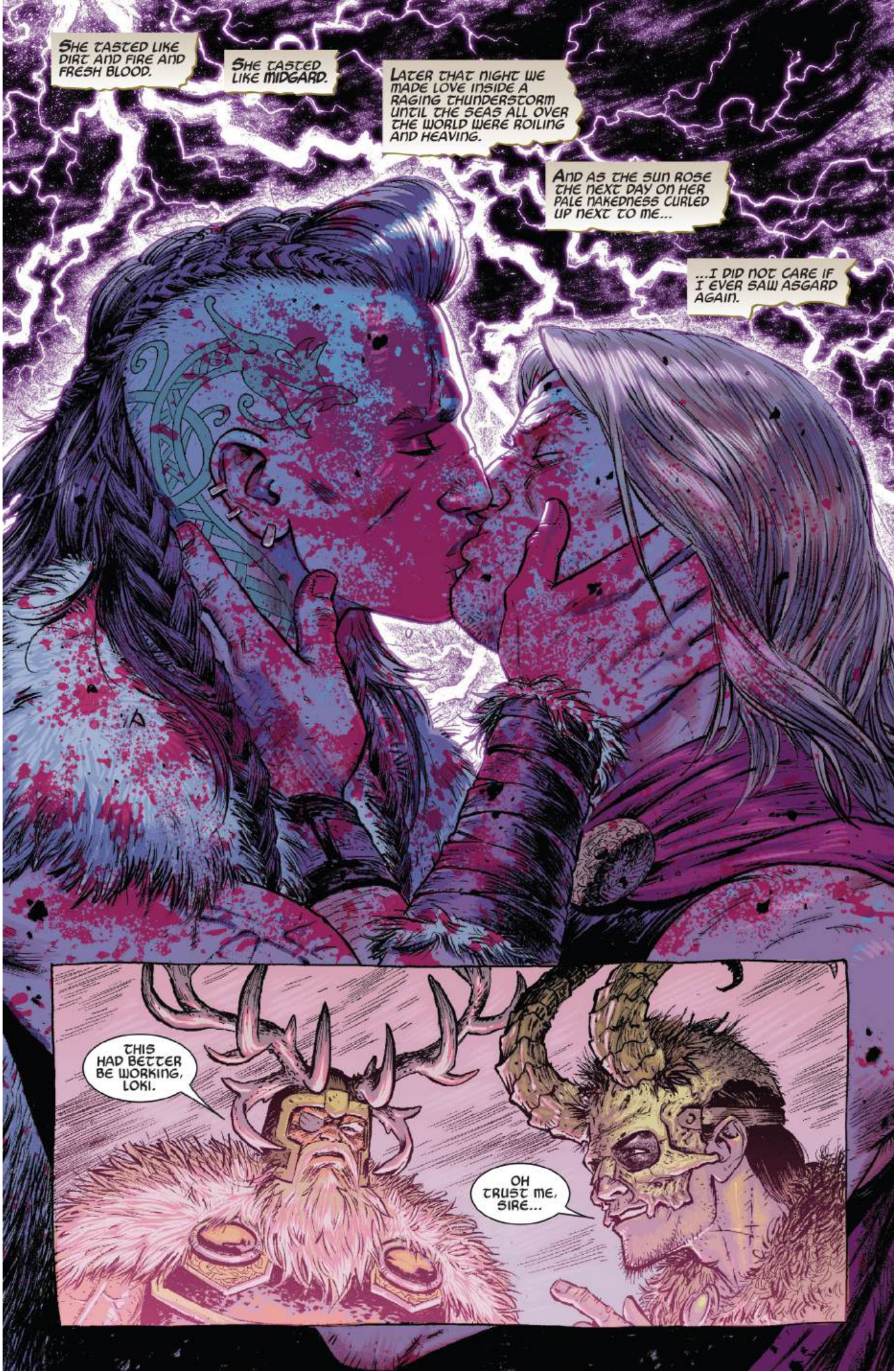
AND THE NORNS DO LOVE TO KEEP US ON OUR TOES.
UUNNGH!

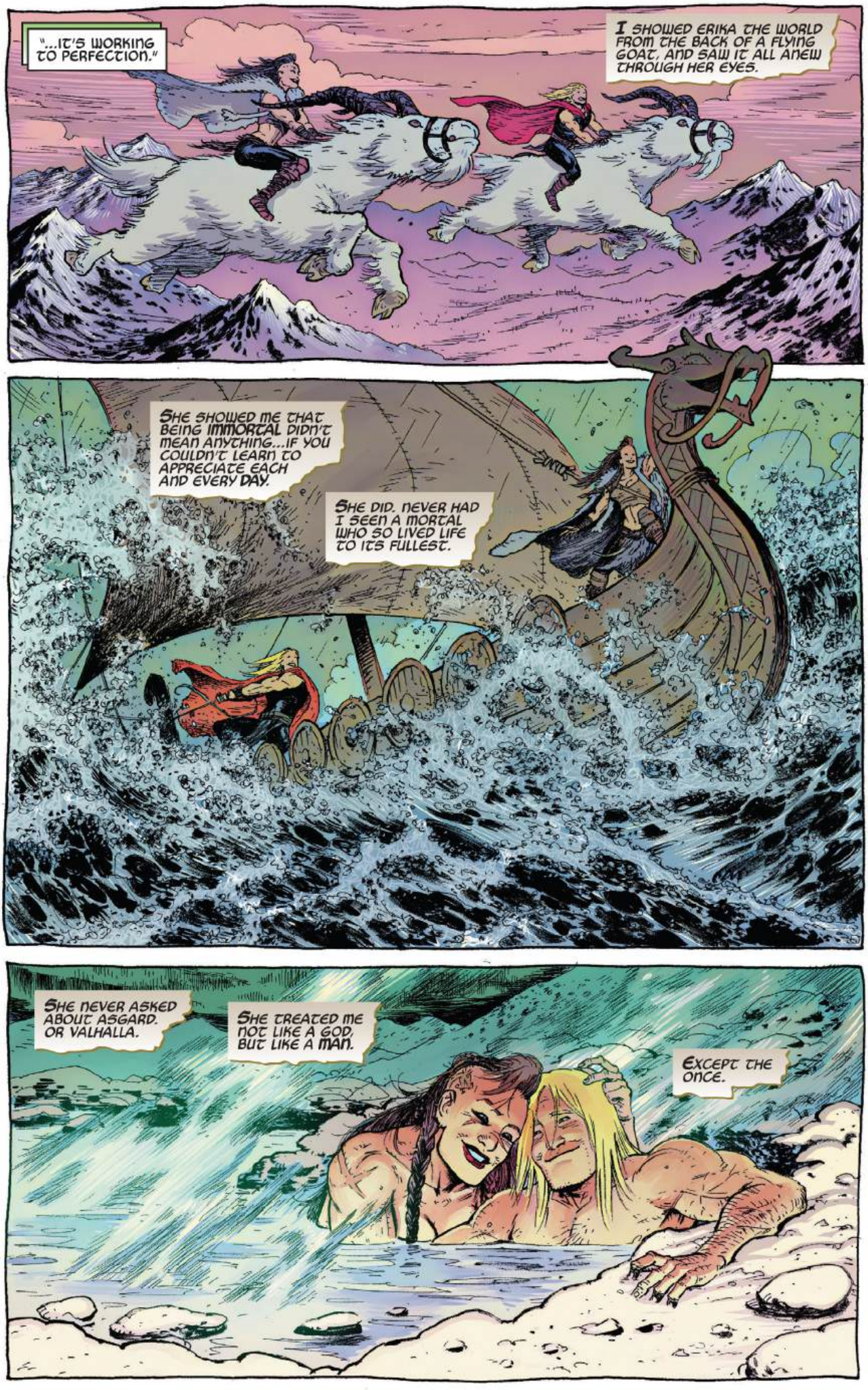

In the name of all the gods, thank you, norns.
The skies rain gods! That means 'tis a day of destiny!
Let's seize it by its bloody throat, boys, and get to throttling!!!
Death to the gutless goat-lovers who follow Harald Jaekelsson! These lands belong to Erika the Red!
Territorial disputes between rival Viking clans. Not something in which I normally chose to become involved.
But that day, I found myself rather unusually inspired.
Ha! 'Tis not your lucky day, vikings of Harald Jaekelsson! For fighting at the side of the red woman is none other than the mighty Thor!

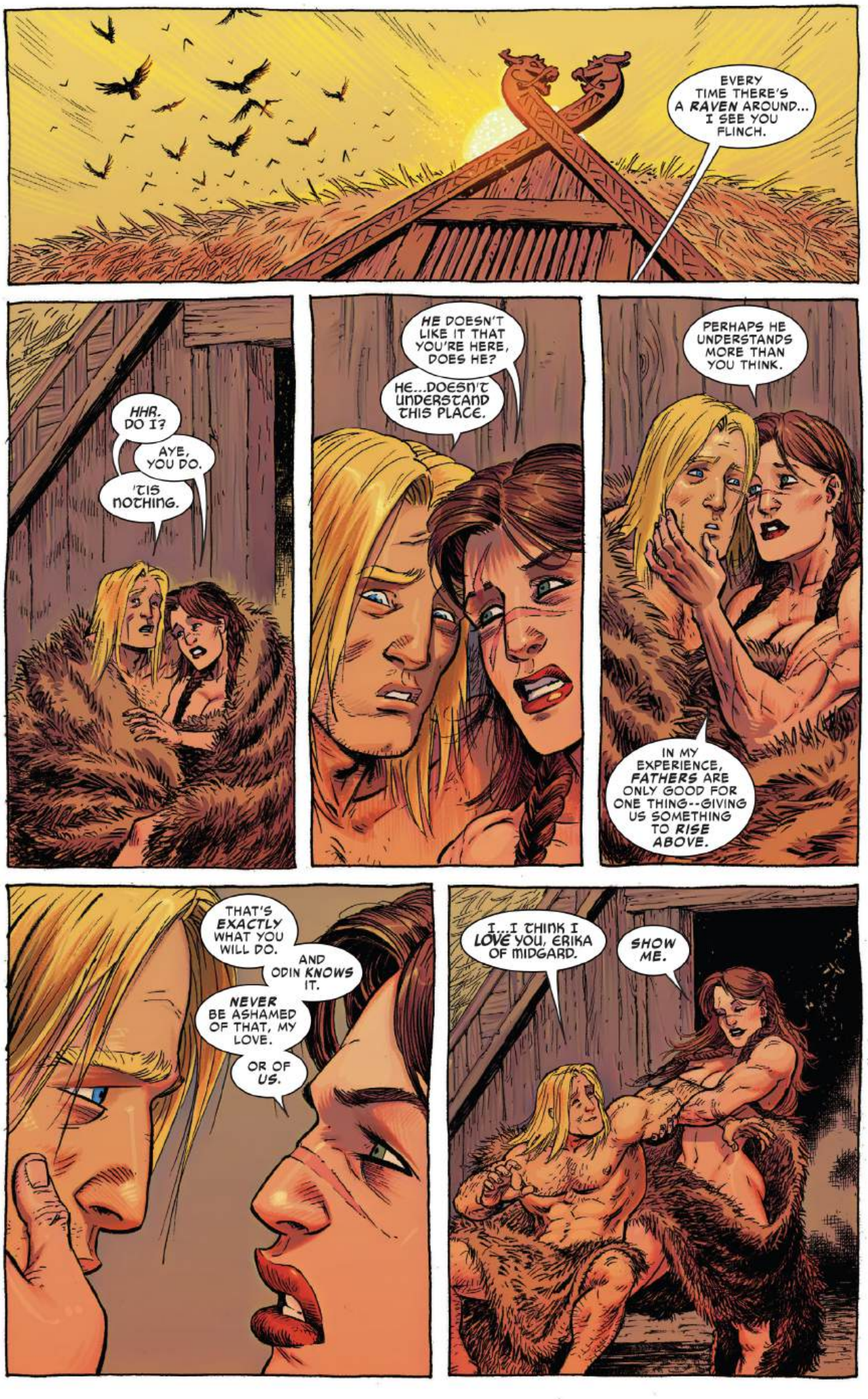

AHEM. I SAID...THE MIGHTY THOR IS--
I HEARD YOU. DID ONE OF MY MEN PRAY TO YOU? BECAUSE I SURE AS HEL DIDN'T.
NO PRAYERS REQUIRED.
NOT FOR A WOMAN AS BEAUTIFUL AS...AH.
GO BEG FOR WORSHIP SOMEPLACE ELSE! WE MORTALS ARE A BIT BUSY FIGHTING FOR OUR BLOODY LIVES!
NOT ANYMORE YOU'RE NOT. NOT WITH THE MIGHTY THOR BY YOUR--
GET THIS STRAIGHT, BLONDIE:
I DON'T NEED ANY GOD TO FIGHT MY BATTLES FOR ME. I DO THAT MY OWN DAMN SELF.
NOW STAY THE HEL OUT OF MY WAY.
SHE SMELLED OF INNARDS AND OLD LEATHER, HER BODY DRENCHED IN ENOUGH BLOOD TO DROWN A FULL-GROWN SAXON.
SHE WAS A REAVER, A WANTON PILLAGER, A NOTORIOUSLY SAVAGE PAGAN PRINCESS WHO SPIT LIKE A VIPER, DRANK LIKE A SHARK AND ROARED LIKE A BOAR.
IN OTHER WORDS...
GODS...
I AM SO IN LOVE.

YOUR PLAN ISN'T WORKING, LOKI.
HE DOESN'T APPEAR TO BE WINNING HER FAVOR.
YES, WELL, MY BROTHER IS NOT EXACTLY HERCULES WHEN IT COMES TO THE ART OF WOOING. I SUPPOSE WE'LL HAVE TO GIVE THE POOR FOOL A BIT OF HELP.
AH, GREETINGS. PERHAPS WE SHOULD START AGAIN. I AM THOR, SON OF ODIN. AND AH, YOU ARE VERY GOOD AT SLAYING. DO YOU SLAY HERE OFTEN OR...
GRAGH, WAS I NOT CLEAR? HOP ON YOUR RAINBOW BRIDGE AND TAKE YOUR PRETTY-BOY ASS BACK TO ASGARD! I DON'T NEED ANY HELP FROM THE GODS WHEN IT COMES TO--
RRRRGGGHH!!!
ARRRGGH! A ROCK TROLL!
HELLO, CRUNCHY LITTLE MEAT SNACKS!
FALL BACK! WE'LL SURROUND IT WITH--
RELAX, MORTALS. LEAVE THIS ONE TO THE PRETTY BOY.
HAVE AT THEE, TROLL!

HUZZAH! HERE'S TO THOR!
AW, 'TWAS NOTHING. MERELY A GIANT MONSTER THAT WOULD'VE EATEN YOU ALL.
PLEASE, NO GROVELING. NO NEED TO NAME YOUR CHILDREN AFTER ME.
NOT BAD, THUNDER BOY.
I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYONE FELL A TROLL SO QUICKLY. I WOULD'VE LOST A FEW GOOD MEN TO THAT THING.
YES, WELL, THOR IS QUITE THE EXPERT WHEN IT COMES TO SMITING TROLLS. WHEN YOU THINK OF HUGE, DISGUSTING TROLLS, YOU SHOULD THINK OF THOR.
I MEAN...
NOT TOO SMART, ARE YOU? I LIKE THAT.
YOU JUST NEED TO LEARN WHEN TO STOP TALKING.
UM...


She tasted like dirt and fire and fresh blood.
She tasted like Midgard.
Later that night we made love inside a raging thunderstorm until the seas all over the world were roiling and heaving.
And as the sun rose the next day on her pale nakedness curled up next to me...
...I did not care if I ever saw Asgard again.
This had better be working, Loki.
Oh trust me, sire...


"...IT'S WORKING TO PERFECTION."
I SHOWED ERIKA THE WORLD FROM THE BACK OF A FLYING GOAT, AND SAW IT ALL ANEW THROUGH HER EYES.
SHE SHOWED ME THAT BEING IMMORTAL DIDN'T MEAN ANYTHING...IF YOU COULDN'T LEARN TO APPRECIATE EACH AND EVERY DAY.
SHE DID. NEVER HAD I SEEN A MORTAL WHO SO LIVED LIFE TO ITS FULLEST.
SHE NEVER ASKED ABOUT ASGARD. OR VALHALLA.
SHE TREATED ME NOT LIKE A GOD, BUT LIKE A MAN.
EXCEPT THE ONCE.


EVERY TIME THERE'S A RAVEN AROUND... I SEE YOU FLINCH.
HHR. DO I?
AYE, YOU DO.
'TIS NOTHING.
HE DOESN'T LIKE IT THAT YOU'RE HERE, DOES HE?
HE...DOESN'T UNDERSTAND THIS PLACE.
PERHAPS HE UNDERSTANDS MORE THAN YOU THINK.
IN MY EXPERIENCE, FATHERS ARE ONLY GOOD FOR ONE THING--GIVING US SOMETHING TO RISE ABOVE.
THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT YOU WILL DO.
AND ODIN KNOWS IT.
NEVER BE ASHAMED OF THAT, MY LOVE.
OR OF US.
I...I THINK I LOVE YOU, ERIKA OF MIDGARD.
SHOW ME.

"LOKI! YOU UTTER FOOL! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?"

ALL I EVER DO IS SERVE YOU, YOUR HOLINESS. HOW MAY LOKI SERVE YOU NOW?
YOU'VE DONE ENOUGH! I SHOULD'VE KNOWN YOU'D ONLY MAKE EVERYTHING WORSE!

MY LORD, I DON'T--
YOU'VE MADE IT SO THOR SPENDS MORE TIME ON MIDGARD THAN EVER! HE NEVER LEAVES THOSE CURSED SHORES OR THAT BLASTED MORTAL WOMAN'S SIDE!
THAT WAS YOUR PLAN ALL ALONG, WASN'T IT, YOU LYING--
NAY, MY LORD!

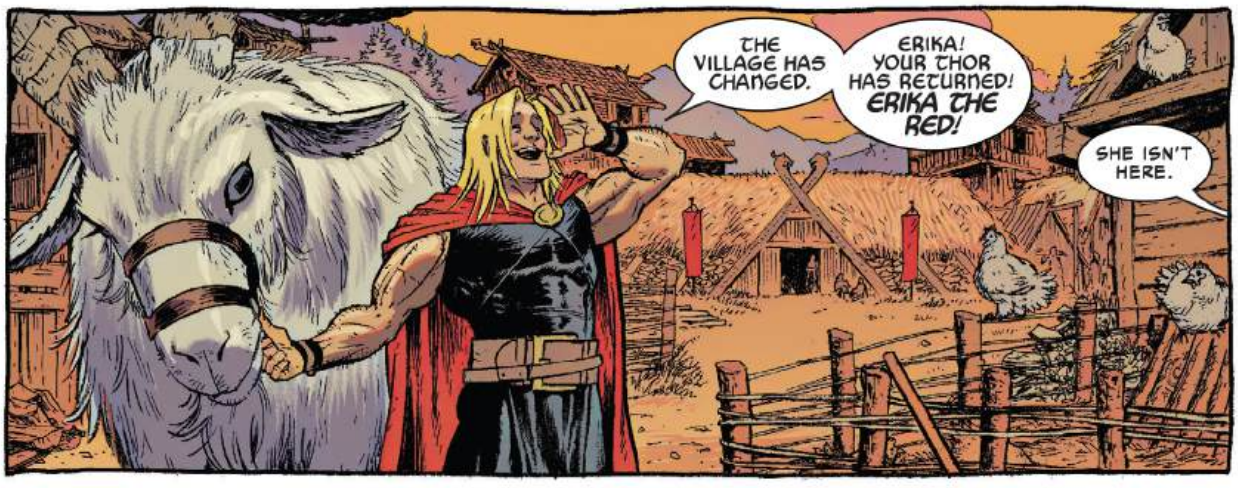
THE PLAN ISN'T FINISHED. NOW COMES THE BEST PART.
NO MORE, LOKI. NO MORE WILL I LET YOU TAMPER WITH THE THREADS OF FATE.
AH, BUT THIS IS ONLY A MINOR TAMPERING, MY LORD, I ASSURE YOU.

JUST ONE LITTLE WAR. THAT'S ALL WE NEED.

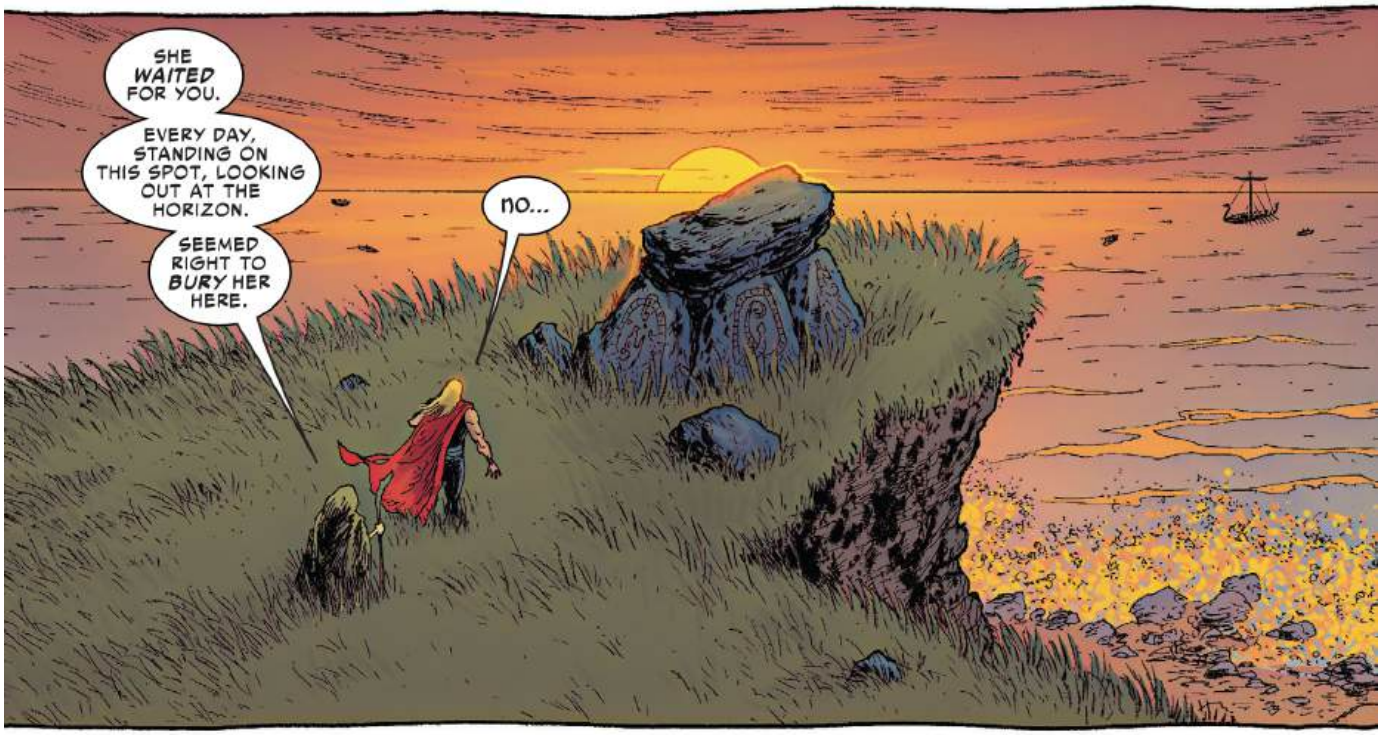
It was then that the Dark Elves went to war with the Dwarves, a recurring conflict seemingly as old as war itself.
And as always, the gods of Asgard were compelled to intervene.
So one morning I left the side of Erika the Red. For the good of the realms.

Whatever words we shared that day I am ashamed to say have been lost to the annals of time.

I just know I promised her I would return as soon as the fighting had finished.
And so I did.


The village has changed.
Erika! Your Thor has returned! Erika the Red!
She isn't here.

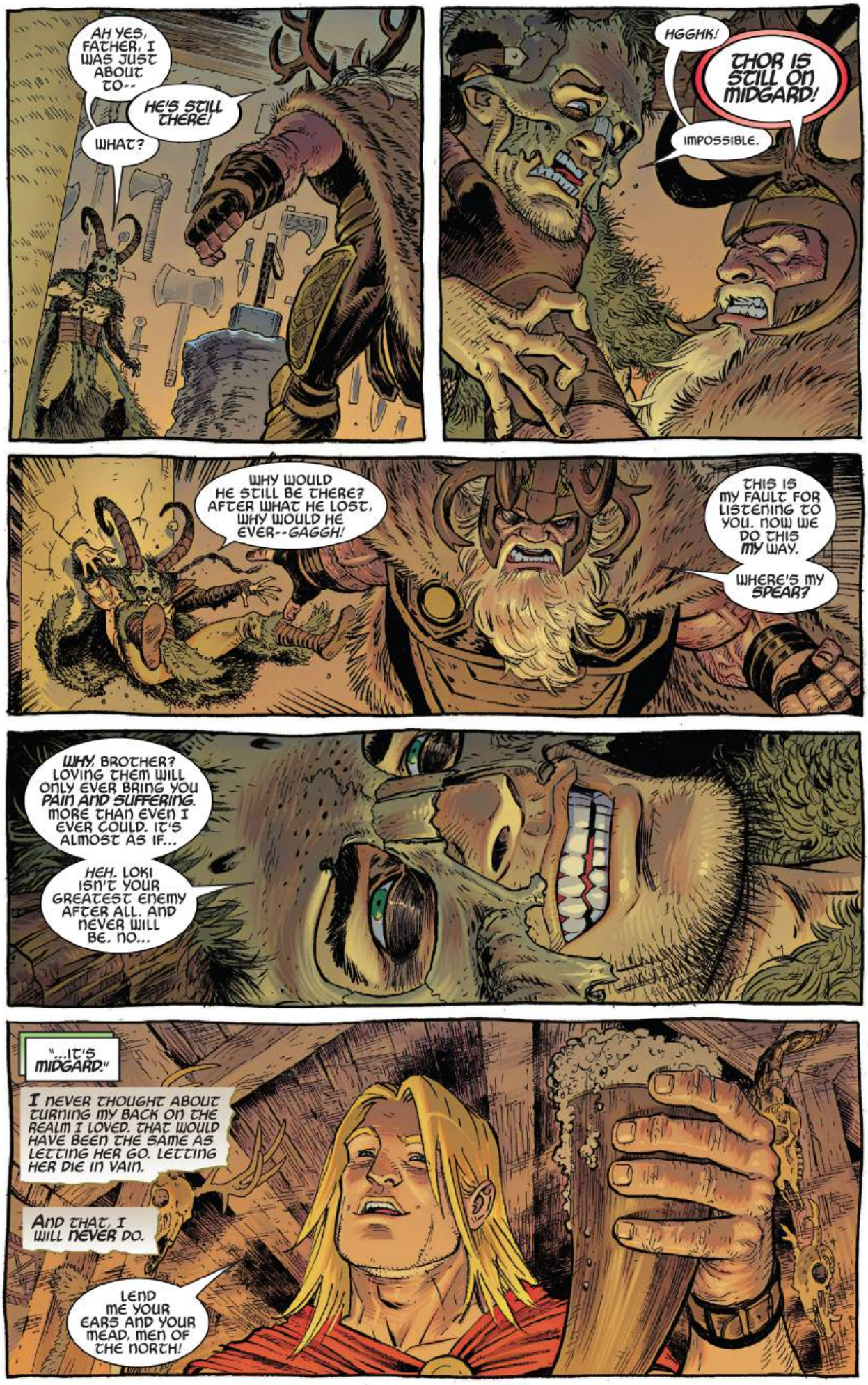
BUT I CAN TAKE YOU TO HER.


SHE WAITED FOR YOU.
EVERY DAY, STANDING ON THIS SPOT, LOOKING OUT AT THE HORIZON.
SEEMED RIGHT TO BURY HER HERE.
NO...

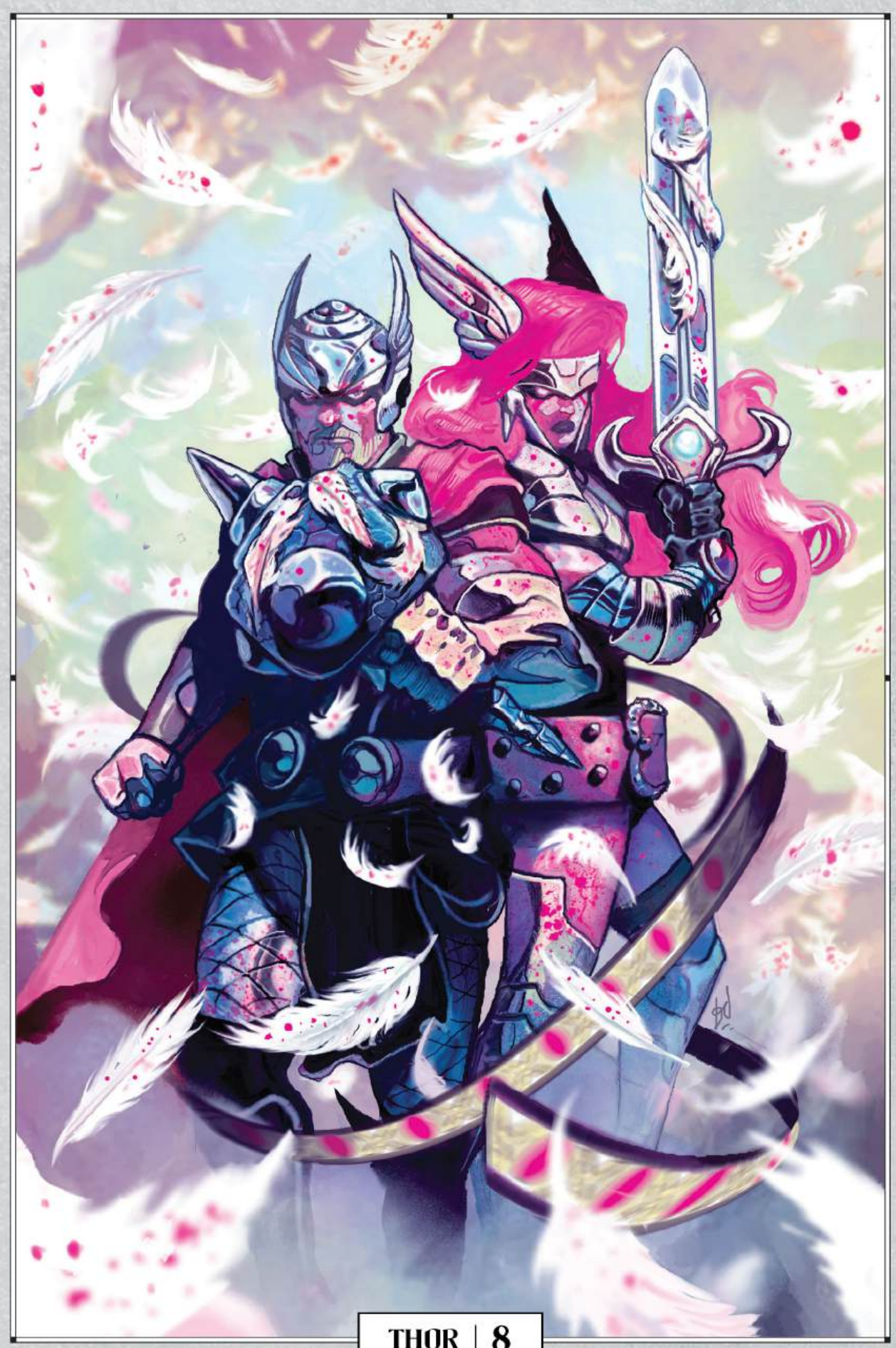
WHO WAS IT? TROLLS? RAIDERS? WHO COULD POSSIBLY HAVE KILLED HER? AND WHERE DO I FIND THEM?
NO ONE KILLED HER. SHE LIVED A LONG AND FULL LIFE, MUCH LONGER THAN MOST. I THINK IT WAS HER YEARNING TO SEE YOU AGAIN THAT KEPT HER GOING SO LONG.
SO LONG...? I DON'T UNDERSTAND. I...I WAS ONLY GONE...
FORTY YEARS.

SHE WAITED 40 YEARS, AND DIED BUT THREE DAYS AGO.
BEFORE SHE WENT, SHE ASKED ME TO GIVE YOU A MESSAGE.

"SHOW ME," SHE SAID.
I HOPE THAT HAS SOME MEANING TO YOU, MY LORD.
HAAAA HA HA HAA HA!
AND NOW, DEAR FATHER, NOW THAT LOKI HAS FULFILLED WHAT HE PROMISED...IT'S TIME TO DISCUSS WHAT I EXPECT IN RETURN.
A TRIFLE, REALLY. I'M SURE IT'LL HARDLY BE MISSED...
LOKI!


AH YES, FATHER, I WAS JUST ABOUT TO--
HE'S STILL THERE!
WHAT?
HGGHK!
THOR IS STILL ON MIDGARD!
IMPOSSIBLE.
WHY WOULD HE STILL BE THERE? AFTER WHAT HE LOST, WHY WOULD HE EVER--GAGGH!
THIS IS MY FAULT FOR LISTENING TO YOU. NOW WE DO THIS MY WAY.
WHERE'S MY SPEAR?
WHY, BROTHER? LOVING THEM WILL ONLY EVER BRING YOU PAIN AND SUFFERING. MORE THAN EVEN I EVER COULD. IT'S ALMOST AS IF...
HEH. LOKI ISN'T YOUR GREATEST ENEMY AFTER ALL. AND NEVER WILL BE. NO...
"...IT'S MIDGARD!"
I NEVER THOUGHT ABOUT TURNING MY BACK ON THE REALM I LOVED. THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN THE SAME AS LETTING HER GO. LETTING HER DIE IN VAIN.
AND THAT, I WILL NEVER DO.
LEND ME YOUR EARS AND YOUR MEAD, MEN OF THE NORTH!

AND THE GOD OF THUNDER WILL TELL YOU THE MOST HARROWING TRUE TALES OF THE GREATEST VIKING WHO EVER LIVED!
EVEN IF IT TAKES ALL NIGHT!
MORE DRINKS ALL AROUND!
CHERISH EVERY MOMENT. AND EVERY MORTAL SOUL YOU TOUCH ALONG THE WAY.
CHERISH THEM ALL THE MORE BECAUSE THEY ARE FLEETING. AND YOU ARE NOT.
THAT IS THE LEGACY OF ERIKA THE RED.
THE WOMAN WHO TAUGHT THOR WHAT IT MEANT TO BE A GOD.
WHAT IT MEANT TO BE WORTHY.

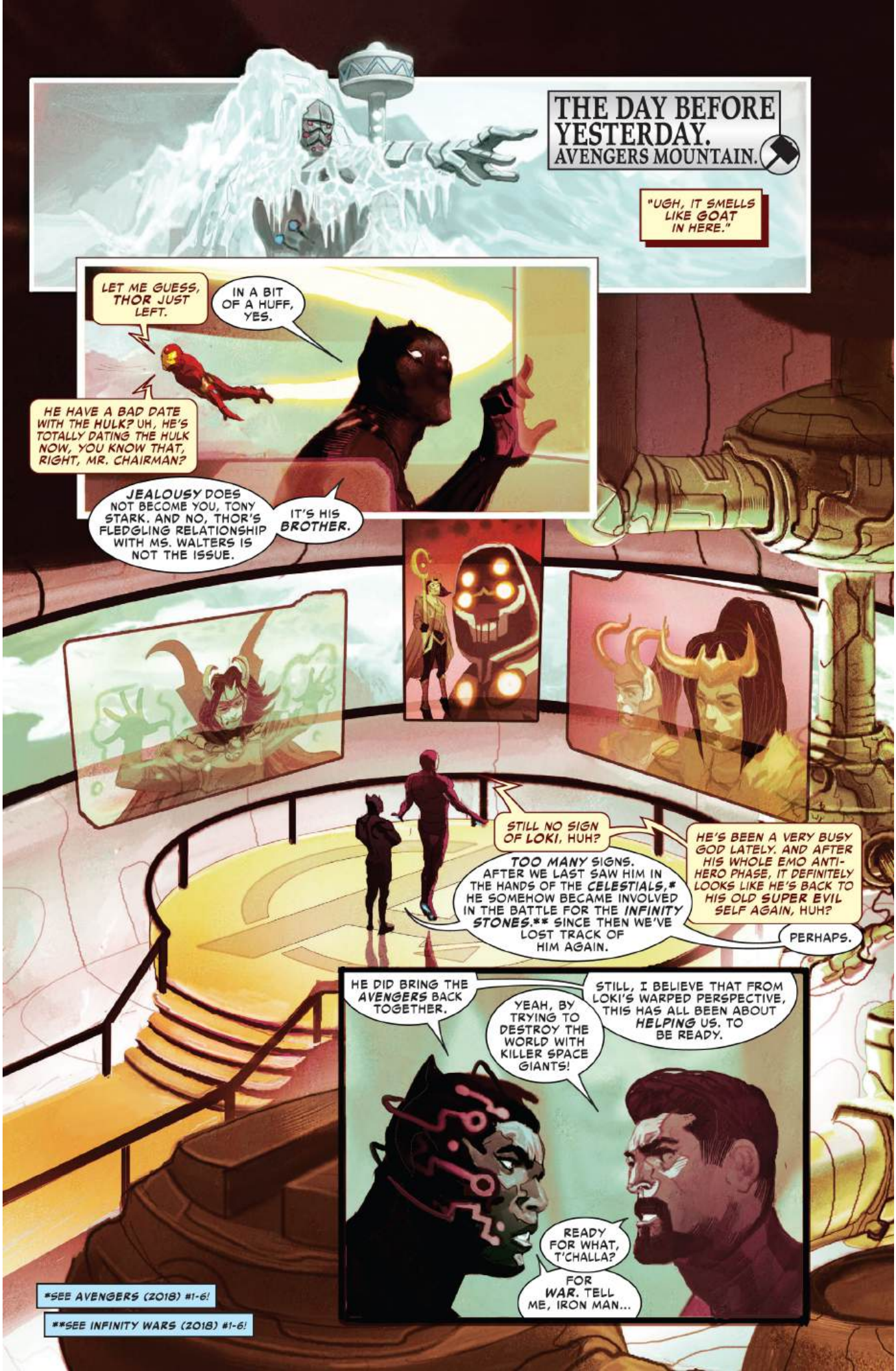


THOR | 8

"Prison of Angels"

TOMORROW.
THE PAIN CLOISTER.
YOU CAN'T BE THOR. WHERE'S YOUR HAMMER?
THE HAMMER IS DEAD. THE LEGEND IS DEAD.
LOOK AT YOUR HANDS. LOOK AT WHAT'S HAPPENING TO YOU.
RENOUNCE ASGARD. AS THEY'VE RENOUNCED YOU.
RENOUNCE YOUR FATHER.
WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF YOUR HAMMER WERE HERE? YOU COULDN'T EVEN LIFT IT.
YOU'RE NOTHING. YOU'RE UNWORTHY.
YOU'RE UNWORTHY AND THE THUNDER IS DEAD.
WHERE'S YOUR HAMMER?
I DON'T SEE YOUR HAMMER.
YOU'RE NOT EVEN A GOD ANYMORE.
YOUR OWN FATHER CAN'T STAND THE SIGHT OF YOU.
DO YOU WANT TO DIE?
LOOK AT YOUR HANDS.
WHERE'S YOUR HAMMER?
DO YOU WANT TO DIE HERE LIKE THIS? FOR NOTHING?
RENOUNCE YOUR FATHER.
RRRRRRRRAAAAAAGGGHHHH!!
RENOUNCE ASGARD WHILE YOU STILL HAVE A TONGUE.
YOUR HAMMER RENOUNCED YOU. RENOUNCE ASGARD.
LISTEN TO YOURSELF.
WHERE'S YOUR HAMMER? WHERE'S YOUR THUNDER?
YOU CAN'T BE THOR.
YOU WILL NEVER SEE ASGARD AGAIN.
THOR DOESN'T SCREAM.

YESTERDAY.
MANHATTAN.
KRAKOOM!
HE'S SURLY TODAY.
I CAN TELL BY THE THUNDER. THE WAR MUST BE GETTING TO HIM.
GRRRR, STUPID SKY DROOL.
SKY DROOL NOT GOOD FOR LADY MASTER. JANE AND THORI WALK FASTER NOW.
RELAX, THORI. A LITTLE STORM'S NOT GONNA KILL ME.
GOD, I WISH I WAS UP THERE IN IT.
NOTHING WILL KILL LADY MASTER WHILE THORI WALKING HER!
JANE AND THORI MURDER CANCER NOW! MURDER MURDER MURDER!
YOU'RE A GOOD DOG, THORI, BUT NOT SO LOUD WITH THE MURDERS.
THORI SORRY.
MURDER MURDER MURDER!


THE DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY.
AVENGERS MOUNTAIN.
"UGH, IT SMELLS LIKE GOAT IN HERE."
LET ME GUESS, THOR JUST LEFT.
IN A BIT OF A HUFF, YES.
HE HAVE A BAD DATE WITH THE HULK? UH, HE'S TOTALLY DATING THE HULK NOW, YOU KNOW THAT, RIGHT, MR. CHAIRMAN?
JEALOUSY DOES NOT BECOME YOU, TONY STARK. AND NO, THOR'S FLEDGLING RELATIONSHIP WITH MS. WALTERS IS NOT THE ISSUE.
IT'S HIS BROTHER.
STILL NO SIGN OF LOKI, HUH?
TOO MANY SIGNS. AFTER WE LAST SAW HIM IN THE HANDS OF THE CELESTIALS,* HE SOMEHOW BECAME INVOLVED IN THE BATTLE FOR THE INFINITY STONES.** SINCE THEN WE'VE LOST TRACK OF HIM AGAIN.
HE'S BEEN A VERY BUSY GOD LATELY. AND AFTER HIS WHOLE EMO ANTI-HERO PHASE, IT DEFINITELY LOOKS LIKE HE'S BACK TO HIS OLD SUPER EVIL SELF AGAIN, HUH?
PERHAPS.
HE DID BRING THE AVENGERS BACK TOGETHER.
YEAH, BY TRYING TO DESTROY THE WORLD WITH KILLER SPACE GIANTS!
STILL, I BELIEVE THAT FROM LOKI'S WARPED PERSPECTIVE, THIS HAS ALL BEEN ABOUT HELPING US. TO BE READY.
READY FOR WHAT, T'CHALLA?
FOR WAR. TELL ME, IRON MAN...
*SEE AVENGERS (2018) #1-6!
**SEE INFINITY WARS (2018) #1-6!

"WHAT DO YOU KNOW OF THE OTHER REALMS?"
TWO DAYS AGO.
OLD ASGARD.
BOOOM!
DOOM!
DOOM!
BLAST IT ALL TO HEL AND BACK! I HAVE HAD IT UP TO MY EYE WITH THAT INFERNAL RACKET!
DAY AND NIGHT, THE CLANGING NEVER STOPS! HOW MANY BOR-DAMNED HAMMERS DOES THAT BOY NEED?
WHAT? SCREWBEARD'S EARS MORE TIRED THAN EVEN ARMS! WHAT ODIN SAY? MORE HAMMERS?
SURTUR TAKE YOUR EARS, SCREWBEARD! AND YOUR HALF-WIT DWARF BRAIN!
SCREWBEARD MAKE MORE HAMMERS! SCREWBEARD NEVER STOP MAKING MORE HAMMERS!
NOISY ENOUGH IN HERE AS IS. DON'T NEED TIRED OLD GOD YELLING SAD INSULTS LIKE FIVE-YEAR-OLD ELF.
ODIN WANT BE HELPFUL FOR CHANGE, THEN PICK UP MALLET, POUND URU INTO SHAPE. LEAVE SCREWBEARD BE.
HEL. IF I CAN'T SLEEP, I SUPPOSE I MIGHT AS WELL BLUDGEON SOMETHING.
ODIN WILL SHOW YOU DWARVES HOW IT'S DONE! BRING ME MORE URU! AND ALL THE MEAD YOU CAN CARRY!
LET ASGARD ECHO ONCE MORE WITH THE SOUND OF GODS READYING FOR WAR! HEL, IT ALMOST FEELS LIKE HOME AGAIN!
WAIT UNTIL THOR SEES THE ARSENAL I MAKE HIM!

NOW.
THE HALL OF THE PENITENT.
CAUGHT THEM TRYING TO SNEAK IN. THEY WERE RELUCTANT TO PART WITH THESE. BUT WE SHOWED THEM WE ARE MANY.
AND THUS THEY FELL BEFORE THE FURY OF HEVEN.
THROW THEIR WEAPONS IN THE WELL, MY ANGELS. DID THEY SAY WHY THEY'VE COME? DID THEY CONFESS THEIR SINS?
ISN'T IT OBVIOUS WHY THEY'RE HERE? THEY ARE NOTHING-ONES, JUST LIKE HER. THEY'VE COME FOR THE WINGLESS WHORE.
THE QUEEN WILL WANT CONFESSIONS. SUMMON THE LADIES OF SORROW. TELL THEM WE HAVE TWO UNREPENTANT HEATHENS HERE IN NEED OF THE GOSPEL.
HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO SAY FOR YOURSELVES, HEATHENS, BEFORE YOU ARE SHOWN THE LIGHT?
SP-TEW!
GAGGH!
WHAT SHE SAID.

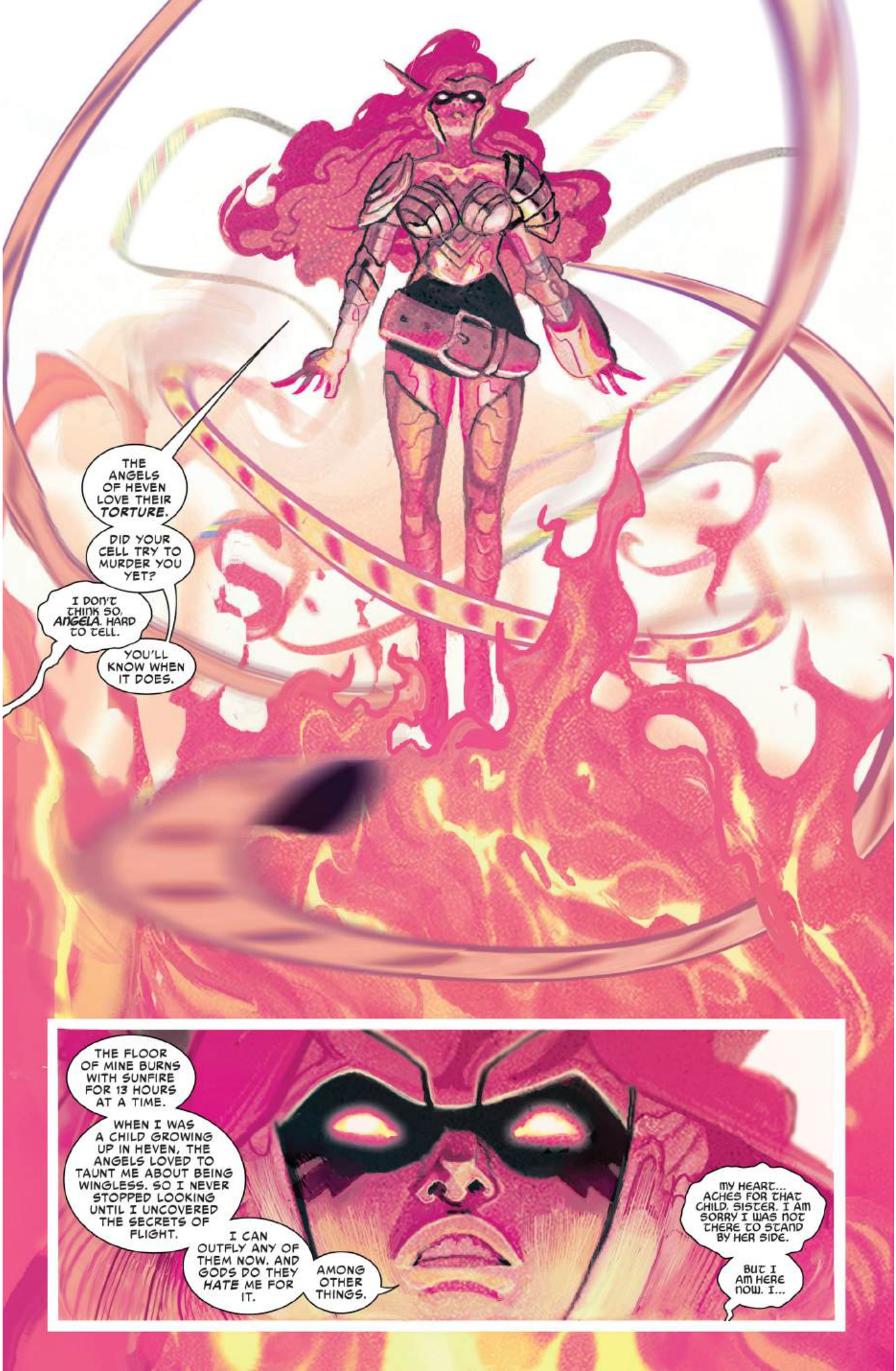
TAKE THEM AWAY AT ONCE! AND BE NOT GENTLE ABOUT IT!
THOR AND VALKYRIE OF ASGARD! WELCOME TO THE PRISON OF ANGELS!
THIS WAY TO THE CALVARY CELLS!
YOU HARPIES DO NOT UNDERSTAND! I AM NOT LOCKED INSIDE THIS PRISON WITH YOU!
ALL OF YOU ARE LOCKED INSIDE HERE WITH--

MMMRRRRRRGGGH!!!
TSSSSSS!
BLAOW!
GGEEEEIIIRGGGHH!!!
BOY, THESE JUST KEEP GROWING RIGHT BACK, DON'T THEY?
HHHMMRRRGGH!!!
RENOUNCE ASGARD.
WHERE'S YOUR HAMMER?
WHERE'S YOUR THUNDER?
YOU'RE NOT A GOD ANYMORE.

DID THEY KILL YOU YET?
GO AWAY... ANGELS. THOR HAS NOTHING... TO CONFESS.
YET.

IF YOU'RE TRYING TO CALL YOUR HAMMER, DON'T BOTHER. IT WON'T BE ABLE TO REACH YOU.
YOUR WEAPONS ARE LOST INSIDE A MINIATURIZED BLACK HOLE. THEIR VERSION OF SOLITARY CONFINEMENT.
YOU... IS... IS IT REALLY YOU?

SISTER?
THIS PRISON IS THE SIZE OF A PLANET AND, AS NEAR AS I CAN TELL, EMPTY EXCEPT FOR US.
YET THEY PUT US IN CELLS SIDE BY SIDE? WHY WOULD THEY DO THAT?
IF YOU KNEW HEVEN LIKE I DO, BROTHER, IT'D BE OBVIOUS.

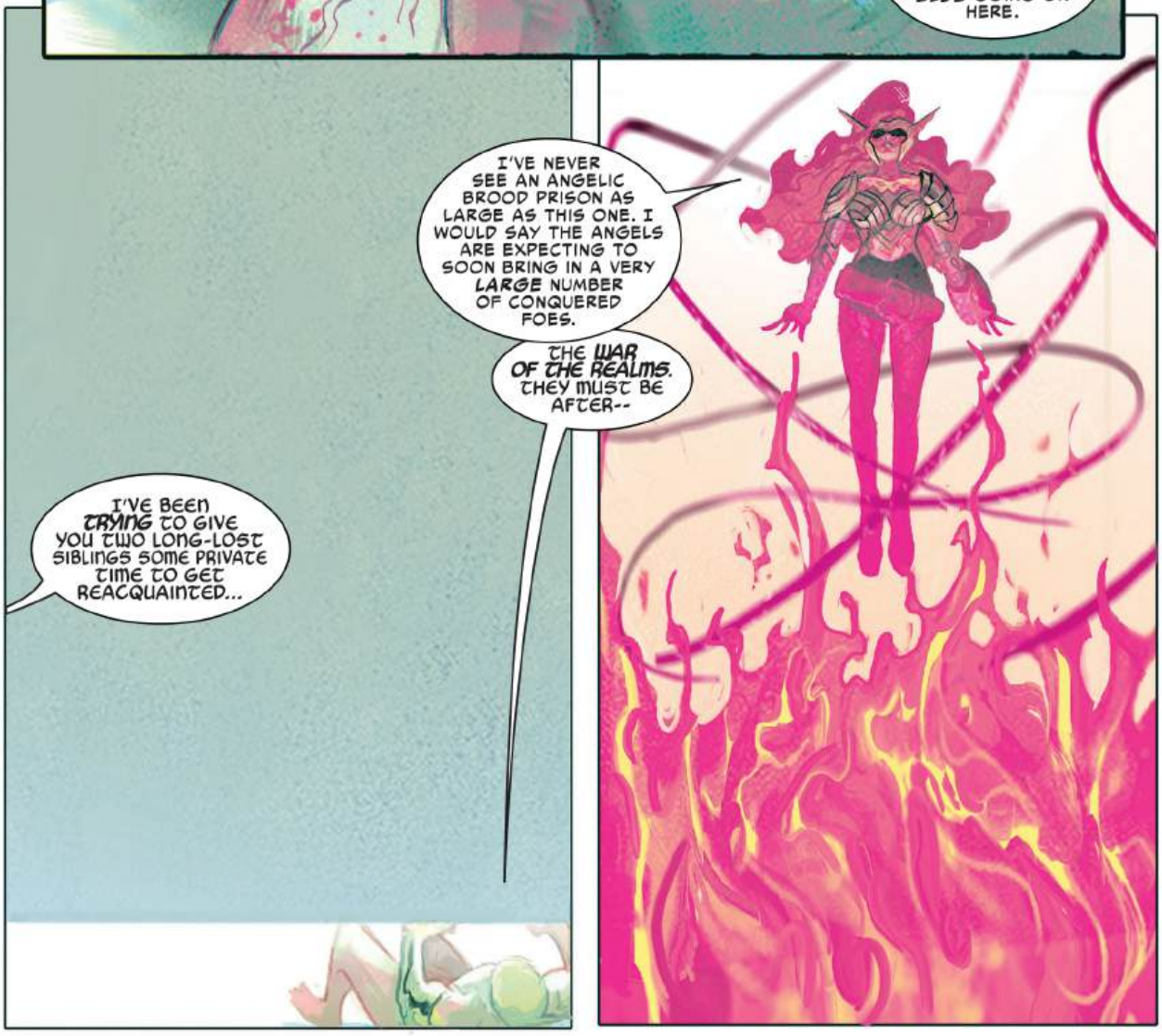

THE ANGELS OF HEVEN LOVE THEIR TORTURE.
DID YOUR CELL TRY TO MURDER YOU YET?
I DON'T THINK SO, ANGELA. HARD TO TELL.
YOU'LL KNOW WHEN IT DOES.
THE FLOOR OF MINE BURNS WITH SUNFIRE FOR 13 HOURS AT A TIME.
WHEN I WAS A CHILD GROWING UP IN HEVEN, THE ANGELS LOVED TO TAUNT ME ABOUT BEING WINGLESS. SO I NEVER STOPPED LOOKING UNTIL I UNCOVERED THE SECRETS OF FLIGHT.
I CAN OUTFLY ANY OF THEM NOW. AND GODS DO THEY HATE ME FOR IT.
AMONG OTHER THINGS.
MY HEART... ACHES FOR THAT CHILD, SISTER. I AM SORRY I WAS NOT THERE TO STAND BY HER SIDE.
BUT I AM HERE NOW. I...

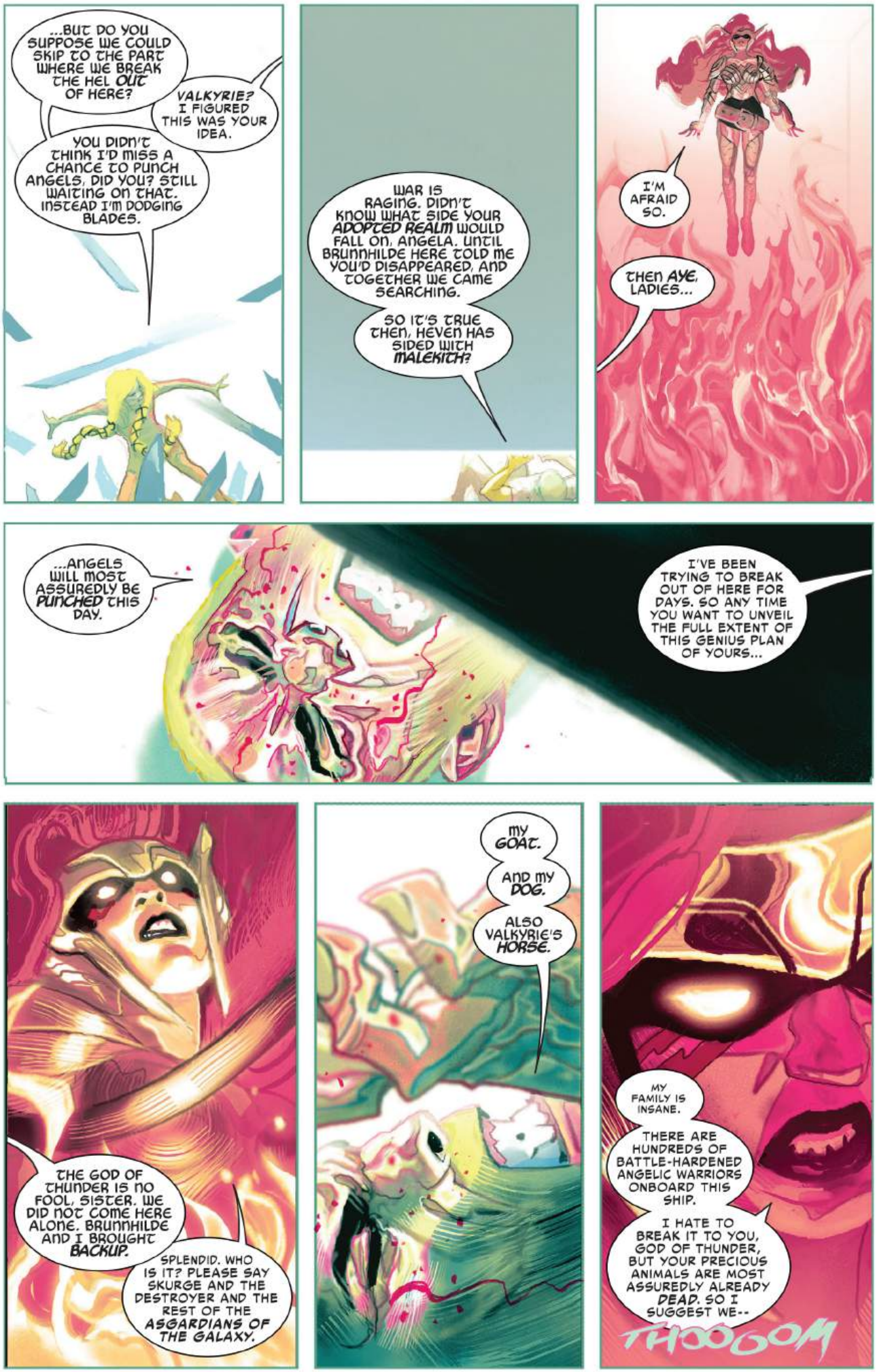
...I AM HERE TO RESCUE YOU.
IT APPEARS YOUR RESCUE SKILLS NEED A BIT OF WORK, BROTHER THOR.
IT'S ALL PART...OF MY GENIUS PLAN. EXCEPT FOR... THEM BREAKING MY HANDS. DIDN'T PLAN ON THAT.
THEY'VE TAKEN ALL YOUR WEAPONS, THOR. WAS THAT PART OF THE PLAN AS WELL?
NAY. THEY HAVEN'T TAKEN... EVERYTHING.
MJOLNIR.
THEY DIDN'T TAKE... MY MJOLNIR.
OR AT LEAST WHAT'S LEFT OF IT. THEY TRIED...BUT THE ANGELS COULDN'T LIFT IT.
I...CAN BARELY LIFT IT MOST DAYS. TELL ME SOMETHING, SISTER...

AM I WORTHY?
ASK ME THAT QUESTION AGAIN ONCE WE'RE FREE OF THIS PLACE, THOR.
I DO HOPE THERE'S MORE TO THIS ESCAPE PLAN OF YOURS.
YES, THERE'S...
GAGGGHH!!!

I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN ABOUT THE CELLS. RRRRGGGH!!!
THEY'RE *TESTING* CELLS. FOR *BROODSTOCK*.
THERE ARE SO FEW *ANCHORITES* IN HEVEN, SO FEW MALES, THAT THE ANGELS AREN'T ABOVE BRINGING IN CONQUERED FOES FOR BREEDING PURPOSES...
...IF THEY CAN PROVE THEMSELVES OF HEARTY ENOUGH STOCK BY SURVIVING THE CELLS.

SO THIS... IS AN ANGEL'S IDEA...OF *FOREPLAY?*
YOU'RE AN *ASGARDIAN*. I'M AFRAID YOU'D NEVER MAKE THE CUT NO MATTER WHAT, BROTHER. NO, FOR US, THIS IS JUST ABOUT TORTURE.
AND UNLESS WE GET OUT OF HERE, *DEATH*. BUT THERE'S SOMETHING *ELSE* GOING ON HERE.


I'VE BEEN *TRYING* TO GIVE YOU TWO LONG-LOST SIBLINGS SOME PRIVATE TIME TO GET REACQUAINTED...
I'VE NEVER SEE AN ANGELIC BROOD PRISON AS LARGE AS THIS ONE. I WOULD SAY THE ANGELS ARE EXPECTING TO SOON BRING IN A VERY *LARGE* NUMBER OF CONQUERED FOES.
THE *WAR OF THE REALMS*. THEY MUST BE AFTER--


...BUT DO YOU SUPPOSE WE COULD SKIP TO THE PART WHERE WE BREAK THE HEL *OUT* OF HERE?
VALKYRIE? I FIGURED THIS WAS YOUR IDEA.
YOU DIDN'T THINK I'D MISS A CHANCE TO PUNCH ANGELS, DID YOU? STILL WAITING ON THAT. INSTEAD I'M DODGING BLADES.
WAR IS RAGING. DIDN'T KNOW WHAT SIDE YOUR *ADOPTED REALM* WOULD FALL ON, ANGELA. UNTIL BRUNNHILDE HERE TOLD ME YOU'D DISAPPEARED, AND TOGETHER WE CAME SEARCHING.
SO IT'S TRUE THEN, HEVEN HAS SIDED WITH *MALEKITH?*
I'M AFRAID SO.
THEN *AYE*, LADIES...
...ANGELS WILL MOST ASSUREDLY BE *PUNCHED* THIS DAY.
I'VE BEEN TRYING TO BREAK OUT OF HERE FOR DAYS. SO ANY TIME YOU WANT TO UNVEIL THE FULL EXTENT OF THIS GENIUS PLAN OF YOURS...
THE GOD OF THUNDER IS NO FOOL, SISTER. WE DID NOT COME HERE ALONE. BRUNNHILDE AND I BROUGHT *BACKUP.*
SPLENDID. WHO IS IT? PLEASE SAY SKURGE AND THE DESTROYER AND THE REST OF THE *ASGARDIANS OF THE GALAXY.*
MY *GOAT.*
AND MY *DOG.*
ALSO VALKYRIE'S *HORSE.*
MY FAMILY IS INSANE.
THERE ARE HUNDREDS OF BATTLE-HARDENED ANGELIC WARRIORS ONBOARD THIS SHIP.
I HATE TO BREAK IT TO YOU, GOD OF THUNDER, BUT YOUR PRECIOUS ANIMALS ARE MOST ASSUREDLY ALREADY *DEAD.* SO I SUGGEST WE--
THOOOOM

THORI SORRY WE LATE. THORI LOSE TRACK OF TIME WHEN MURDERING.
MASTER READY TO GO NOW?
AYE, ALMOST, DOG. JUST WAITING ON...ONE LAST THING...
THE GRAVITY WELL IS COMING APART AT THE SEAMS!
SOMETHING JUST CAME FLYING OUT OF IT!
THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! WHAT IN THE NAME OF HEVEN WAS IN THERE?
THERE WAS ONLY ONE MJOLNIR, BUT 'TIS NOT ALWAYS THE HAMMER THAT IS MOST IMPORTANT...

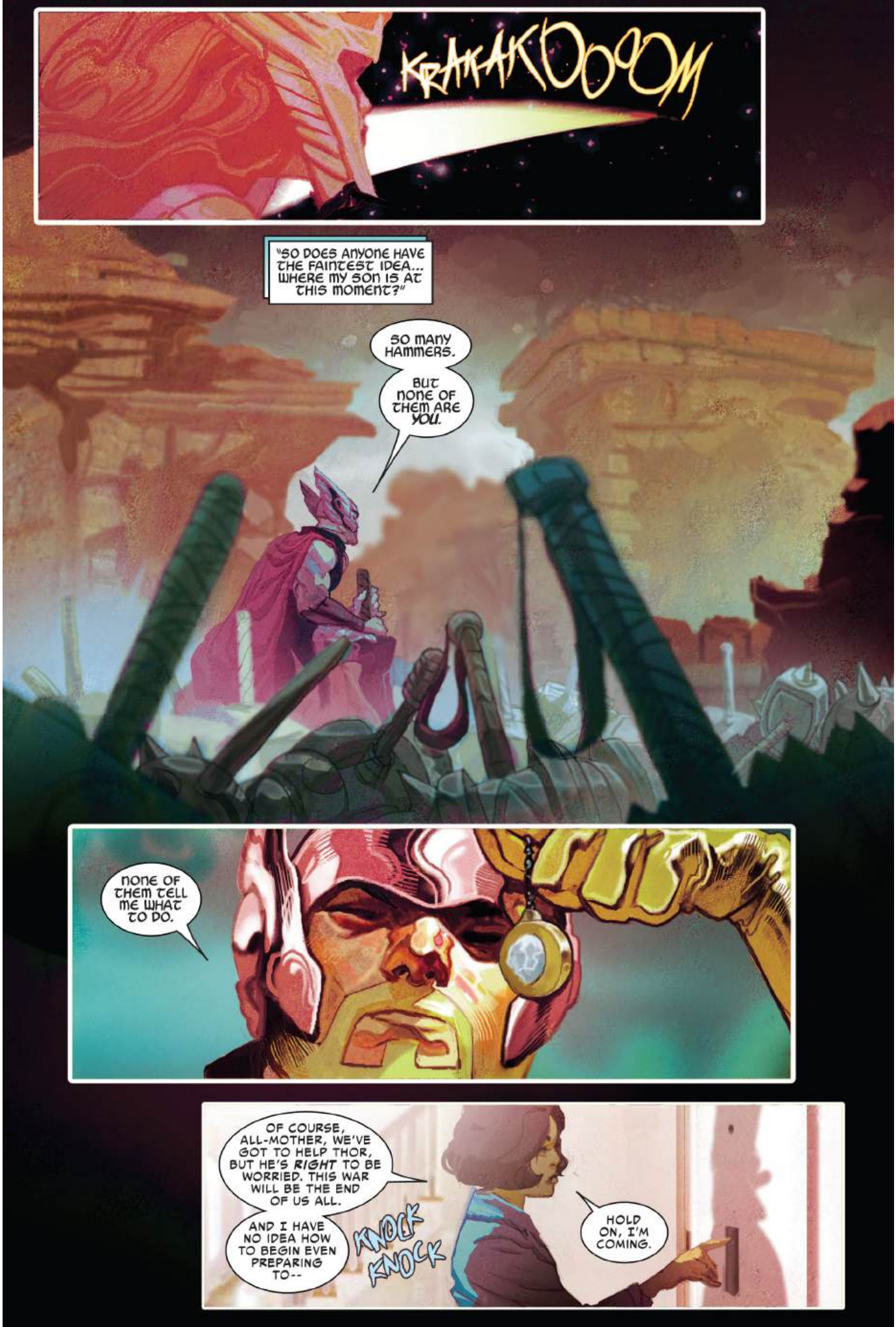
'TIS THE HAND THAT HOLDS IT.
ALL ANGELS TO ARMS! THE PRISONERS ARE ESCAPING!
NAY! THESE PRISONERS AREN'T GOING ANYWHERE!
NOT UNTIL EVERY ANGEL IN THIS PRISON HAS BEEN SENT STRAIGHT TO HEL!
"I'M WORRIED ABOUT HIM."

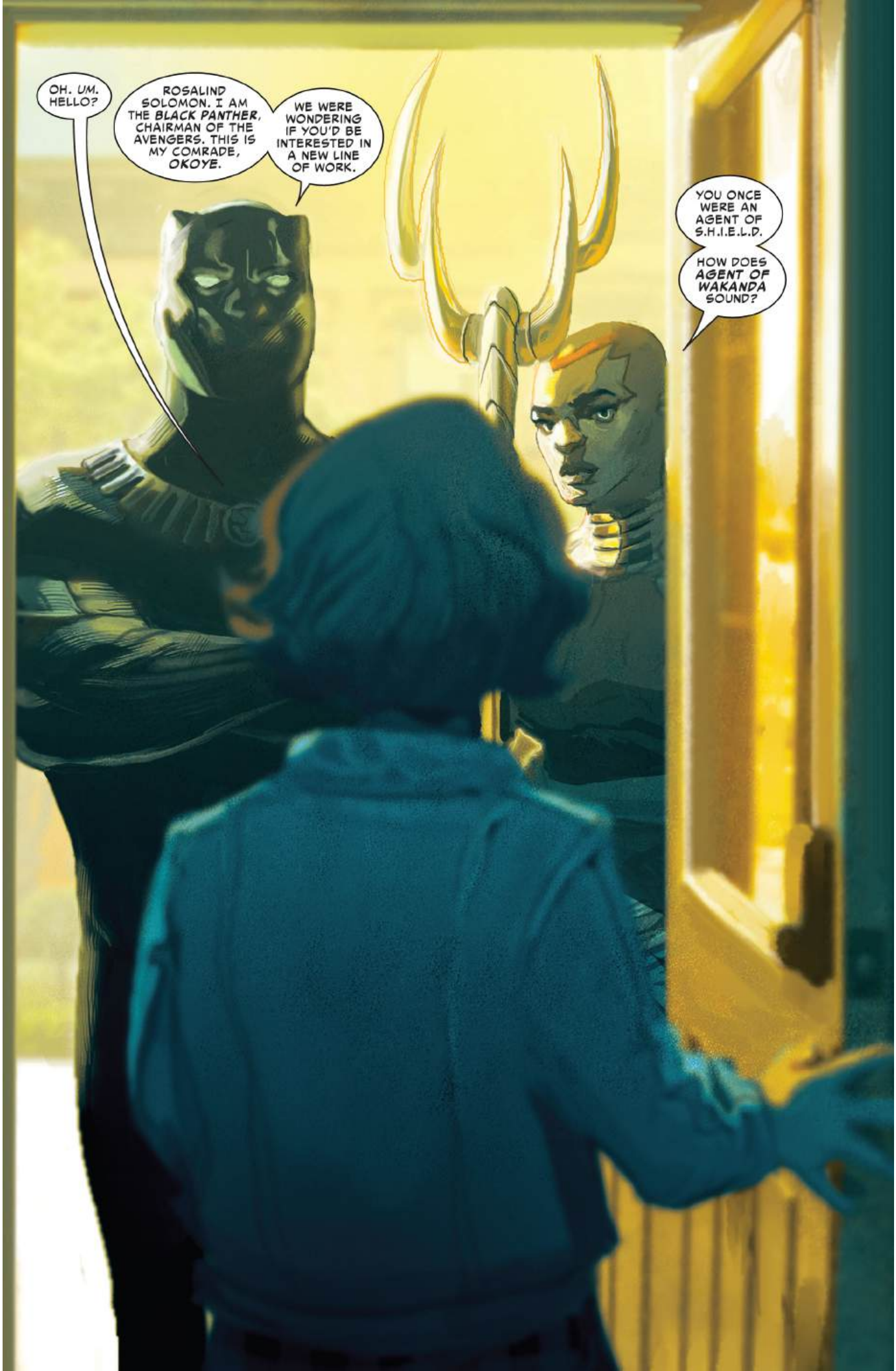
THE DAY AFTER TOMORROW.
THE BRONX.
HE SLEEPS ONLY WHEN EXHAUSTION COMES OVER HIM LIKE A FEVER. I'VE SEEN HIM EAT BUT ONCE IN THE LAST MONTH, AND HE DID SO WITH A LOOK OF PROFOUND SHAME.
IF HE ISN'T OFF SAVING THE WORLD WITH HIS AVENGERS, HE IS SEARCHING TIRELESSLY DAY AND NIGHT FOR A WAY TO ACCESS THE OTHER REALMS. AT THE RATE HE IS GOING...
...I'M WORRIED THAT THOR WILL BE THE FIRST CASUALTY OF THE COMING WAR.
WE ALL WILL BE, LADY FREYJA, UNLESS WE CAN STOP MALEKITH'S ARMIES FROM SPREADING REALM TO REALM.
I'M AFRAID WE DON'T HAVE A LOT OF RESOURCES RIGHT NOW, JANE. THERE'S NO MORE S.H.I.E.L.D. I'M AN AGENT OF NOTHING.
IT'S ALL WE CAN DO JUST TO KEEP THE ASGARDIAN REFUGEES AROUND HERE FED AND CARED FOR.
YOU DO THE WORK OF A SAINT, ROSALIND SOLOMON, BUT ALL WILL BE FOR NAUGHT IF WE CANNOT AID THOR.
YOU'RE RIGHT. I KNOW I HAVEN'T KNOWN HIM FOR LONG...
...BUT HE IS STILL MY BROTHER IN BLOOD, AND I KNOW HIS SOUL. AND I HAVE NEVER SEEN HIM LIKE THIS.
WHEN WE WERE PRISONERS OF THE ANGELS, THOR ASKED ME...IF I THOUGHT HE WAS WORTHY.
AND HOW DID YOU ANSWER, ANGELA?

"I'M AFRAID... I *DIDN'T*.
"NOT JUST YET. WE STILL HAD MUCH WORK TO DO. WE WERE FOCUSED ON ESCAPING THE PRISON OF ANGELS.
"THE PRISON WAS A MASSIVE ***SPACE VESSEL***, OVERFLOWING WITH THE WARRIORS OF HEVEN. ANGELS WHO WERE NO STRANGER TO WARFARE AND SLAUGHTER.
"HE TORE THROUGH THEM LIKE A THUNDERSTORM FULL OF BARBED WIRE. I HAD NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT.
"AND NEITHER HAD *THEY*.
I WOULD ASK YOU TO ***YIELD***, ANGELS OF HEVEN, BUT THERE ARE NO DUNGEONS LEFT IN THE RUINS OF ASGARD. SO I AM NOT HERE TO TAKE ***PRISONERS*** THIS DAY.

I AM HERE FOR ANSWERS. AND YOU WILL GIVE THEM TO MY HAMMER HERE.
HOW IS MALEKITH MOVING HIS FORCES BETWEEN THE REALMS?!
AND WHERE ARE HIS ARMIES HEADED NEXT?!
SPEAK, ANGELS!
YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME, BROTHER. THESE HARPIES WOULD SWALLOW THEIR OWN TONGUES BEFORE THEY'D GIVE YOU ANSWERS.
NO MATTER HOW MUCH YOU THREATEN THEM, THEY'LL STILL BE MORE FRIGHTENED OF BETRAYING THEIR QUEEN AND THEIR REALM.
YOU'RE RIGHT, THOUGH. WE'RE IN NO POSITION TO TAKE PRISONERS. YET WE CAN'T JUST LET THESE WINGED SADISTS FLY FREE. SO WHAT DO WE DO WITH THEM?
THOR?
WE HAVE A PRISON, VALKYRIE. RIGHT HERE.
AND IF THESE ANGELS DO NOT FEAR MY HAMMER...
...THEN LET THEM SPEND ETERNITY BY ITS SIDE!

"HE FASTENED THE ENTIRE SHIP TO ONE OF HIS HAMMERS AND SENT IT FLYING INTO THE DEPTHS OF SPACE.
"ANGELS TRAPPED FOREVER IN THEIR OWN PRISON. I MUST SAY, IN THAT MOMENT...
"...MY BROTHER FELT LIKE A TRUE SON OF *ODIN*."
BROTHER. YOU ASKED ME A QUESTION EARLIER. I WOULD ANSWER IT NOW.
YOU ASKED IF YOU WERE WORTHY.
I WOULD LIKE TO TELL YOU YES. BUT I'M AFRAID I AM TOO SCARRED TO EVER BE THE ARBITER OF SUCH THINGS.
I AM NOT WORTHY OF CALLING YOU WORTHY, I SUPPOSE YOU COULD SAY. I CAN ONLY TELL YOU THIS:
YOU ARE THE BEATING HEART OF THE REALMS, THOR ODINSON. NOT JUST FOR ASGARD. FOR *ALL* OF THEM, WHETHER THEY WANT TO ADMIT IT OR NOT.
WITHOUT YOU, THE SKIES WOULD BE SILENT AND YGGDRASIL WOULD BE NOTHING BUT A GALLOWS HUNG WITH DEAD WORLDS. SO IF *YOU* ARE NOT WORTHY, BROTHER...
"...THEN WHAT THE HEL HOPE DO ANY OF THE REST OF US HAVE?"
AND WHAT DID THOR SAY TO THAT?
WHAT HE USUALLY SAYS, FREYJA.

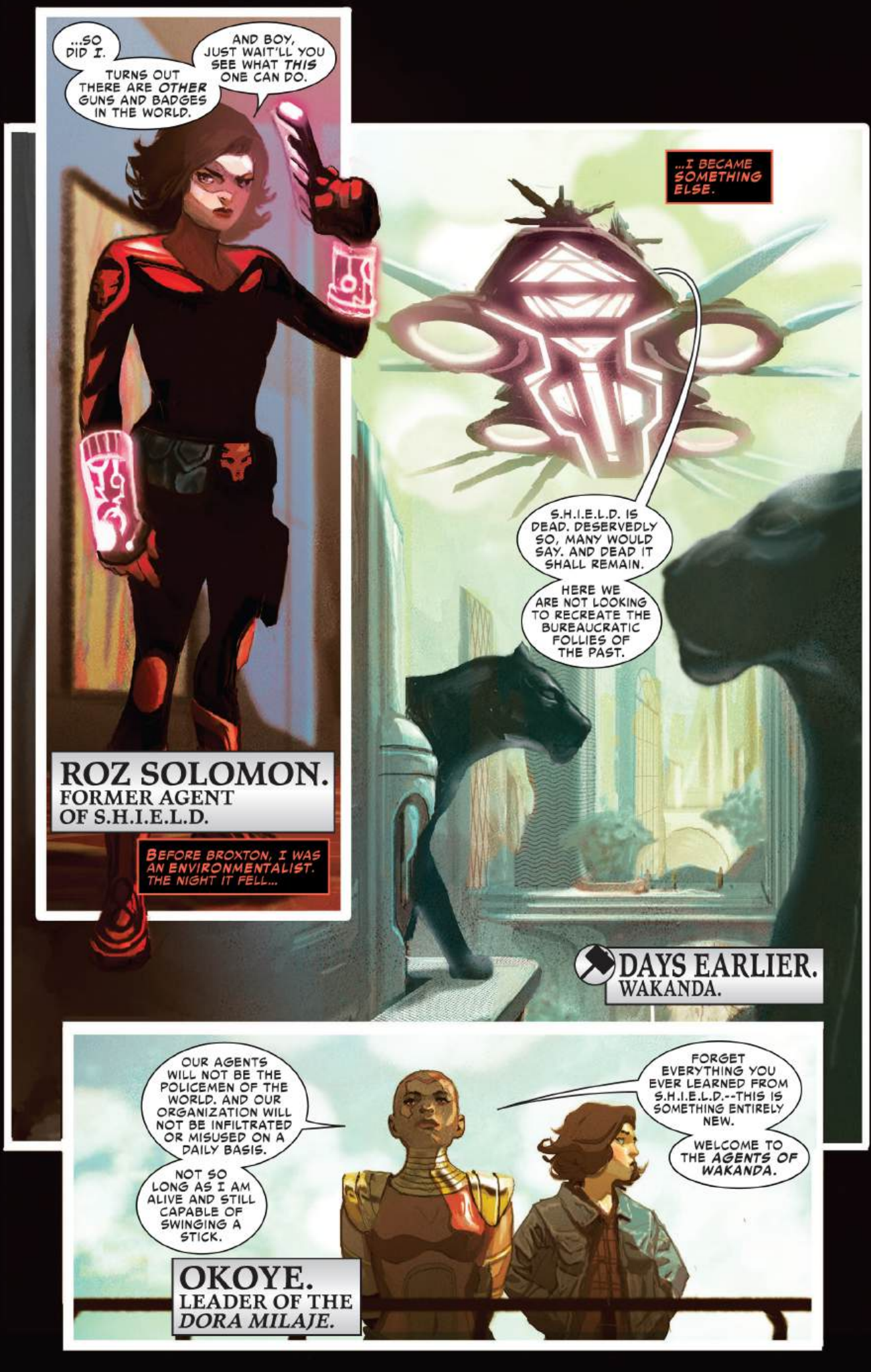

KRAKAKOOOM
"SO DOES ANYONE HAVE THE FAINTEST IDEA... WHERE MY SON IS AT THIS MOMENT?"
SO MANY HAMMERS.
BUT NONE OF THEM ARE YOU.
NONE OF THEM TELL ME WHAT TO DO.
OF COURSE, ALL-MOTHER, WE'VE GOT TO HELP THOR, BUT HE'S RIGHT TO BE WORRIED. THIS WAR WILL BE THE END OF US ALL.
AND I HAVE NO IDEA HOW TO BEGIN EVEN PREPARING TO--
KNOCK KNOCK
HOLD ON, I'M COMING.


OH. UM. HELLO?
ROSALIND SOLOMON. I AM THE BLACK PANTHER, CHAIRMAN OF THE AVENGERS. THIS IS MY COMRADE, OKOYE.
WE WERE WONDERING IF YOU'D BE INTERESTED IN A NEW LINE OF WORK.
YOU ONCE WERE AN AGENT OF S.H.I.E.L.D.
HOW DOES AGENT OF WAKANDA SOUND?

THOR | 9

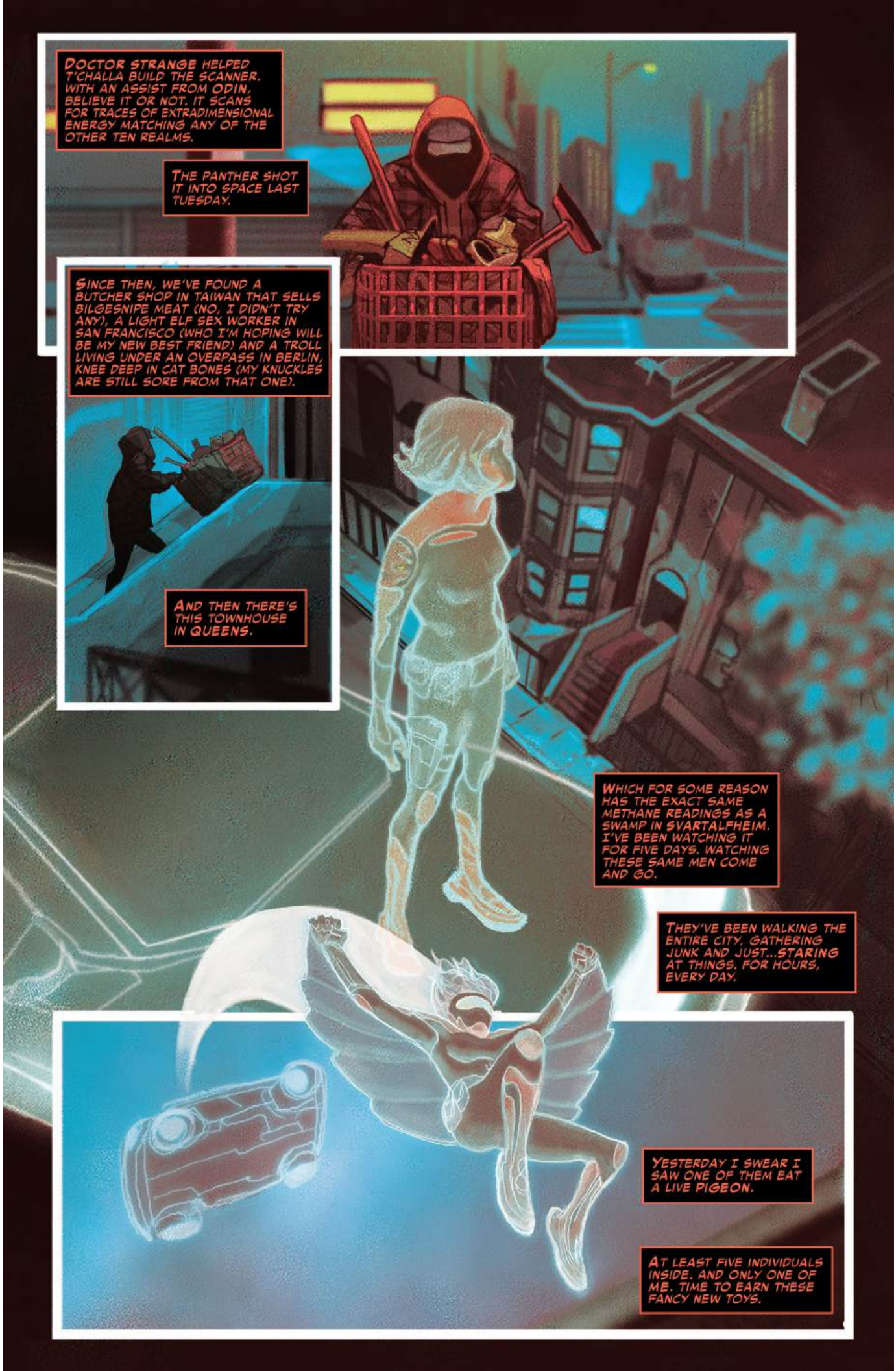
"The Woman with the Vibranium Gun"

NOT A DAY GOES BY I DON'T THINK ABOUT BROXTON.
WHAT THE HELL DO YOU WANT?
DO YOU REMEMBER CALLING ME THE OTHER NIGHT, DARIO?
NO.
I'M NOT SURPRISED. YOU SOUNDED QUITE EXCEPTIONALLY DRUNK.
I'VE BEEN UNDER HOUSE ARREST FOR TWO WEEKS. THERE ISN'T MUCH ELSE TO DO AROUND HERE.
OH CRY ME A RIVER. YOUR HOUSE IS THE SIZE OF DISNEYLAND. I GOT LOST THREE TIMES SNEAKING IN HERE.
WELL FEEL FREE TO GET LOST AGAIN.
YOU CALLED ME. I CAN PLAY IT BACK FOR YOU, IF YOU'D LIKE? IT'S PROBABLY BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE YOU'VE HEARD YOURSELF CRY.
WHAT CAN I SAY, I AM DEEPLY MOVED BY REALLY GOOD SCOTCH.
I THINK YOU DRINK BECAUSE YOU WANT TO DROWN IT OUT-- THAT SQUEAKY LITTLE VOICE YOU DIDN'T EVEN KNOW WAS STILL IN THERE. WHO WOULD'VE GUESSED THAT DARIO AGGER HAS A CONSCIENCE.
YOU WOULDN'T SAY THAT IF YOU COULD'VE SEEN WHAT I DID TO MY LAWYERS AFTER THEY FAILED TO GET THESE RIDICULOUS CHARGES THROWN OUT.
DARIO AGGER.
C.E.O. OF THE ROXXON ENERGY CORPORATION.
RIGHT. UNION ORGANIZERS IN COLOMBIA GORED BY A BULL. IN THEIR BEDS. THAT DEFINITELY DOESN'T SOUND LIKE YOU.
I'LL BEAT IT. JUST LIKE I BEAT EVERY TRUMPED-UP CHARGE YOU EVER THREW AT ME, BACK WHEN YOU STILL SORT OF MATTERED.
I OUTLASTED YOUR PRECIOUS S.H.I.E.L.D.--ROXXON AND I WILL OUTLAST YOU ALL.
I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT. GET THE HELL OUT OF MY HOUSE BEFORE I HAVE YOU DRAGGED OUT BY SOMEONE WHOSE GUN AND BADGE HASN'T BECOME UTTERLY USELESS, LIKE YOURS.
THAT'S NOT WHAT YOU SAID WHEN YOU CALLED ME LAST NIGHT. YOU BEGGED ME TO HELP YOU. HELP YOU STOP IT.
STOP WHAT, DARIO? WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?
YOU'RE RIGHT, DARIO, YOU OUTLASTED S.H.I.E.L.D., BUT HERE'S THE THING...


...SO DID I.
TURNS OUT THERE ARE OTHER GUNS AND BADGES IN THE WORLD.
AND BOY, JUST WAIT'LL YOU SEE WHAT THIS ONE CAN DO.
ROZ SOLOMON.
FORMER AGENT OF S.H.I.E.L.D.
BEFORE BROXTON, I WAS AN ENVIRONMENTALIST. THE NIGHT IT FELL...
...I BECAME SOMETHING ELSE.
S.H.I.E.L.D. IS DEAD. DESERVEDLY SO, MANY WOULD SAY. AND DEAD IT SHALL REMAIN.
HERE WE ARE NOT LOOKING TO RECREATE THE BUREAUCRATIC FOLLIES OF THE PAST.
DAYS EARLIER.
WAKANDA.
OUR AGENTS WILL NOT BE THE POLICEMEN OF THE WORLD. AND OUR ORGANIZATION WILL NOT BE INFILTRATED OR MISUSED ON A DAILY BASIS.
NOT SO LONG AS I AM ALIVE AND STILL CAPABLE OF SWINGING A STICK.
FORGET EVERYTHING YOU EVER LEARNED FROM S.H.I.E.L.D.--THIS IS SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW.
WELCOME TO THE AGENTS OF WAKANDA.
OKOYE.
LEADER OF THE DORA MILAJE.

KING T'CHALLA IS NOW CHAIRMAN OF THE AVENGERS--MUCH TO THE CHAGRIN OF MANY OTHER HEADS OF STATE--WHICH LEAVES EARTH'S MIGHTIEST HEROES WITHOUT ACCESS TO MANY OF THEIR ALLIES FROM THE PAST.
IN ORDER TO PROTECT A WORLD THAT SEEMS DETERMINED TO TEAR ITSELF APART IN AN EVER-INCREASING VARIETY OF WAYS, THE AVENGERS WILL REQUIRE AN ENTIRELY NEW SUPPORT STAFF.
A NETWORK OF HIGHLY SKILLED COVERT AGENTS, WITH A GLOBAL AND INTERGALACTIC REACH, DEVOTED TO INTELLIGENCE GATHERING, SUPER-ESPIONAGE AND SPECIAL MISSIONS OF AN UNPARALLELED NATURE.
IF THE AVENGERS ARE THE HAMMER, THE AGENTS OF WAKANDA WILL BE THE HAND THAT HOLDS THE NAIL.
HI.
SORRY ABOUT THE MESS IN THE BREAKROOM, BOSS.
KA-ZAR AND GORILLA-MAN HAVE ALREADY JOINED THE RANKS. (THEY WERE T'CHALLA'S CHOICES.)
OUR AGENTS MUST BE ABLE TO WORK ALONE AND UNDETECTED IN THE MOST INHOSPITABLE REGIONS IN EXISTENCE. ATLANTIS. SUBTERRANEA. THE NEGATIVE ZONE. THE MICROVERSE. HELL ITSELF, IF NEED BE.
FOR THIS TASK, YOU WILL HAVE THE MANY RESOURCES OF WAKANDA AT YOUR DISPOSAL. INCLUDING ITS MOST PRECIOUS ONE.
WHOA. IS THAT REALLY...
A GUN THAT FIRES VIBRANIUM BULLETS? YES, IT IS.
WE HAVE EVERY STYLE OF WEAPON YOU CAN IMAGINE IN THIS ARMORY. BUT YOU'RE AN AMERICAN, SO I ASSUME YOU'VE BEEN HANDLING ONE OF THESE SINCE GRAMMAR SCHOOL.
USE THE BULLETS SPARINGLY. AND RETRIEVE THEM WHENEVER POSSIBLE.
YOU'RE JOKING?
IN WAKANDA WE NEVER JOKE ABOUT VIBRANIUM.

THERE'S ALSO VIBRANIUM IN YOUR BOOTS AND GLOVES, AND YOUR JUMPSUIT IS BASED ON T'CHALLA'S OWN PANTHER SUIT TECHNOLOGY, ALREADY TAILORED TO YOUR DNA.
OUR BACKGROUND CHECKS ARE QUITE EXTENSIVE. YOU SHOULD SEE ABOUT GETTING MORE FIBER IN YOUR DIET.
UH. AND HOW DO YOU HAVE MY DNA?
OVER HERE, YOU'LL FIND THE OFFICE FROM WHICH YOU'LL BE WORKING--
--AN ALL-TERRAIN MOBILE COMMAND POST MORE TECHNOLOGICALLY ADVANCED THAN THE ROCKETS THAT HAVE TAKEN MEN TO OTHER PLANETS. IT ALSO COMES IN GREEN.
PLEASE TELL ME IT *FLIES*.
OF COURSE IT FLIES. AND YOU'LL FIND ITS HANDLING A VAST IMPROVEMENT ON THOSE ANTIQUATED S.H.I.E.L.D. MODELS.
WOW. I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY. I'M REALLY FLATTERED YOU GUYS THOUGHT OF ME FOR THIS.
YOU UNDERSTAND WE ARE ASKING YOU TO RISK YOUR LIFE IN THE MOST LUDICROUS WAYS IMAGINABLE ON A NO-DOUBT DAILY BASIS.
DURING YOUR TIME WITH S.H.I.E.L.D., YOU WERE PREDOMINANTLY AN ENVIRONMENTALIST. IF YOU CHOOSE TO ACCEPT THIS POSITION, YOU WILL BE ENTERING AN ENTIRELY NEW WORLD OF *DANGER*.
YOU'RE KIDDING, RIGHT? I DATED *THOR* AND LIVED.
WHEN DO I START?


DOCTOR STRANGE HELPED T'CHALLA BUILD THE SCANNER. WITH AN ASSIST FROM ODIN. BELIEVE IT OR NOT. IT SCANS FOR TRACES OF EXTRADIMENSIONAL ENERGY MATCHING ANY OF THE OTHER TEN REALMS.
THE PANTHER SHOT IT INTO SPACE LAST TUESDAY.
SINCE THEN, WE'VE FOUND A BUTCHER SHOP IN TAIWAN THAT SELLS BILGESNIPE MEAT (NO, I DIDN'T TRY ANY), A LIGHT ELF SEX WORKER IN SAN FRANCISCO (WHO I'M HOPING WILL BE MY NEW BEST FRIEND) AND A TROLL LIVING UNDER AN OVERPASS IN BERLIN, KNEE DEEP IN CAT BONES (MY KNUCKLES ARE STILL SORE FROM THAT ONE).
AND THEN THERE'S THIS TOWNHOUSE IN QUEENS.
WHICH FOR SOME REASON HAS THE EXACT SAME METHANE READINGS AS A SWAMP IN SVARTALFHEIM. I'VE BEEN WATCHING IT FOR FIVE DAYS. WATCHING THESE SAME MEN COME AND GO.
THEY'VE BEEN WALKING THE ENTIRE CITY, GATHERING JUNK AND JUST...STARING AT THINGS. FOR HOURS, EVERY DAY.
YESTERDAY I SWEAR I SAW ONE OF THEM EAT A LIVE PIGEON.
AT LEAST FIVE INDIVIDUALS INSIDE. AND ONLY ONE OF ME. TIME TO EARN THESE FANCY NEW TOYS.

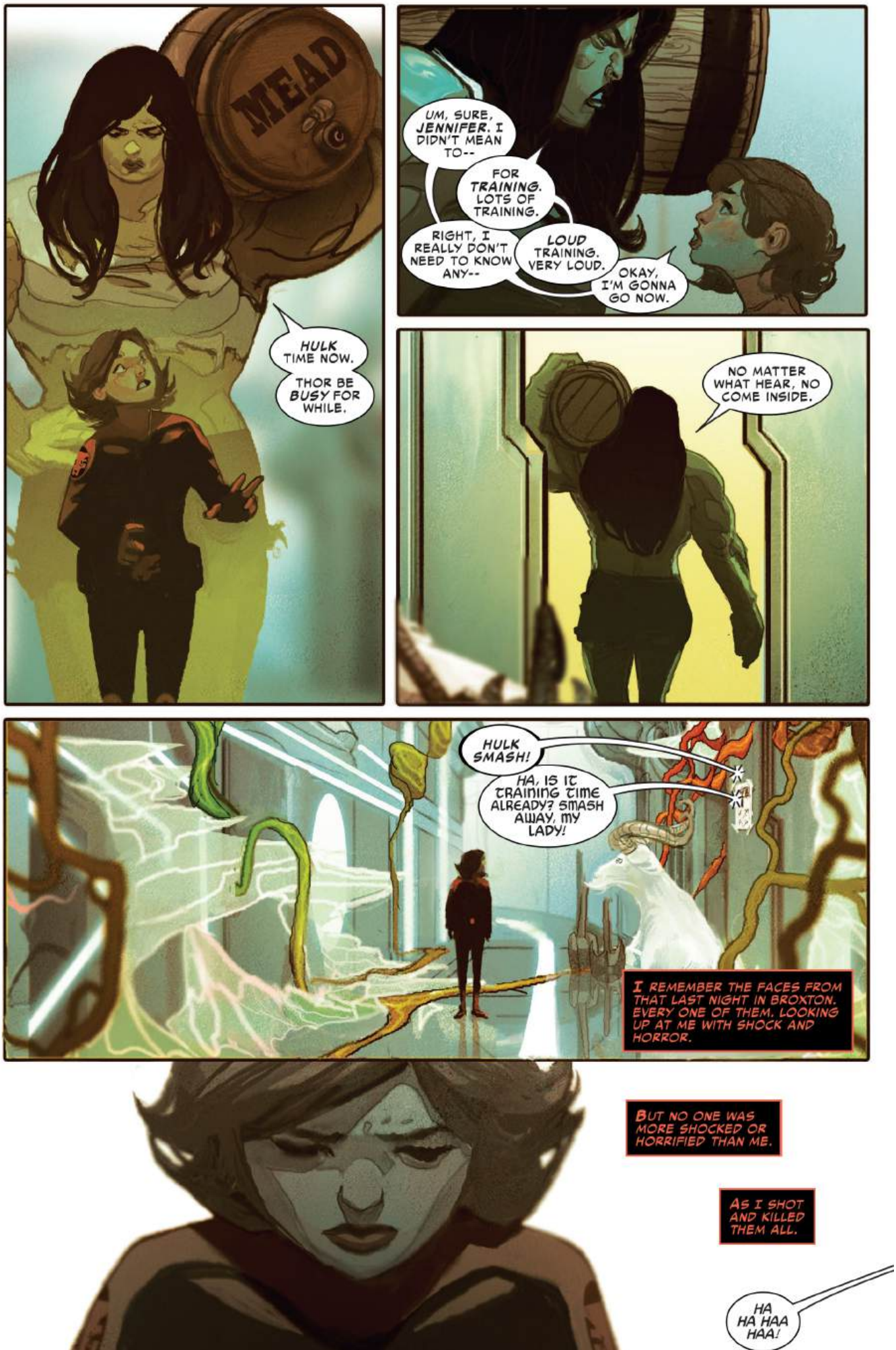
WHOA. WAVE OF NAUSEA HITS ME AS I CLIMB THROUGH THE WINDOW. PANTHER TECH BEEPS IN MY EARS, TELLING ME I JUST CROSSED SOME SORT OF MAGICAL THRESHOLD.
GUESS THAT EXPLAINS WHY THE PLACE IS AS BIG AS AN AIRPLANE HANGAR ON THE INSIDE.
THEIR RENT MUST BE INSANE. EVEN FOR ASTORIA.
DON'T THINK THEY'RE GETTING THEIR SECURITY DEPOSIT BACK, THOUGH.
DARK ELVES. THE CREEPIEST CREEPS IN ALL THE TEN REALMS. MALEKITH'S BOYS.
THERE'S A WAR GOING ON OUTSIDE...
Yummy Circles
THEY'RE BUILDING A MAP OF MANHATTAN. LOOKING TO LAUNCH TERRORIST ATTACKS, MAYBE.
OR LAY THE GROUNDWORK FOR A FULL-SCALE INVASION. FOR MALEKITH'S BELOVED WAR OF THE REALMS.
CRY
FISH
BAKE IT
FRY
Chaaawee!
THIS IS EXACTLY WHY I HAVE THIS JOB. TO GET THE INTEL, THEN CALL IN THE BIG GUNS.
A DARK ELF TERRORIST CELL IN NEW YORK CITY? I'D SAY THAT WARRANTS THE ATTENTION OF THE AVENGERS.
SO WHY AM I NOT MAKING THE CALL?

DAMN. I DATED THOR LONG ENOUGH TO KNOW A BIFROST WHEN I SEE ONE.
BUT THIS ONE'S NO RAINBOW BRIDGE.
AND IT DEFINITELY DOESN'T LEAD TO ASGARD.

THE BRONX.
RING RING
HEY, ROZ, HOW'S THE FIRST WEEK ON THE JOB GO--
JANE! QUICK QUESTION!
OCCUPIED
YOU FOUGHT FROST GIANTS WHEN YOU WERE THOR, RIGHT?
YEAH, A FEW. WHAT'S ALL THAT NOISE IN THE BACKGROUND? YOU HAVING TARGET PRACTICE?
YES! GAGGH!
AND LET'S JUST SAY, HYPOTHETICALLY, THAT SOMEONE WAS LOOKING TO BRING DOWN A FROST GIANT. WHAT WOULD BE THE BEST WAY TO DO THAT?
ROZ. WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?
BOOM!
BOOM!
BOOM!
MY JOB!
GAGGH!!!
KILL HER!

BOOM!
BOOM!
RRRRGHH!!!
ALSO, DID YOU KNOW FROST GIANTS HAVE REALLY BIG EYES AND ARE GREAT AT SEEING? EVEN THINGS THAT ARE SUPPOSED TO BE CLOAKED AND INVISIBLE?
YOU'RE FIGHTING A FROST GIANT ON YOUR OWN? ARE YOU INSANE?!
I'M BLOWING HOLES IN IT THE SIZE OF MY BATHROOM, BUT IT JUST...
WOOOOOSH
...SPITS ON THEM AND KEEPS GOING.
IF IT WEREN'T SO GROSS I'D BE TOTALLY IMPRESSED!
SMASH
ARE ALL ICE GIANTS THIS TOUGH?
YES! THAT'S WHY YOU NEED A MAGIC HAMMER TO FIGHT THEM!
I HAVE VIBRANIUM BOOTS! HOW DO YOU BEAT THEM WITH THAT?
YOU BEAT A FROST GIANT BY DOING THE SMART THING, ROZ!
YOU CALL THOR! YOU CALL HIM RIGHT NOW!
YEAH. ABOUT THAT...

DAYS EARLIER.
AVENGERS MOUNTAIN.
IN ADDITION TO WAKANDA, YOU'LL ALSO BE ABLE TO OPERATE OUT OF THE AVENGERS HEADQUARTERS WHEN NEEDED--
--WHICH IS CONNECTED BY CELESTIAL TELEPORTATION TO VARIOUS SPOTS ACROSS THE GLOBE.
YOU MAY SET UP LIVING QUARTERS HERE IF YOU LIKE, AMONG THE AVENGERS.
YEAH, I'M NOT SURE THAT'S SUCH A GREAT...
I'LL GIVE YOU A MOMENT TO DECIDE.
STRIKE LIKE THE MIGHTY THOR, BLAST THE DOOR
NOT A DAY GOES BY I DON'T THINK ABOUT BROXTON.
STRIKE THE MIGH BLAST TH
BUT I'VE STILL NEVER TALKED TO ANYONE ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED THERE. ABOUT WHAT I...
COME BACK LATER.


MEAD
HULK TIME NOW.
THOR BE BUSY FOR WHILE.
UM, SURE, JENNIFER. I DIDN'T MEAN TO--
FOR TRAINING. LOTS OF TRAINING.
RIGHT, I REALLY DON'T NEED TO KNOW ANY--
LOUD TRAINING. VERY LOUD.
OKAY, I'M GONNA GO NOW.
NO MATTER WHAT HEAR, NO COME INSIDE.
HULK SMASH!
HA, IS IT TRAINING TIME ALREADY? SMASH AWAY, MY LADY!
I REMEMBER THE FACES FROM THAT LAST NIGHT IN BROXTON. EVERY ONE OF THEM. LOOKING UP AT ME WITH SHOCK AND HORROR.
BUT NO ONE WAS MORE SHOCKED OR HORRIFIED THAN ME.
AS I SHOT AND KILLED THEM ALL.
HA HA HAA HAA!

GRRRAGH!
I DON'T CARE IF IT'S AWKWARD WITH YOUR EX-BOYFRIEND! DYING WILL BE EVEN MORE AWKWARD! CALL THOR!
STOMP!
I CAN'T, JANE. YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND.
TO HELL WITH YOUR PRIDE, ROZ! I'LL CALL HIM MYSELF!
BLAOW!
JANE...THERE'S SOMETHING I WANT YOU TO KNOW. IN CASE THIS IS THE LAST TIME WE TALK.
DON'T SAY THAT, ROZ! THOR'S MOTHER HAS A SUMMONING STONE! I'M GONNA GET HER TO--
I COULDN'T LIFT IT.
YOUR MJOLNIR.
I TRIED, WHEN IT WAS SITTING ON THE MOON. BEFORE YOU PICKED IT UP. I TRIED AND I COULDN'T.
I'M NOT WORTHY, JANE. I'M NOT YOU.
KACKOW!
NO ONE COULD LIFT THE DAMN HAMMER! NOT EVEN THOR! WHO CARES ABOUT THAT RIGHT NOW?!
I CARE, BECAUSE THIS IS ALL I HAVE. AND IF I CAN'T EVEN DO THIS ON MY OWN, THEN WHAT THE HELL AM I--
GUUGHK!

ROZ!
OH HELL. NOT TROLLS. NOT AGAIN.
WHAT THE HEL HAVE WE HERE?
SHE'S A SPY. KILL HER.
MALEKITH WILL WANT HER ALIVE. FOR A LITTLE WHILE AT LEAST.
I KNOW THIS FACE. I'VE SEEN IT BEFORE. THIS...HOLY STONES...
THIS IS ROZ SOLOMON, THE TROLL SLAYER OF BROXTON.
YOU KILLED MY BROTHER, YOU HUMAN GARBAGE.
I'M GONNA GRIND YOUR FACE-FLESH BETWEEN MY BACK TEE--
BOOM!
BROXTON, OKLAHOMA, WAS WHERE THE GODS USED TO LIVE.

YO'INK!
IT WAS WHERE I USED TO SIT AND HAVE COFFEE WITH THOR. WHERE I KISSED HIM FOR THE FIRST TIME.
IT WAS WHERE I FIRST FIRED A GUN.
PEW! PEW! PEW!
KABOOM!
KABOOM!
OUR COVER'S BLOWN! TORCH THE BUILDING! CALL THE BLACK BIFROST!
THE NIGHT BROXTON FELL, IT WAS OVERRUN BY TROLLS. I WAS ON THE GROUND AS AN AGENT OF S.H.I.E.L.D.
YOU'RE NOT GONNA MAKE IT TO SVARTALFHEIM-- EXCEPT IN MY BELLY, YOU...
THE LUT.
I DID MY JOB. I SAVED THE GOOD PEOPLE OF BROXTON.
WHAT? WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?
THE LUT.
WHAT THE...
I SHOT AND KILLED 17 TROLLS.
THEY GAVE ME A RAISE FOR IT.

THE LUT DESERT.
IRAN.
CELESTIAL TECH BUILT INTO THE CAR. A ONE-WAY TELEPORTATION CHARGE.
I JUST TRANSPORTED US TO THE HOTTEST PLACE ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH--
BLAM
ARGH!
--AND NOW I HAVE QUESTIONS.
AND YOU'RE GOING TO ANSWER THEM.
YOU SHOT ME!
OR YOU'RE GOING TO DIE, RIGHT HERE IN FRONT OF ME, BIG GUY.
ALREADY SHOT ME FULL OF HOLES. CAN'T KILL ME WITH YOUR LITTLE GUN.
OH I IMAGINE I COULD. BUT I WON'T HAVE TO.
IT'S 150 DEGREES RIGHT NOW. AND YOU'RE NOT WEARING A WAKANDAN SUPER-SUIT.
START TALKING. WHILE YOU STILL CAN.

A SHORT TIME LATER.
MALEKITH BUILT HIS OWN BIFROST.
THAT'S HOW HE'S MOVING BETWEEN THE REALMS. AND THE NEXT STEP IS TO USE IT TO BRING HIS ARMIES HERE. TO INVADE THE EARTH.
FROSTY HERE WOULDN'T TELL ME WHEN. BUT MY GUESS IS SOON.
IN THE NAME OF THE GODS. LADY SOLOMON...
YOU KILLED A FROST GIANT.
NO.
THE EARTH KILLED HIM.
ALL I DID WAS WATCH.

I DID SHOOT THE TROLL. YOU CAN PROBABLY STILL GET HIM TO A DOCTOR. UP TO YOU.
WHAT'S ONE MORE DEAD TROLL IN MY DREAMS?
ROSALIND...
...WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU?
I GOT REALLY GOOD AT MY JOB.
JUST IN TIME TOO. THE WAR OF THE REALMS IS COMING HERE, THOR. RIGHT TO OUR DOORSTEP. WE ALL HAVE TO BE READY.
IT'S A GOOD THING YOU'RE DOING ALL THAT TRAINING.
TRAINING?
I'LL SEE YOU IN THE SKIES, GOD OF THUNDER.
NOT A DAY GOES BY I DON'T THINK ABOUT BROXTON. BUT I'M NOT HAUNTED. NOT ANYMORE.
I'M DRIVEN.

I KNOW THE FACE OF WAR. ALL ITS MANY FACES. AND I'M NOT AFRAID TO STARE RIGHT BACK.
LOOK AT ME, DARIO. I KNOW EXACTLY WHY YOU CALLED ME. YOU SAID YOU WANT ME TO HELP YOU STOP IT.
YOU MEAN YOUR DEAL WITH MALEKITH. YOU MEAN THE WAR OF THE REALMS.
WHAT'S A MALEKITH?
YOU SOLD OUT THE EARTH TO A DARK ELF PSYCHOPATH WHO WANTS EVERYONE AND EVERYTHING IN EXISTENCE TO BE AS DAMAGED BY WAR AS HE IS.
AND NOW YOU FEEL BAD ABOUT IT. BECAUSE YOU'RE A MINOTAUR WHO MAYBE STILL REMEMBERS WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE HUMAN.
WELL, I'M HERE, DARIO, AND I HAVEN'T SHOT YOU YET, WHICH MEANS I'M LISTENING.
SO HOW DO WE STOP THIS WAR?
I NEVER CALLED YOU. THAT'S FAKE NEWS. I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT ELVES OR MINOTAURS. I'M JUST A BUSINESSMAN.
I'M THE BUSINESS-MAN.
NOW GET THE HELL OUT OF MY MANSION.
MAYBE I CAN'T STOP THE WAR. BUT I COULD DAMN SURE STOP HIM. RIGHT HERE AND NOW.
FOR THE PRICE OF ONE VIBRANIUM BULLET.
MY NAME IS ROZ SOLOMON. I WAS AN ENVIRONMENTALIST. AN AGENT OF S.H.I.E.L.D. I DATED THOR.
I WAS THERE THE NIGHT BROXTON FELL.
AND I WILL NOT BE DEFINED BY DEAD TROLLS.

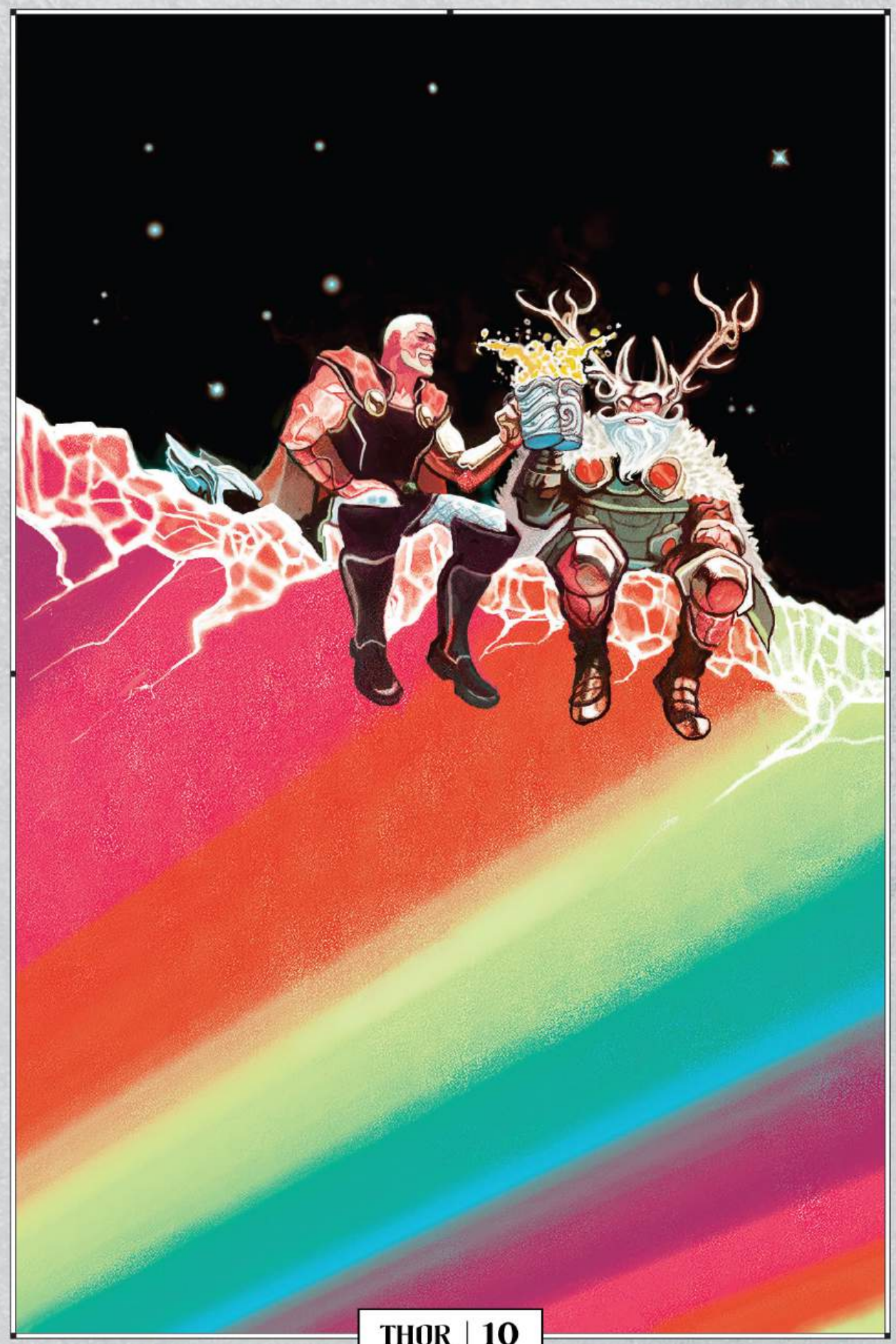
WAS THAT WHO I THINK IT WAS?

I'M QUITE SURE I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT THOUGHTS GO THROUGH YOUR HEAD, ULIK.
THAT WAS ROZ SOLOMON, THE TROLL SLAYER OF BROXTON.
IF WE WEREN'T UNDER ORDERS FROM MALEKITH TO LIE LOW, I WOULD'VE TORN HER TO BLOODY SHREDS.

NEXT TIME, BE MY GUEST.
GET UP, AGGER. BOSS WANTS TO SEE YOU.
I'M UNDER HOUSE ARREST.
YOU THINK MALEKITH GIVES A DAMN ABOUT MIDGARD LAWS?
BESIDES, WE'RE NOT EXACTLY WALKING OUT THE FRONT DOOR.

WE HAVE OUR OWN BIFROST, AFTER ALL.
NOW COME THE HEL ON.
WE'VE ALL GOT A WAR TO PLAN.

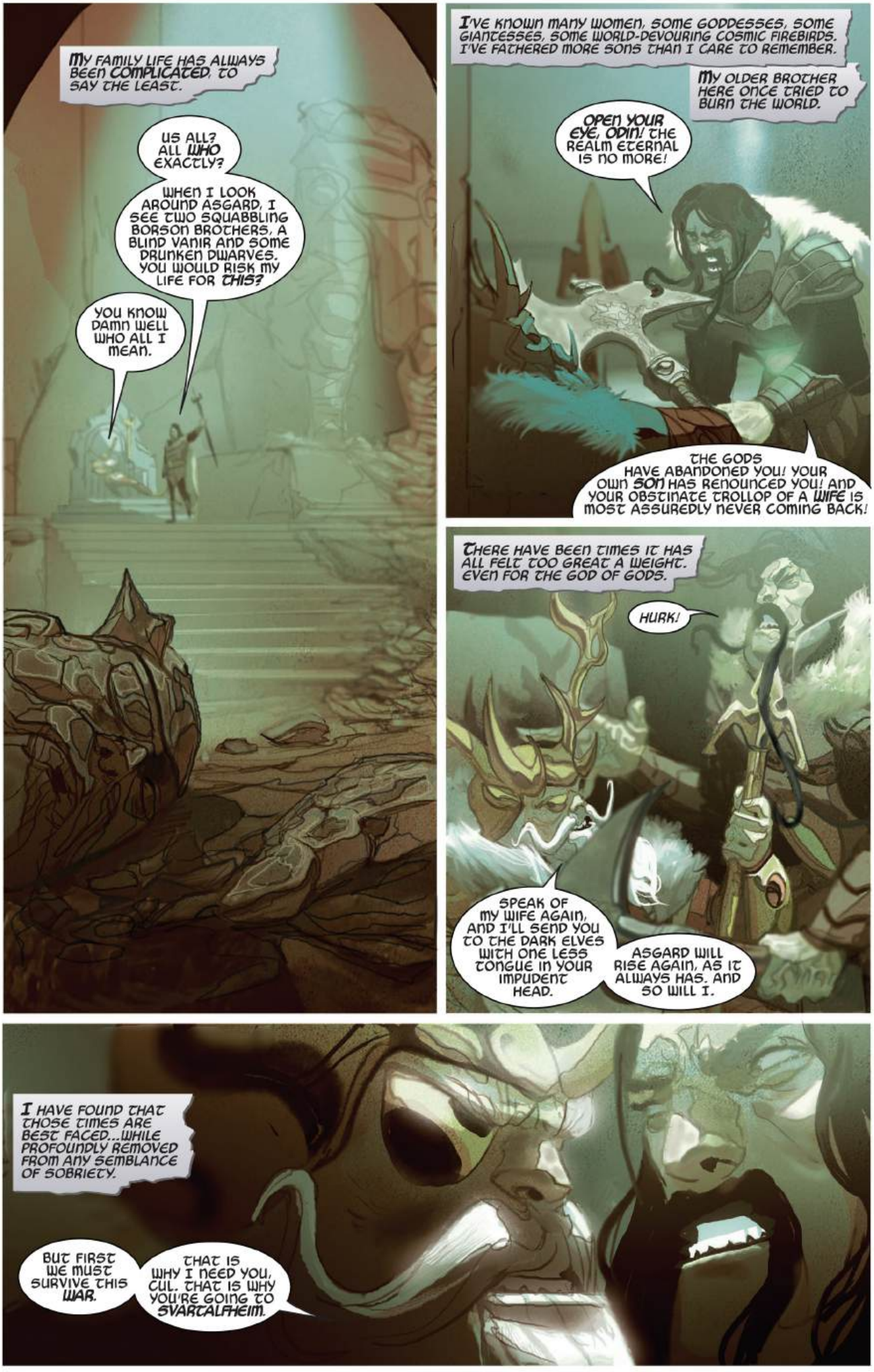
THE BLACK BIFROST.
MALEKITH HAS HIS OWN BIFROST HERE IN SVARTALFHEIM.
THAT'S THE KEY TO HIS PLAN. IF WE CANNOT DESTROY THE BLACK BRIDGE, THERE WILL BE NO HOPE OF STOPPING HIS ARMIES.
THERE'S PROBABLY NO HOPE EITHER WAY, BUT I'M DOING THE DAMN JOB I WAS SENT HERE TO DO.
NEVER LET IT BE SAID THAT CUL BORSON ISN'T A GOD OF HIS WORD.
JUST TELL ME, BROTHER ODIN...WHEN DO I HAVE YOUR LEAVE TO BE MY TRUE SELF AGAIN, THE GOD OF FEAR?
AND START SLAUGHTERING SOME ELVES.

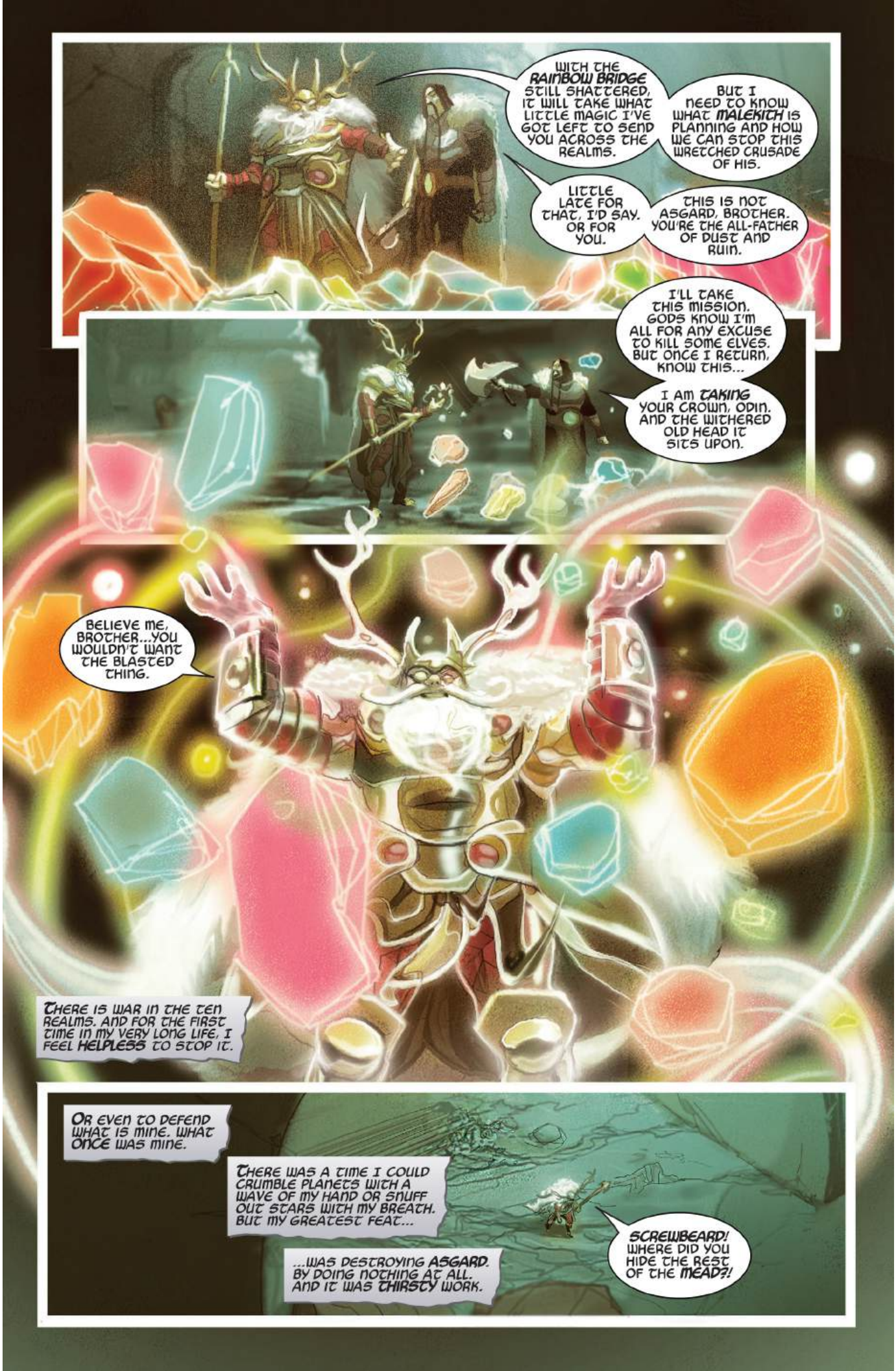


THOR | 10

"A Boy and His All-Father"

WEEKS AGO.
OLD ASGARD.
I WASN'T THERE WHEN THE BOY WAS BORN. OR IF I WAS, I WAS TOO DAMNED DRUNK TO REMEMBER.
THIS IS NOT A DISCUSSION. YOU WILL GO. YOUR ALL-FATHER COMMANDS YOU.
I HAVEN'T ALWAYS BEEN THERE SINCE. BUT HEL, WHEN HAS HE EVER LISTENED TO A WORD I'VE SAID ANYWAY?
WHY NOT JUST KILL ME YOURSELF, BROTHER, RIGHT HERE AND NOW? THAT'D SURE BE A DAMN SIGHT EASIER.
AND A HEL OF A LOT MORE NOBLE THAN LEAVING IT UP TO THE DAMNED DARK ELVES.
I AM ODIN, SON OF BOR. THE HIGH HOLY LORD OF ASGARD. THE ALMIGHTY ALL-GOD.
I AM THE WILL, THE WORD AND THE ONE-EYED WRATH.
TAKE THAT RUSTY OLD SPEAR OF YOURS AND STAB IT RIGHT THROUGH MY HEART! THAT'S THE ALL-FATHER WAY!
THAT'S WHAT BOR WOULD'VE DONE!
BUT OVER THE EONS I'VE BEGRUDGINGLY COME TO LEARN...THAT EVEN OMNIPOTENCE HAS ITS LIMITS.
JUST BECAUSE I'M THE ALL-FATHER DOESN'T MEAN I KNOW HOW TO DO EVERY BLASTED THING.
LIKE HOW TO BE A FATHER.
I'M NOT TRYING TO KILL YOU, CUL. NO MATTER HOW MUCH YOU MIGHT DESERVE IT.
I'M TRYING TO GIVE YOU ONE LAST CHANCE TO REDEEM YOURSELF, BROTHER. AND HOPEFULLY SAVE US ALL.


My family life has always been complicated, to say the least.
Us all? All who exactly?
When I look around Asgard, I see two squabbling Borson brothers, a blind Vanir and some drunken dwarves. You would risk my life for this?
You know damn well who all I mean.
I've known many women, some goddesses, some giantesses, some world-devouring cosmic firebirds. I've fathered more sons than I care to remember.
My older brother here once tried to burn the world.
Open your eye, Odin! The realm eternal is no more!
The gods have abandoned you! Your own son has renounced you! And your obstinate trollop of a wife is most assuredly never coming back!
There have been times it has all felt too great a weight. Even for the god of gods.
Hurk!
Speak of my wife again, and I'll send you to the dark elves with one less tongue in your impudent head.
Asgard will rise again, as it always has. And so will I.
I have found that those times are best faced...while profoundly removed from any semblance of sobriety.
But first we must survive this war.
That is why I need you, Cul. That is why you're going to Svartalfheim.


WITH THE RAINBOW BRIDGE STILL SHATTERED, IT WILL TAKE WHAT LITTLE MAGIC I'VE GOT LEFT TO SEND YOU ACROSS THE REALMS.
BUT I NEED TO KNOW WHAT MALEKITH IS PLANNING AND HOW WE CAN STOP THIS WRETCHED CRUSADE OF HIS.
LITTLE LATE FOR THAT, I'D SAY. OR FOR YOU.
THIS IS NOT ASGARD, BROTHER. YOU'RE THE ALL-FATHER OF DUST AND RUIN.
I'LL TAKE THIS MISSION. GODS KNOW I'M ALL FOR ANY EXCUSE TO KILL SOME ELVES. BUT ONCE I RETURN, KNOW THIS...
I AM TAKING YOUR CROWN, ODIN. AND THE WITHERED OLD HEAD IT SITS UPON.
BELIEVE ME, BROTHER...YOU WOULDN'T WANT THE BLASTED THING.
THERE IS WAR IN THE TEN REALMS. AND FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY VERY LONG LIFE, I FEEL HELPLESS TO STOP IT.
OR EVEN TO DEFEND WHAT IS MINE. WHAT ONCE WAS MINE.
THERE WAS A TIME I COULD CRUMBLE PLANETS WITH A WAVE OF MY HAND OR SNUFF OUT STARS WITH MY BREATH. BUT MY GREATEST FEAT...
...WAS DESTROYING ASGARD. BY DOING NOTHING AT ALL. AND IT WAS THIRSTY WORK.
SCREWBEARD! WHERE DID YOU HIDE THE REST OF THE MEAD?!

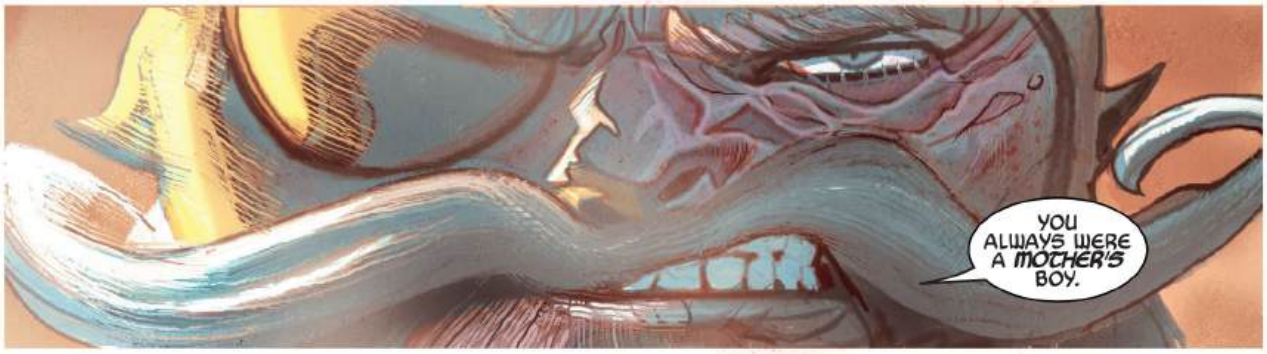
I'LL TELL YOU A SECRET ABOUT THE MIGHTY THOR.
WHEN HE WAS A BABY, HE WAS TERRIFIED OF STORMS.
KRAKKAKOOM!
I FIRST CALLED HIM THE GOD OF THUNDER OUT OF MOCKING CONTEMPT.
BECAUSE HE WAILED SO LOUDLY EVERY TIME IT SPRINKLED RAIN.
THOUGH I SUPPOSE OVER THE YEARS, HE HAS GROWN INTO THE NAME.
SCREWBEARD! I NEED MORE HAMMERS!
WAR LOOMS EVER CLOSER ON THE HORIZON AND I MUST...
SCREWBEARD CAN'T HEAR YOU, BOY. DAMN DWARVES CAN'T HOLD THEIR LIQUOR.
ZZZZZZZZ

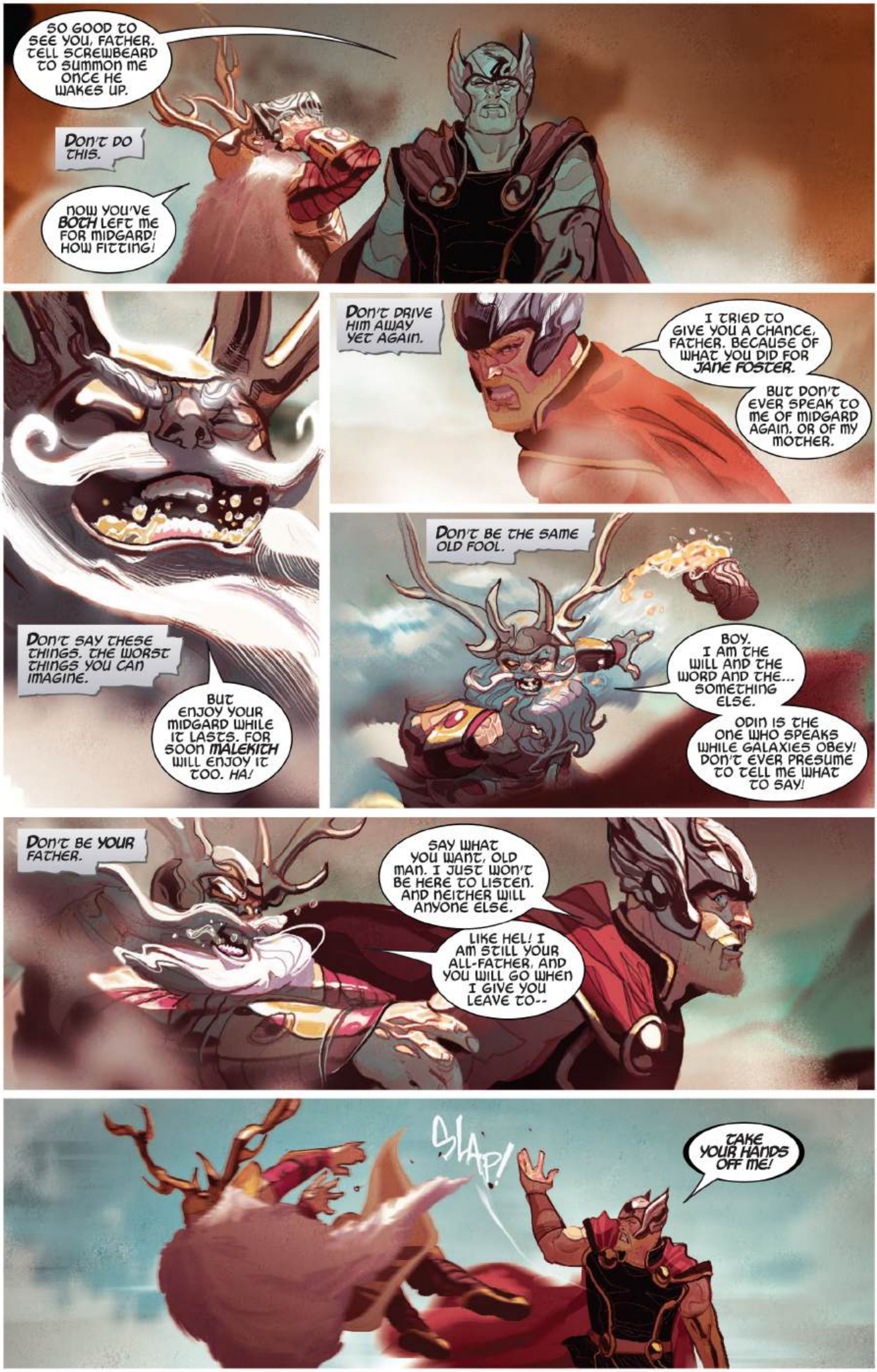
FATHER. I SEE YOU'RE KEEPING BUSY.
AYE, SHOWED THESE DWARVES HOW TO FORGE. THEN HOW TO DRINK.
WAS MAKING YOU A WEAPON. AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE.
TALK TO THE BOY.

I DO HOPE YOU DIDN'T KILL THE DWARVES. I'M RUNNING LOW ON HAMMERS.
HE LOOKS TIRED. STRETCHED TOO THIN. IN NEED OF HELP.
AYE. I HEARD ABOUT THAT MESS WITH YOUR SISTER.
ZZZZ
ZZZZZZ

THAT ONE'S ALWAYS BEEN TROUBLE. YOU TRY TO RAISE THEM RIGHT, BUT WHAT WOULD THEY HAVE YOU DO? PAY THE RANSOM EVERY TIME THEY'RE KIDNAPPED BY ANGELS? HRRPH.
I SHOULD TELL HIM WHAT I KNOW.
SIT. GRAB YOURSELF A DRINK, BOY.

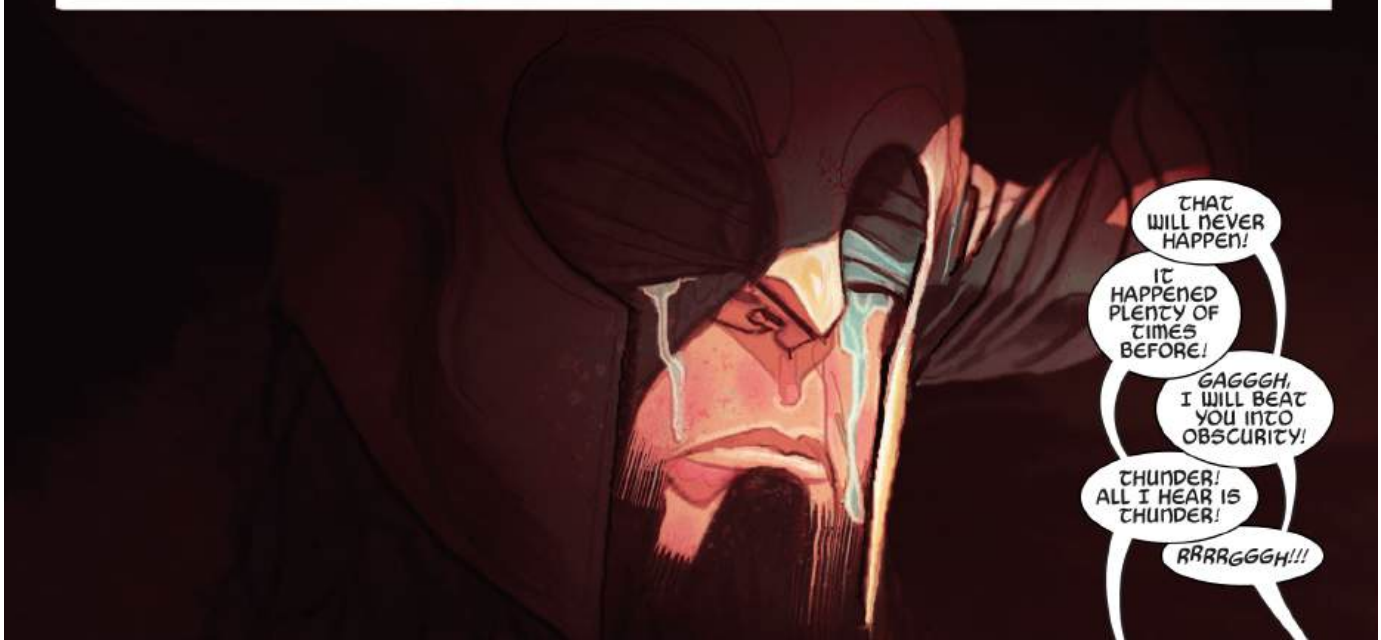
THAT I'VE SENT CUL TO SVARTALFHEIM. THAT MALEKITH HAS BUILT HIS OWN BIFROST AND WILL SURELY USE IT TO INVADE ALL OF--
I CAME FOR HAMMERS.


YOU ALWAYS WERE A MOTHER'S BOY.


SO GOOD TO SEE YOU, FATHER. TELL SCREWBEARD TO SUMMON ME ONCE HE WAKES UP.
DON'T DO THIS.
NOW YOU'VE BOTH LEFT ME FOR MIDGARD! HOW FITTING!
DON'T SAY THESE THINGS. THE WORST THINGS YOU CAN IMAGINE.
BUT ENJOY YOUR MIDGARD WHILE IT LASTS. FOR SOON MALEKITH WILL ENJOY IT TOO. HA!
DON'T DRIVE HIM AWAY YET AGAIN.
I TRIED TO GIVE YOU A CHANCE, FATHER. BECAUSE OF WHAT YOU DID FOR JANE FOSTER.
BUT DON'T EVER SPEAK TO ME OF MIDGARD AGAIN. OR OF MY MOTHER.
DON'T BE THE SAME OLD FOOL.
BOY. I AM THE WILL AND THE WORD AND THE... SOMETHING ELSE.
ODIN IS THE ONE WHO SPEAKS WHILE GALAXIES OBEY! DON'T EVER PRESUME TO TELL ME WHAT TO SAY!
DON'T BE YOUR FATHER.
SAY WHAT YOU WANT, OLD MAN. I JUST WON'T BE HERE TO LISTEN. AND NEITHER WILL ANYONE ELSE.
LIKE HEL! I AM STILL YOUR ALL-FATHER, AND YOU WILL GO WHEN I GIVE YOU LEAVE TO--
SLAP!
TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF ME!

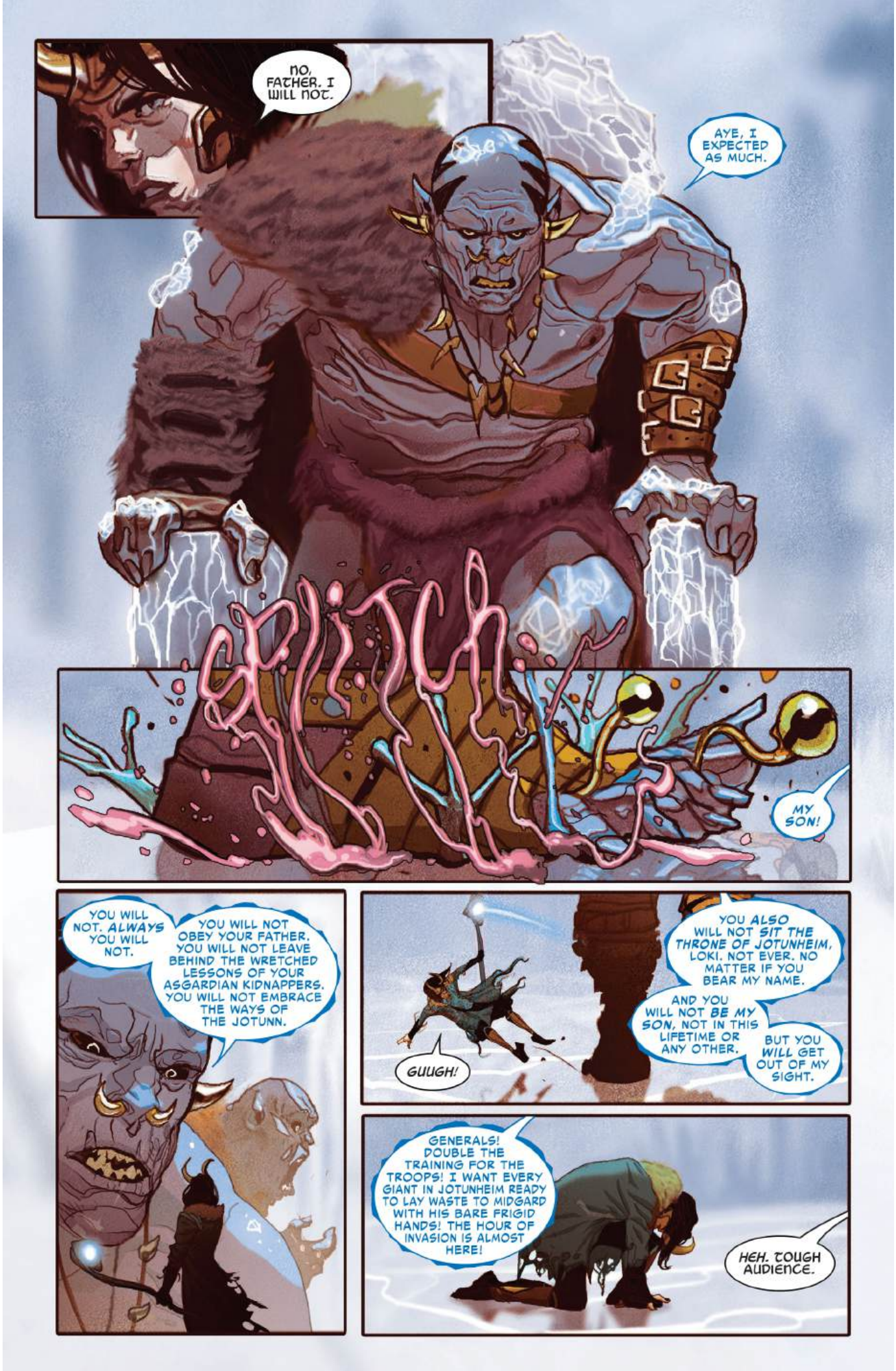
KATHONK!!
FATHER.
THE REALMS HAVE PASSED YOU BY.
LET THEM.
AND STAY OUT OF EVERYONE'S WAY.
THOR. BEFORE YOU GO...
I FOUND THAT HAMMER I MADE YOU.
BWOO

TOLD YOU I FORGED A FINE ONE. HOW DID IT FEEL?
YOU MISERABLE OLD DRUNKEN BASTARD. REALMS ARE BURNING, AND YOU WOULD WASTE MY TIME?!
EH, IS THAT WHAT I'M DOING?
AYE!
BUT NOT FOR LONG!
PTEW YOU SWING HAMMERS LIKE A GIRL. NO WONDER YOUR MJOLNIR LEFT YOU.
WHEN YOU'RE AT MY FEET SOBBING, BOY.
YOU KNOW NOT WHEN TO SHUT UP, DO YOU?


THAT WILL NEVER HAPPEN!
IT HAPPENED PLENTY OF TIMES BEFORE!
GAGGGH, I WILL BEAT YOU INTO OBSCURITY!
THUNDER! ALL I HEAR IS THUNDER!
RRRRGGGH!!!

JOTUNHEIM.
FATHERS AND SONS. IN ALL THE LONG, SORDID HISTORY OF THE GODS, HOW MANY HAVE SUFFERED AND DIED...
I ASK YOU, MY KING...
...BECAUSE OF THE TROUBLES BETWEEN FATHERS AND THEIR SONS.
IS THIS JUSTICE YOU SEE BEFORE YOU? IS THIS THE WAY OF THE FROST GIANT?
THAT...IS A FROG. AND NOW I ASK YOU, SIR STONESNOW...
WHY IN THE NAME OF THE MOTHER BLIZZARD HAVE YOU BROUGHT A FROG BEFORE THE THRONE OF LAUFEY? WHY WOULD YOU DARE WASTE THE TIME OF YOUR KING IN THIS HOUR OF WAR?
SPEAK WISELY OR THE ICE BUZZARDS WILL SOON BE SLURPING YOUR BLOODY SLUSH.
I HUMBLY BEG YOUR PARDON, LORD LAUFEY, BUT THIS IS NOT A FROG. THIS IS MY SON.
TRANSFORMED INTO A FROG BY YOUR SON, THE PRINCE OF JOTUNHEIM HIMSELF, WITH HIS FOUL ASGARDIAN MAGIC.
LOKI! IS THIS TRUE, BOY?!
DOES NO ONE IN JOTUNHEIM HAVE A SENSE OF HUMOR?
AYE, FATHER. I CLAIM RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE FROG.

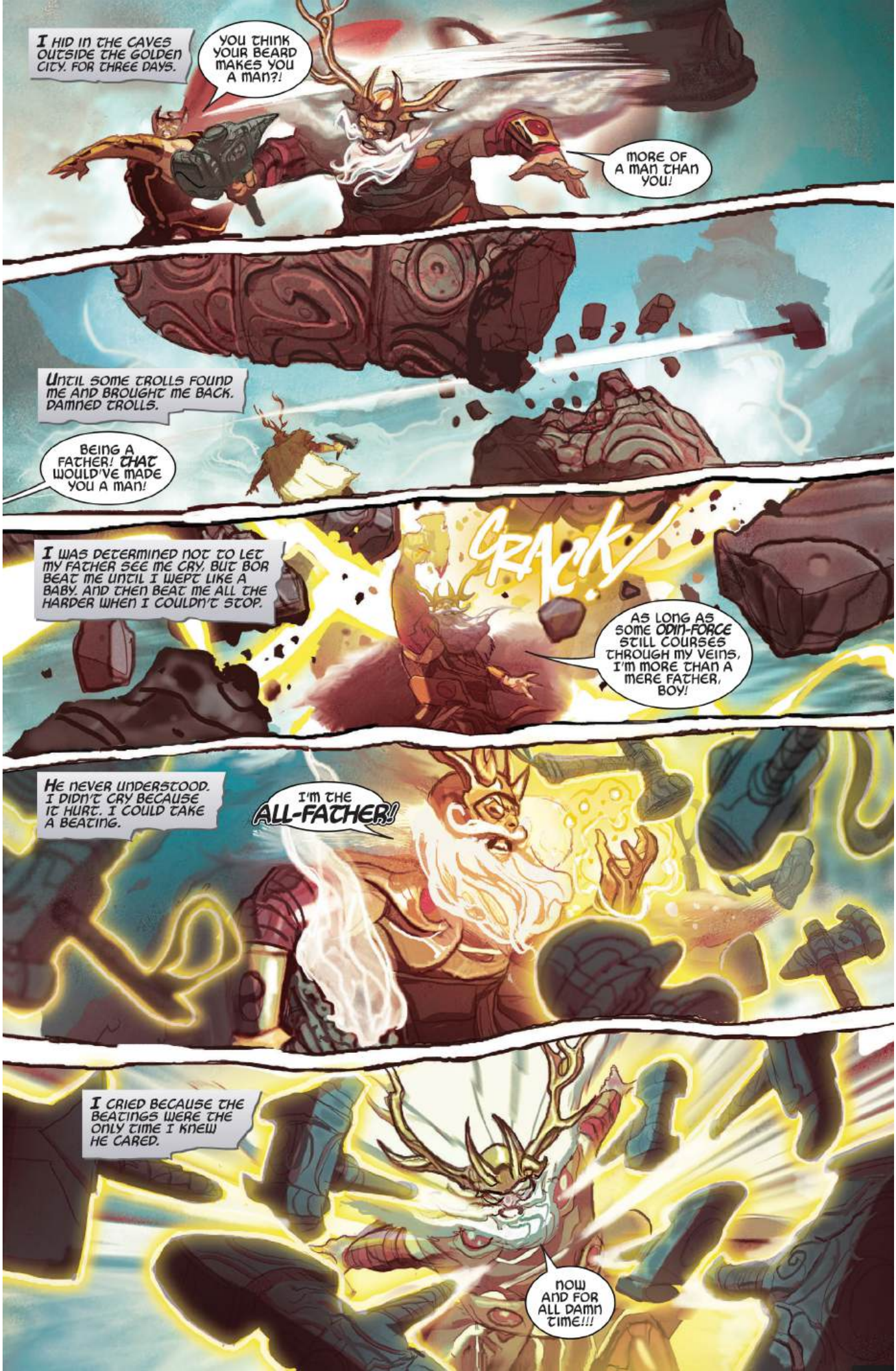
NOT MY MOST ORIGINAL WORK, I KNOW, BUT SIR STONESNOW'S DOLT OF A SON DIDN'T EXACTLY WARRANT MY FINEST EFFORT.
HE DARES SLANDER THE PROUD STONESNOW NAME! EVEN AS A FROG MY SON WILL SLAUGHTER THIS LITTLE--
SILENCE!
WHY HAVE YOU DONE THIS RIDICULOUS THING, BOY? OTHER THAN TO FLUMMOX AND EMBARRASS ME?
BELIEVE IT OR NOT, I WAS DEFENDING YOUR NAME, FATHER. THE JUNIOR STONESNOW MOCKED THE THRONE. BY MOCKING ME.
PERHAPS YOU SHOULD IMPLEMENT AN ANTI-BULLYING CAMPAIGN AMONG THE JOTNAR YOUTHS.
HE MOCKED YOU? NO ONE MOCKS THE SON OF THE KING!
WELL, EXCEPT THE KING, OF COURSE.
BUT THIS IS NOT HOW WE HANDLE SUCH MATTERS IN JOTUNHEIM.
OH GOODIE, HERE COMES ANOTHER LESSON IN BEING A JOTUNN.
IF YOU DO NOT WISH TO BE MOCKED AMONG YOUR FATHER'S PEOPLE, THEN YOU MUST STAND UP FOR YOURSELF, LOKI! THE FROST GIANT WAY!
KILL THE FROG.
CROAK
BUT MY LORD--!
HOLD YOUR TONGUE, STONESNOW, OR YOU'LL DIE NEXT!
KILL IT, BOY. NOT WITH WORDS OR MAGIC, BUT WITH YOUR OWN TWO TINY HANDS.
'TIS A FROG. SURELY EVEN YOU CAN FIND THE STRENGTH TO MURDER IT.


NO, FATHER. I WILL NOT.
AYE, I EXPECTED AS MUCH.
SPLITCH
MY SON!
YOU WILL NOT. ALWAYS YOU WILL NOT.
YOU WILL NOT OBEY YOUR FATHER. YOU WILL NOT LEAVE BEHIND THE WRETCHED LESSONS OF YOUR ASGARDIAN KIDNAPPERS. YOU WILL NOT EMBRACE THE WAYS OF THE JOTUNN.
GUUGH!
YOU ALSO WILL NOT SIT THE THRONE OF JOTUNHEIM, LOKI. NOT EVER. NO MATTER IF YOU BEAR MY NAME.
AND YOU WILL NOT BE MY SON, NOT IN THIS LIFETIME OR ANY OTHER.
BUT YOU WILL GET OUT OF MY SIGHT.
GENERALS! DOUBLE THE TRAINING FOR THE TROOPS! I WANT EVERY GIANT IN JOTUNHEIM READY TO LAY WASTE TO MIDGARD WITH HIS BARE FRIGID HANDS! THE HOUR OF INVASION IS ALMOST HERE!
HEH. TOUGH AUDIENCE.

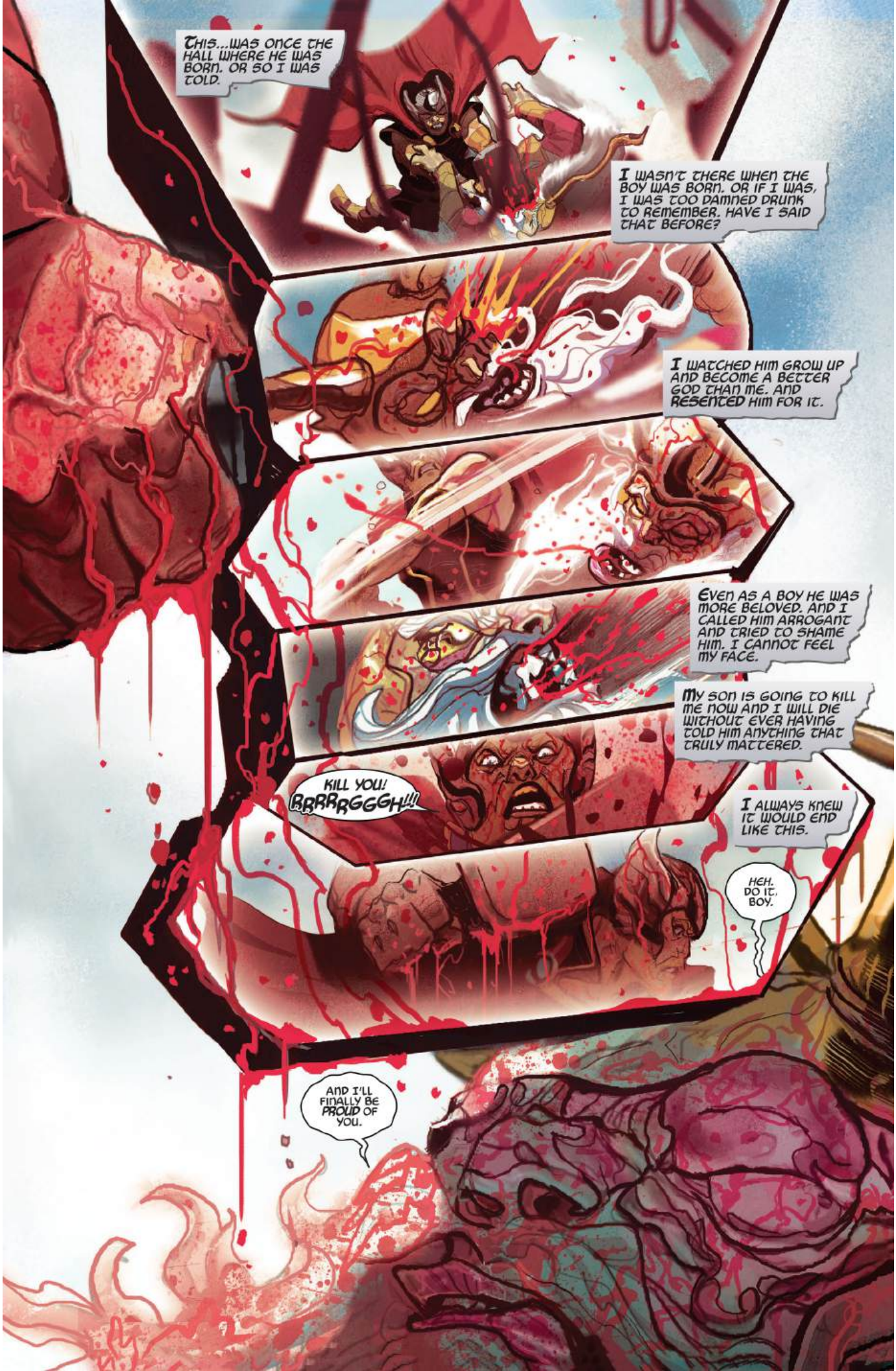
I FOR ONE QUITE LIKED THE FROG JOKE.
HA, INDEED I DO.
MALEKITH. WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? DON'T YOU HAVE THE MURDER OF MILLIONS TO PLAN?
BUT I WANTED TO WELCOME YOU BACK. AND TELL YOU TO YOUR FACE HOW MUCH I'VE MISSED YOU AND YOUR LIES THESE LAST FEW WEEKS.
HOW VERY KIND AND NOT AT ALL THREATENING OF YOU.
I HEAR YOU'VE BEEN QUITE A BUSY GOD OF LATE, LOKI. CHASING AFTER CELESTIALS AND SHINY STONES AND FLAMING WOLVERINES.
I DO HOPE YOU'RE NOW READY TO FOCUS ON THE MONUMENTAL TASK AT HAND. FOR THE FATEFUL HOUR OF THE WAR OF THE REALMS IS FINALLY NIGH.
OH, BELIEVE ME, MALEKITH, WHEN YOU INVADE MIDGARD...
...I'LL BE THERE.
YES...THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I'M WORRIED ABOUT.
FOLLOW HIM WHEREVER HE GOES.
AND SEE THAT HIS NEXT LIE IS HIS LAST.
AND THEN BY ALL MEANS ONE OF YOU TAKE THE HONOR OF BRINGING WORD OF LOKI'S GRISLY DEMISE...

"...DIRECTLY TO HIS BELOVED FATHER."
FATHER! I RODE A BILGESNIPE!
HMPH. DOESN'T COUNT AS RIDING IF YOU'RE NOT CHARGING INTO BATTLE, THOR.
FATHER! I SLAYED A TROLL!
HMPH. JUST ONE?
FATHER, I MADE WAR ON THE FROST GIANTS!
HMPH. THEY'RE NOTHING SINCE I KILLED THEIR KING, LAUFEY.
FATHER, I DID IT! I'M FINALLY WORTHY!
HMPH. WHERE DID YOU FIND THAT OLD THING?

HRRRRGGHH!!!
CRACK!
GRRRRGGGH!!!
THERE GO TWO MORE HAMMERS YOU'VE RUINED, BOY! YOU'VE DEVELOPED QUITE THE KNACK FOR THAT!
YOU HEARTLESS BASTARD! I'M GOING TO SMASH THE NEXT HAMMER ACROSS YOUR STUPID FACE!
HA! AT LEAST I CAN GROW A DAMN BEARD!
HNNNGH!
UUUGH!
I WAS STILL A BOY, WITHOUT MY FIRST WHISKER, THE FIRST TIME I TRIED TO RUN AWAY FROM HOME.

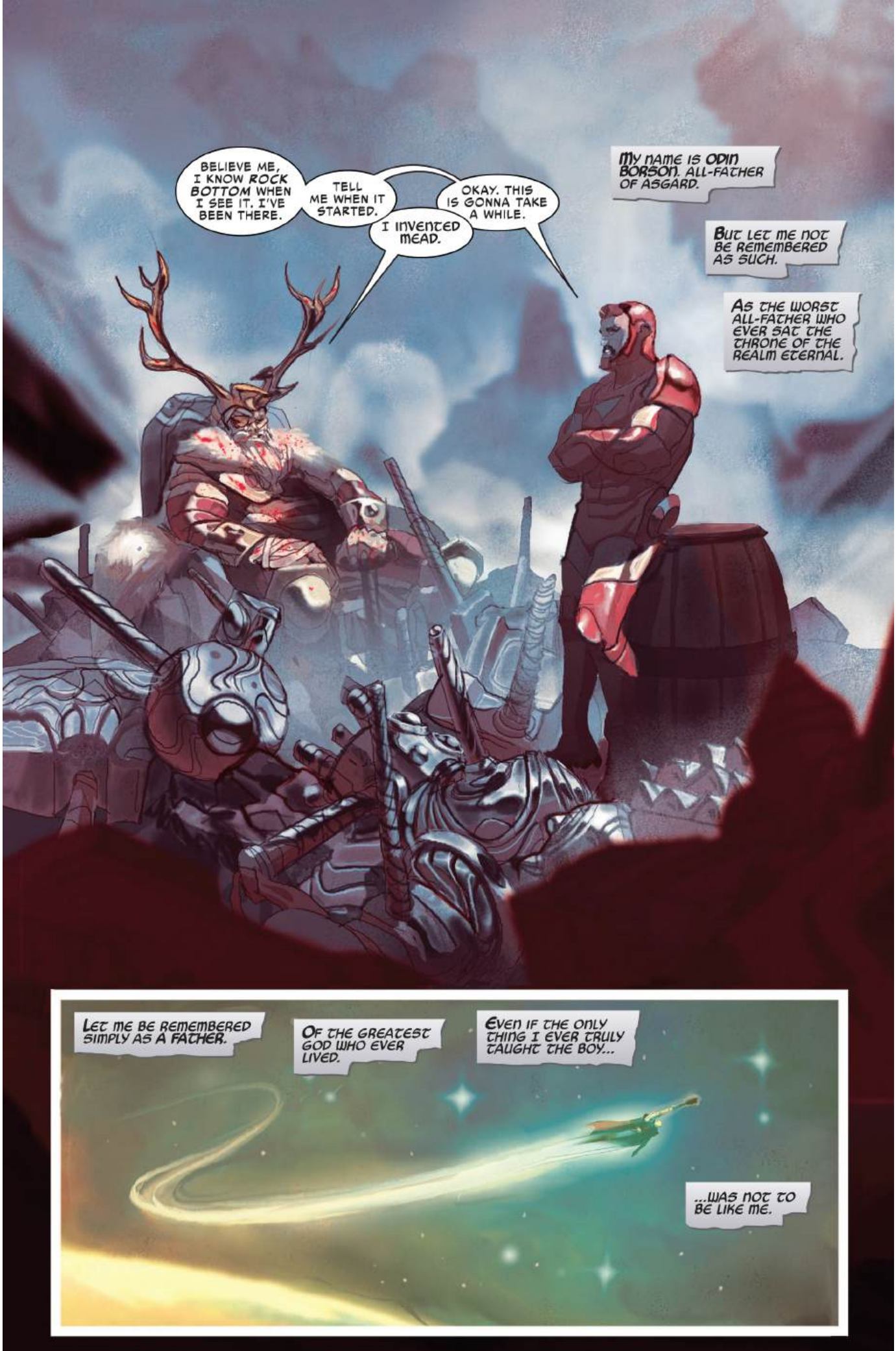

I HID IN THE CAVES OUTSIDE THE GOLDEN CITY. FOR THREE DAYS.
YOU THINK YOUR BEARD MAKES YOU A MAN?!
MORE OF A MAN THAN YOU!
UNTIL SOME TROLLS FOUND ME AND BROUGHT ME BACK. DAMNED TROLLS.
BEING A FATHER! THAT WOULD'VE MADE YOU A MAN!
I WAS DETERMINED NOT TO LET MY FATHER SEE ME CRY, BUT BOR BEAT ME UNTIL I WEPT LIKE A BABY. AND THEN BEAT ME ALL THE HARDER WHEN I COULDN'T STOP.
CRACK
AS LONG AS SOME ODIN-FORCE STILL COURSES THROUGH MY VEINS, I'M MORE THAN A MERE FATHER, BOY!
HE NEVER UNDERSTOOD. I DIDN'T CRY BECAUSE IT HURT. I COULD TAKE A BEATING.
I'M THE ALL-FATHER!
I CRIED BECAUSE THE BEATINGS WERE THE ONLY TIME I KNEW HE CARED.
NOW AND FOR ALL DAMN TIME!!!

YOU'RE JUST A THING THAT DRIPPED OUT OF MY LOINS!
GAAAGHH!!!
I LOVE MY SON.
I LOVE HIS FERVOR. HIS MOXIE. HIS HEL-BE-DAMNED SPIRIT.
I. AM NOTHING. OF YOU!!!
I LOVE THE LIGHTNING IN HIS HEART.
I AM MY OWN GOD!
I LOVE THE MIGHTY THOR.
AND YOU CAN GO STRAIGHT TO HEL!
GAAAGH!!!
CRACK!
HERE, LET ME SHOW YOU THE WAY!
I JUST WISH TO THE GODS I KNEW HOW TO TELL HIM.


THIS...WAS ONCE THE HALL WHERE HE WAS BORN. OR SO I WAS TOLD.
I WASN'T THERE WHEN THE BOY WAS BORN. OR IF I WAS, I WAS TOO DAMNED DRUNK TO REMEMBER. HAVE I SAID THAT BEFORE?
I WATCHED HIM GROW UP AND BECOME A BETTER GOD THAN ME. AND RESENTED HIM FOR IT.
EVEN AS A BOY HE WAS MORE BELOVED. AND I CALLED HIM ARROGANT AND TRIED TO SHAME HIM. I CANNOT FEEL MY FACE.
MY SON IS GOING TO KILL ME NOW AND I WILL DIE WITHOUT EVER HAVING TOLD HIM ANYTHING THAT TRULY MATTERED.
KILL YOU! RRRRRGGGH!!!
I ALWAYS KNEW IT WOULD END LIKE THIS.
HEH. DO IT, BOY.
AND I'LL FINALLY BE PROUD OF YOU.

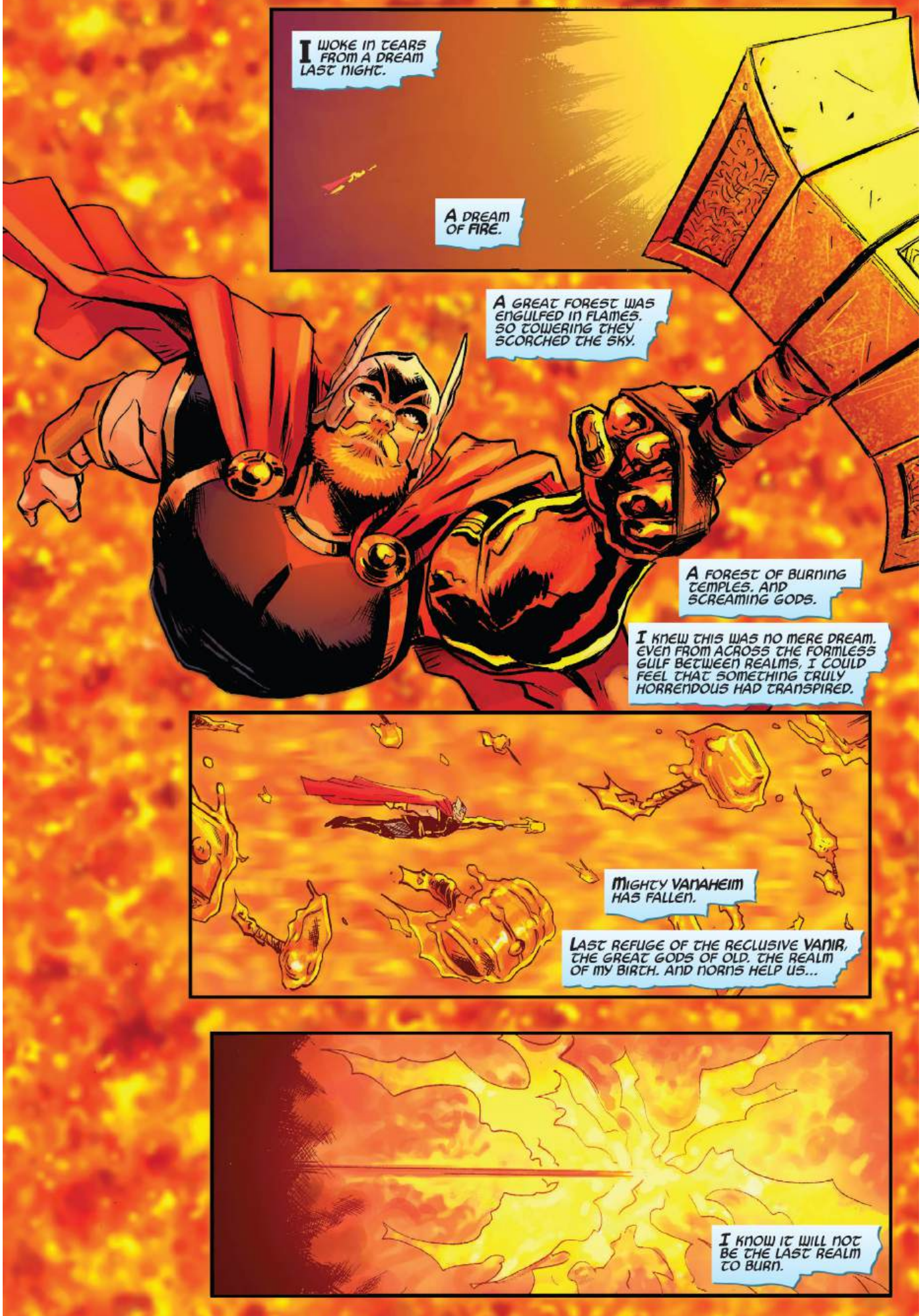
THOR. OH MY SON. WHAT HAVE I MADE OF THEE?
WHAT GRAND AND GLORIOUS THING WOULD YOU BE WITHOUT ME?
THOR! STOP THIS MADNESS!
PERHAPS SOMEDAY WE'LL FIND OUT.
BALDER?
HE'S HAD ENOUGH. LEAVE FATHER BE.
"FATHER"?
CALL HIM YOUR FATHER IF YOU WISH.

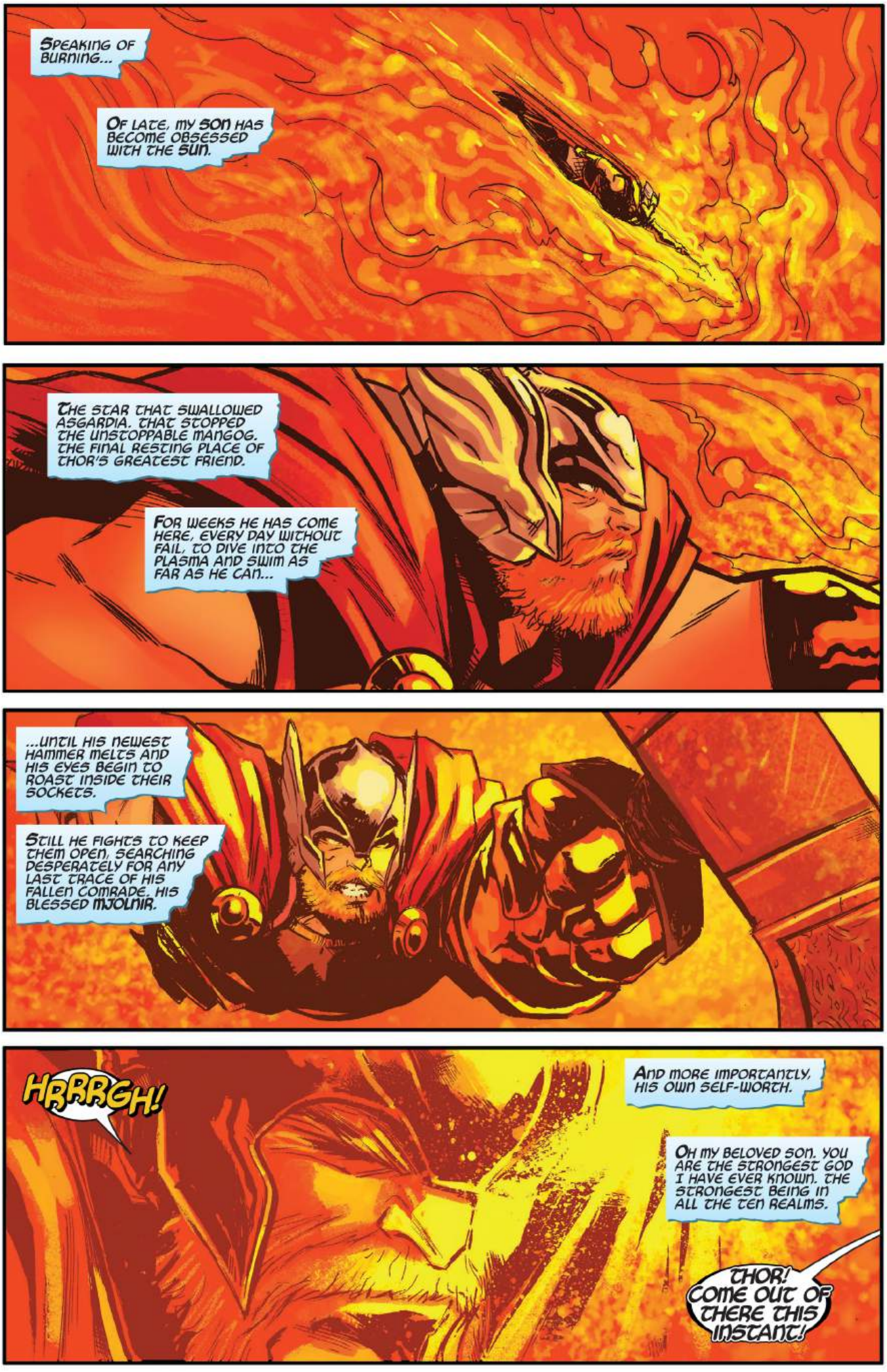
HE'S NOTHING TO ME.
THERE'S A VICIOUS IRONY AT WORK HERE. CAN YOU SEE IT?
THE NORNS ARE TOO CRUEL. ESPECIALLY TO THE GODS.
HE WAS GOING TO KILL HIM, LADY FREYJA. IF I HADN'T BEEN THERE...
SPEAK NO MORE OF ODIN IN MY PRESENCE. JUST TELL ME, MY SON...WHERE DO I FIND YOUR BROTHER?
IF THERE'S ONE THING THOR NEEDS NOW...IT'S HIS ALL-MOTHER.
WHO KNEW THERE WOULD COME A DAY WHEN THE GOD WHO CREATED LIFE ITSELF...WOULD REALIZE HE'D LIVED TOO LONG?
I...AM NOT SURE WHY I HAVE ASKED YOU HERE.
OH, I THINK I KNOW.

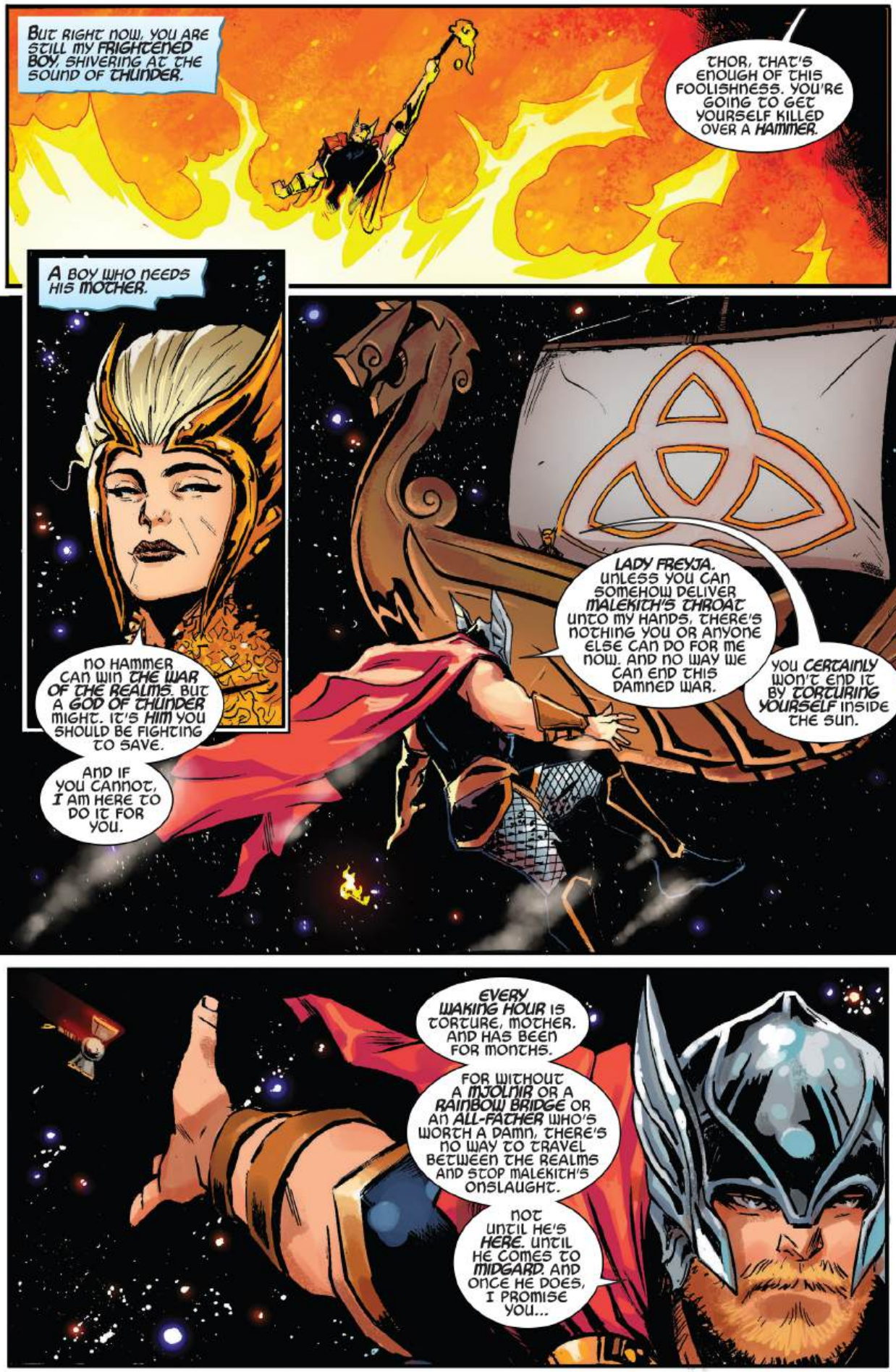

BELIEVE ME, I KNOW ROCK BOTTOM WHEN I SEE IT. I'VE BEEN THERE.
TELL ME WHEN IT STARTED.
OKAY. THIS IS GONNA TAKE A WHILE.
I INVENTED MEAD.
MY NAME IS ODIN BORSON. ALL-FATHER OF ASGARD.
BUT LET ME NOT BE REMEMBERED AS SUCH.
AS THE WORST ALL-FATHER WHO EVER SAT THE THRONE OF THE REALM ETERNAL.
LET ME BE REMEMBERED SIMPLY AS A FATHER.
OF THE GREATEST GOD WHO EVER LIVED.
EVEN IF THE ONLY THING I EVER TRULY TAUGHT THE BOY...
...WAS NOT TO BE LIKE ME.

THOR | 11

"The Eve of War"


I WOKE IN TEARS FROM A DREAM LAST NIGHT.
A DREAM OF FIRE.
A GREAT FOREST WAS ENGULFED IN FLAMES. SO TOWERING THEY SCORCHED THE SKY.
A FOREST OF BURNING TEMPLES. AND SCREAMING GODS.
I KNEW THIS WAS NO MERE DREAM. EVEN FROM ACROSS THE FORMLESS GULF BETWEEN REALMS, I COULD FEEL THAT SOMETHING TRULY HORRENDOUS HAD TRANSPIRED.
MIGHTY VANAHEIM HAS FALLEN.
LAST REFUGE OF THE RECLUSIVE VANIR, THE GREAT GODS OF OLD. THE REALM OF MY BIRTH. AND NORNS HELP US...
I KNOW IT WILL NOT BE THE LAST REALM TO BURN.


Speaking of burning...
Of late, my son has become obsessed with the sun.
The star that swallowed Asgardia. That stopped the unstoppable Mangog. The final resting place of Thor's greatest friend.
For weeks he has come here, every day without fail, to dive into the plasma and swim as far as he can...
...until his newest hammer melts and his eyes begin to roast inside their sockets.
Still he fights to keep them open, searching desperately for any last trace of his fallen comrade. His blessed Mjolnir.
HRRRGH!
And more importantly, his own self-worth.
Oh my beloved son. You are the strongest god I have ever known. The strongest being in all the ten realms.
Thor! Come out of there this instant!


But right now, you are still my frightened boy, shivering at the sound of thunder.
Thor, that's enough of this foolishness. You're going to get yourself killed over a hammer.
A boy who needs his mother.
No hammer can win the War of the Realms. But a god of thunder might. It's him you should be fighting to save.
And if you cannot, I am here to do it for you.
Lady Freyja. Unless you can somehow deliver Malekith's throat unto my hands, there's nothing you or anyone else can do for me now. And no way we can end this damned war.
You certainly won't end it by torturing yourself inside the sun.
Every waking hour is torture, mother. And has been for months.
For without a Mjolnir or a Rainbow Bridge or an All-Father who's worth a damn, there's no way to travel between the realms and stop Malekith's onslaught.
Not until he's here. Until he comes to Midgard. And once he does, I promise you...

...THOR WILL BE READY.
UNTIL THEN, WE NEED ALL THE WEAPONS WE CAN GATHER. SO IF THERE'S ANYTHING LEFT OF MJOLNIR INSIDE THE SUN, I INTEND TO--
OH THOR, PLEASE, STOP THIS. I BEG YOU.

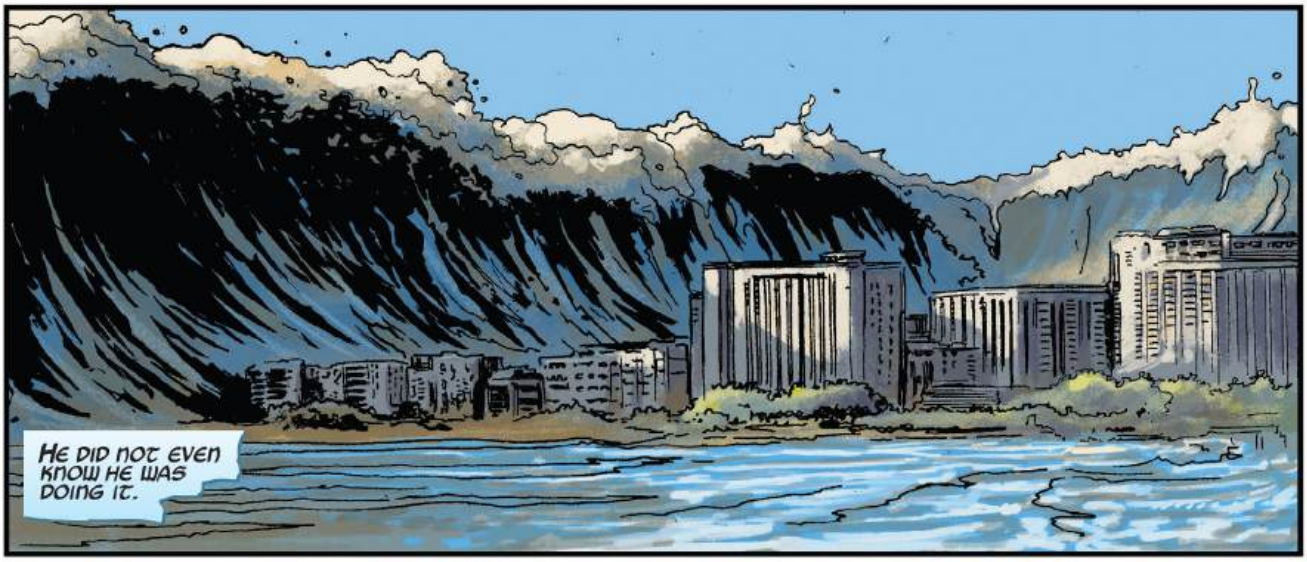
NO HAMMER IS WORTH YOUR SUFFERING.
I'VE BEEN TELLING YOU THAT FOR YEARS. NOW YOU MUST FINALLY LISTEN, FOR ALL OUR SAKES.
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, MOTHER. YOU CAN'T UNDERSTAND. WHAT IT MEANS TO ME. HOW I NEED IT.
MY SON.

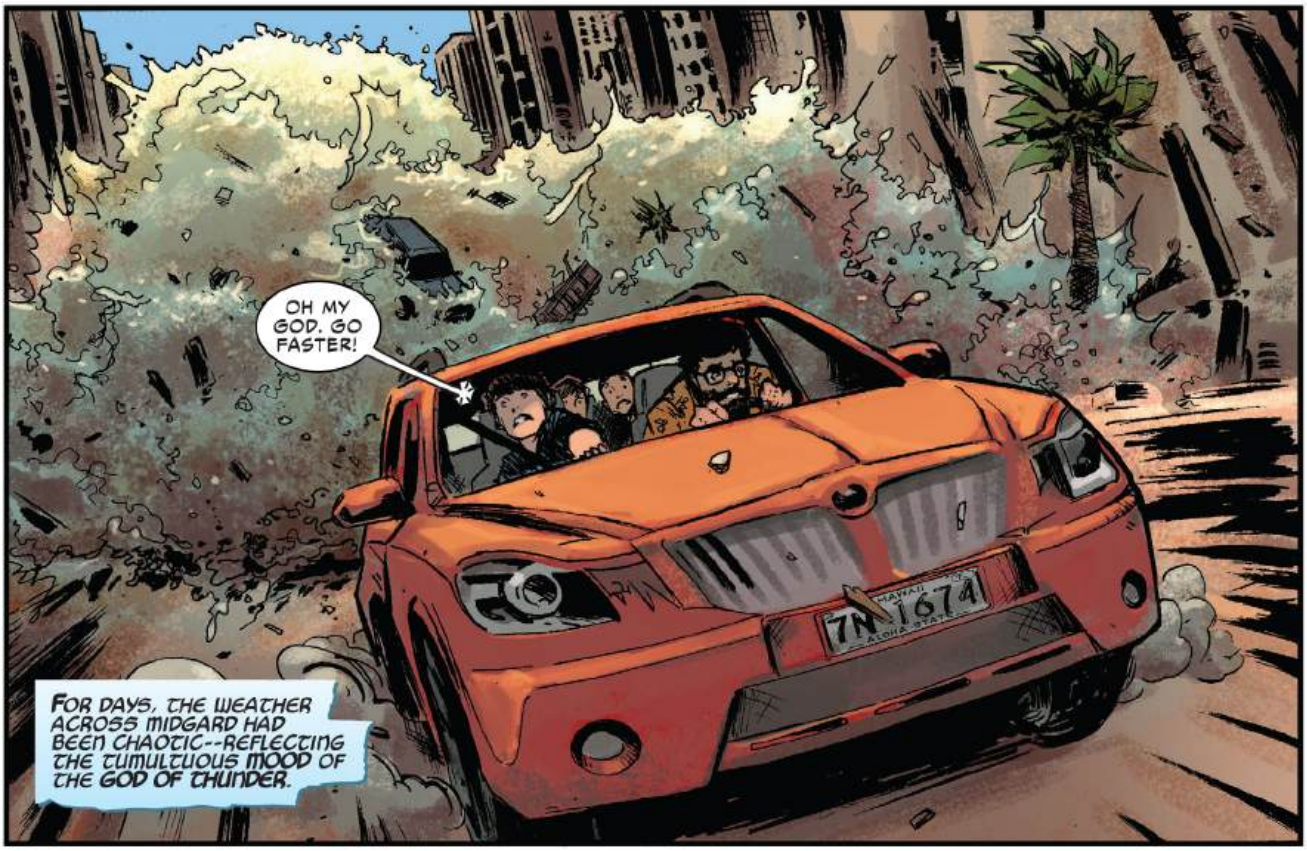
I AM THE ALL-MOTHER OF ASGARD, AND I HAVE BEEN MARRIED TO YOUR FATHER FOR LONGER THAN THIS LITTLE STAR HERE HAS BEEN TWINKLING.
I KNOW THE PRICE OF GREAT POWER.

I HAVE PAID IT.
ALMOST AS MANY TIMES AS I'VE SEEN THIS LOOK IN YOUR EYES. THOR... I KNOW YOU'RE FRIGHTENED.
MOTHER... HOW...
COME WITH ME, SON.

"AND TRY TO KEEP UP."
GODS, IT HAS BEEN TOO LONG.
TOO LONG SINCE *WHAT?* MOTHER, YOU'VE WIELDED A HAMMER *BEFORE?*
A STORY FOR ANOTHER TIME, PERHAPS. WE WERE TALKING ABOUT *YOU*, MY SON. TELL ME...
DO YOU REMEMBER WHEN YOU WERE A CHILD AND THE SOUND OF THUNDER OVER ASGARD WOULD LEAVE YOU *SHIVERING* UNCONTROLLABLY?

HRPH. THIS IS YOUR IDEA OF HELPING?
YOU DIDN'T NEED A HAMMER TO CONQUER YOUR FEARS THEN. INSTEAD YOU CONQUERED THE THUNDER ITSELF.
NO STORM THAT EVER RAGED WAS A MATCH FOR THE URU WILL OF THOR.
THE WAR OF THE REALMS IS FAR MORE THAN A STORM, MOTHER.
AYE.
AND YOU ARE MORE THAN JUST A GOD.
MORE THAN THE PRINCE OF ASGARD. MORE THAN THE MERE OFFSPRING OF AN ALL-FATHER AND EARTH MOTHER.
MORE THAN THE STEPSON I HAVE LOVED AND RAISED AS MY OWN ALL THESE MANY PRECIOUS YEARS.
WHATEVER I AM, MOTHER...
...IT'S STILL NOT ENOUGH. NOT AGAINST MALEKITH'S ARMY. NOT WITHOUT MJOLNIR.
MY SON. YOU ARE SO MUCH MORE THAN ENOUGH. FOR ANY WAR. ANY WOULD-BE DESTROYER.
FOR YOU ALREADY WIELD YOUR GREATEST WEAPON. ALWAYS HAVE AND ALWAYS WILL.
IT'S TIME YOU REMEMBERED WHAT THAT IS.


He did not even know he was doing it.


Oh my God. Go faster!
For days, the weather across Midgard had been chaotic--reflecting the tumultuous mood of the God of Thunder.

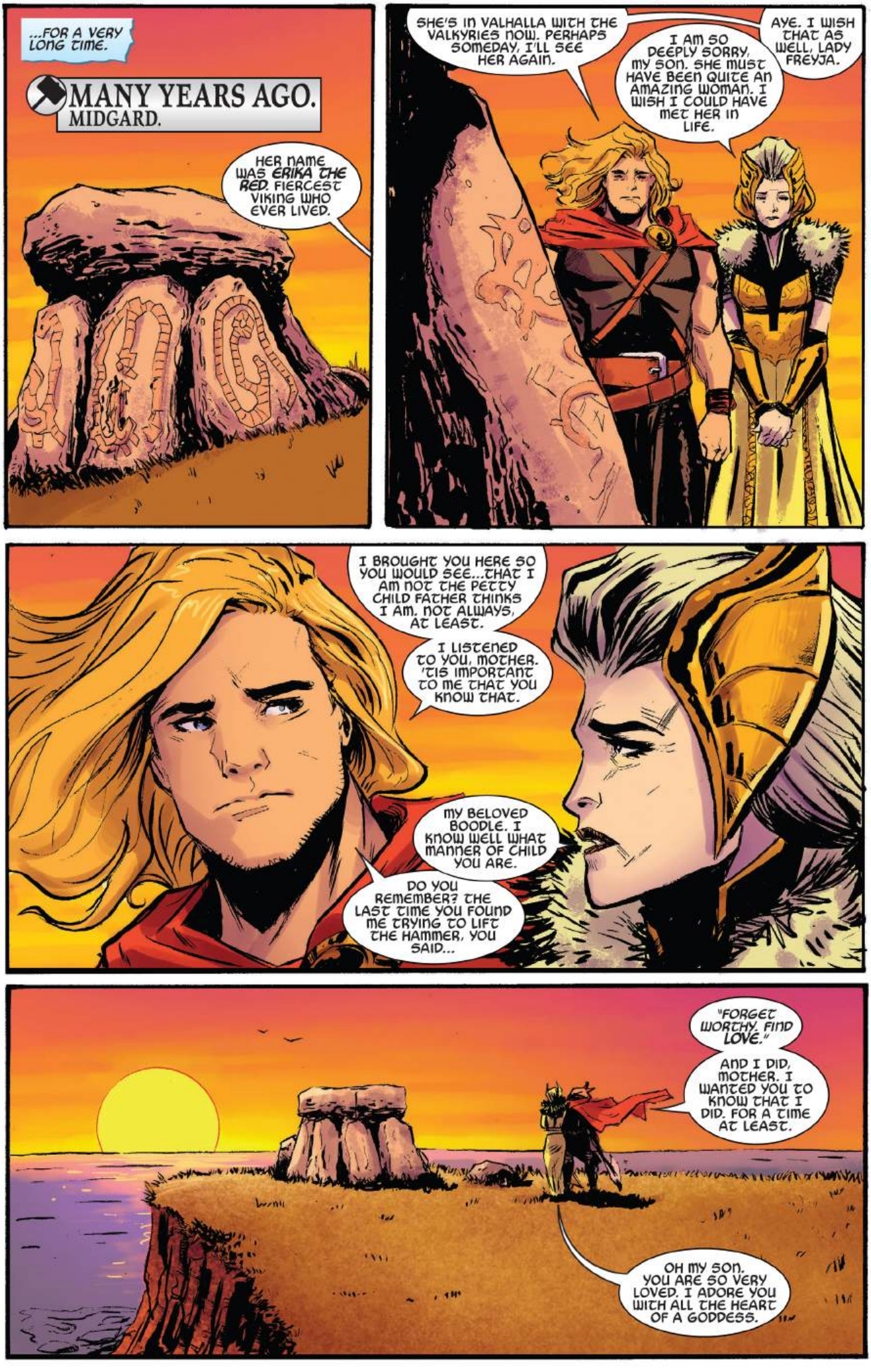
It's too late, we're not gonna--
KRAKOOOM
The tsunami that hit the islands of Hawaii came without warning. But the prayers of the drowning that followed were quickly answered with a rumble of thunder.

I STILL MANAGE TO BE EVEN LOUDER. I'VE HAD YEARS OF PRACTICE YELLING OVER THUNDER.
WHOA.
TRY TO REMAIN CALM! THIS WILL ALL BE OVER IN A MOMENT!
AS THE WATER ROARS WITH THE UNBRIDLED FURY OF THE SEA, TEARING BUILDINGS ASUNDER IN THE BLINK OF AN EYE, AND ALL HOPE SEEMS UTTERLY LOST...I SEE THE MAGIC BEGIN TO HAPPEN.
YOU HAVE MY WORD AS A GODDESS!
AND MORE IMPORTANTLY...
KRAKKA-KRRRRR
I SEE THOR'S GREATEST WEAPON COME TO LIFE.
...AS A MOTHER.
'TIS NOT THE MIGHTY LIGHTNING THAT SPLITS THE SKY. OR THE GODLY STRENGTH IT TAKES TO MAKE WATERS RECEDE.
'TIS NOT THE WONDROUS HAMMERS HE HOLDS IN HIS MIGHTY HANDS.

'TIS THE HEART THAT BEATS INSIDE HIS CHEST.
NOTHING IN ALL THE REALMS IS STRONGER THAN THE HEART OF THOR.
THIS WAY! TO THE SAFETY OF DRY GROUND!
THIS WAY TO LIFE!

I PRAY HE HASN'T FORGOTTEN THAT.
I PRAY THOR HASN'T FORSAKEN HIMSELF. FOR HIS OWN SAKE.
FOR ALL OUR SAKES.

FOR THE SAKE OF THE REALMS.
BY THE GRACE OF THOR WE WILL BE SAVED. MORTAL AND GOD ALIKE. THIS I HAVE KNOWN. IN THE VERY DEPTHS OF MY SOUL...


...FOR A VERY LONG TIME.
MANY YEARS AGO.
MIDGARD.
HER NAME WAS ERIKA THE RED. FIERCEST VIKING WHO EVER LIVED.
SHE'S IN VALHALLA WITH THE VALKYRIES NOW. PERHAPS SOMEDAY, I'LL SEE HER AGAIN.
I AM SO DEEPLY SORRY, MY SON. SHE MUST HAVE BEEN QUITE AN AMAZING WOMAN. I WISH I COULD HAVE MET HER IN LIFE.
AYE. I WISH THAT AS WELL, LADY FREYJA.
I BROUGHT YOU HERE SO YOU WOULD SEE...THAT I AM NOT THE PETTY CHILD FATHER THINKS I AM. NOT ALWAYS, AT LEAST.
I LISTENED TO YOU, MOTHER. 'TIS IMPORTANT TO ME THAT YOU KNOW THAT.
MY BELOVED BOODLE. I KNOW WELL WHAT MANNER OF CHILD YOU ARE.
DO YOU REMEMBER? THE LAST TIME YOU FOUND ME TRYING TO LIFT THE HAMMER, YOU SAID...
"FORGET WORTHY. FIND LOVE."
AND I DID, MOTHER. I WANTED YOU TO KNOW THAT I DID. FOR A TIME AT LEAST.
OH MY SON. YOU ARE SO VERY LOVED. I ADORE YOU WITH ALL THE HEART OF A GODDESS.

"FROM NOW UNTIL THE END OF TIME."

UNTOLD EONS FROM NOW.
THE ASGARD AT THE END OF EVERYTHING.

HE'S *NOT DEAD.* DON'T EVEN *THINK* IT.

I WASN'T, FRIGG.

I WAS.

WELL HE'S NOT. HE'S *THOR.* HE'LL OUTLIVE THE STARS.

HE ALREADY HAS. MOST OF THEM ARE *DYING TOO,* REMEMBER?

THE UNIVERSE ITSELF IS BREATHING ITS LAST. AND NOT EVEN ALL-FATHER THOR CAN SAVE IT.

STOP SAYING THAT ABOUT POP-POP, ELLISIV! HE'S THE STRONGEST GRANDFATHER EVER! HE SAVED MIDGARD ALL BY HIMSELF!

HE DID, ATLI. AND DEFEATED THE MOST POWERFUL DOCTOR DOOM WHO EVER LIVED. OUR ALL-GRANDFATHER HAS EARNED HIS REST.

WAR.

GRANDFATHER! HE *IS* ALIVE!

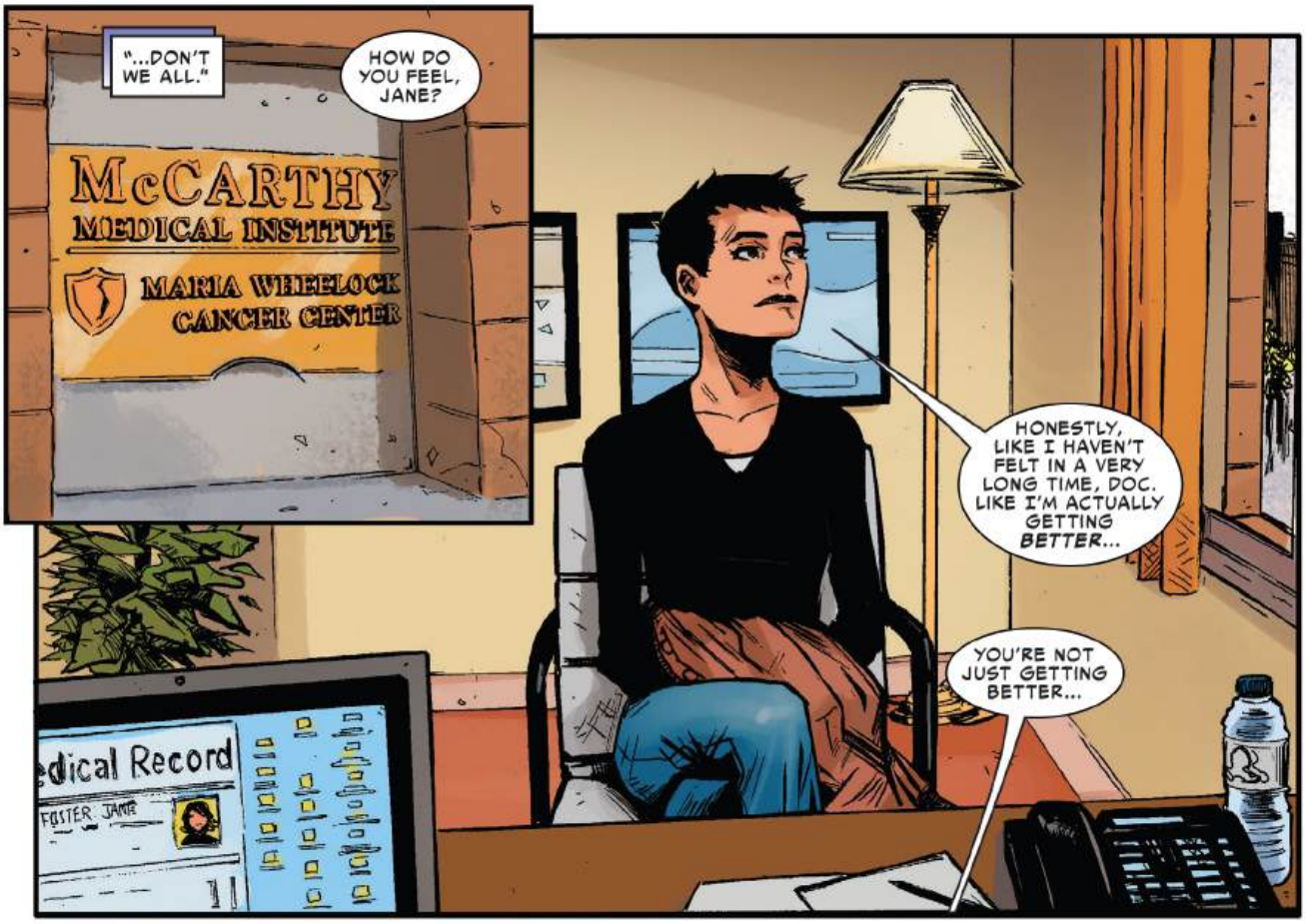
IS HE? HE STILL *LOOKS* DEAD.

WAR IS COMING. THE WAR OF THE REALMS.

THE WAR OF THE REALMS? BUT THAT'S *ANCIENT HISTORY.* HE MUST BE DELIRIOUS.

WAR. SO MANY WILL FALL. AND *MIDGARD*... MIDGARD WILL NEED...

"...ALL THE GODS IT CAN GET."
THE BRONX. NOW.
WAR!
HOLD HIM, HILDEGARDE!
THIS IS THE EVE OF WAR! IT'S COMING FOR US ALL!
GODS, HE'S STRONG FOR AN INVALID!
VOLSTAGG, PLEASE CALM DOWN! YOU'RE STILL INJURED, YOU NEED REST!
THE WAR THOR KNOWS. THE THUNDER CALLS ME. CALLS ALL ITS CHILDREN. SO LOUD IT'S GOING TO BURST MY EARS!
THESE ARE ELVEN SEDATIVES, THEY SHOULD--
CAN'T YOU HEAR IT, LADY JANE?
CAN'T YOU...
YES. I CAN, MY FRIEND.
JUST...NEED MY HAMMER. BROKEN HAMMER ON...
...ASGARD.
RIGHT...


"...DON'T WE ALL."
HOW DO YOU FEEL, JANE?
McCARTHY MEDICAL INSTITUTE
MARIA WHEELOCK CANCER CENTER
HONESTLY, LIKE I HAVEN'T FELT IN A VERY LONG TIME, DOC. LIKE I'M ACTUALLY GETTING BETTER...
YOU'RE NOT JUST GETTING BETTER...
dical Record
FOSTER, JANE

THE LATEST ROUND OF BLOOD TESTS AND IMAGING ALL SHOW NO FINDINGS. THERE'S NO EVIDENCE OF THE CANCER LEFT IN YOUR LIVER OR REMAINING LYMPH NODES.
WE'LL WANT TO KEEP DOING REGULAR TESTS, BUT... I'D SAY YOU'RE DONE WITH CHEMO AND RADIOTHERAPY, JANE FOSTER.
YOU BEAT THE ODDS. YOU DID IT.
J.REICHERT

YOU'RE IN COMPLETE REMISSION.
JANE?
DID YOU HEAR WHAT I JUST SAID?

KRRDDDAKDDDDDM
WAS THAT THUNDER? DAMN WEATHERMEN DON'T KNOW NOTHING.

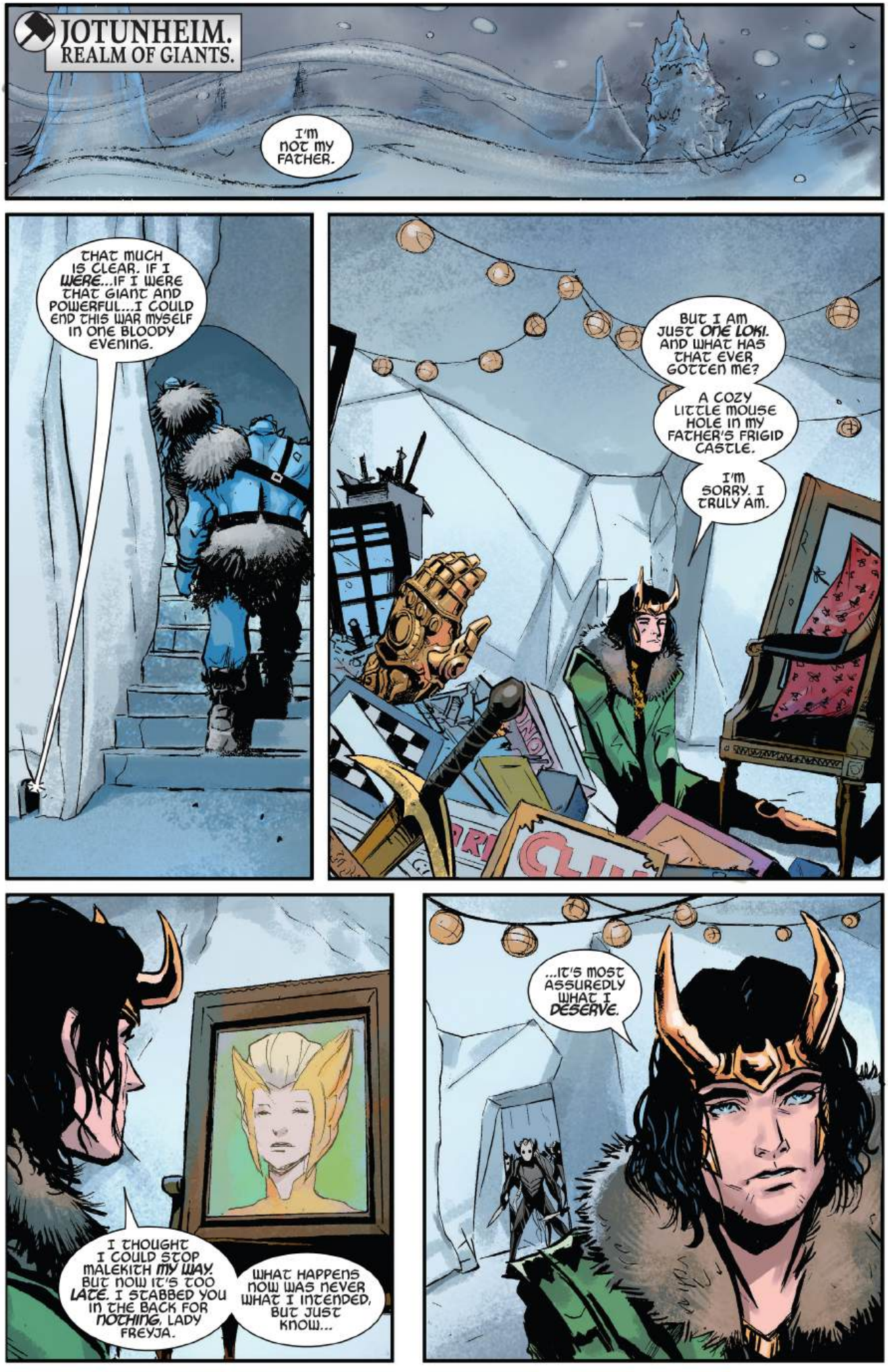
YOU HEAR ABOUT VANAHEIM?
KLANG
AYE. I HEARD. PROTECT YOUR FLANK.
I KNOW YOU HAVE A LOT OF FRIENDS THERE AMONG THE VANIR. I'M SORRY, LADY SIF. DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA... IF THEY'RE...
THEY'RE ALL DEAD.
AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED. THEY HAVE TO BE. SINCE NONE OF THEM CAN HELP US IN THE FIGHT TO COME.
FOCUS ON THAT, BRUNNHILDE. ON THE TRAINING. WE MUST BE READY.
I'M A VALKYRIE. IT'S MY JOB TO CARE ABOUT THE DEAD.
WELL, THEN YOU'RE IN LUCK, VALKYRIE.
FOR THESE STREETS WILL SOON BE LITTERED WITH THEM.

HE'S NOT COMING, MOTHER.
HE'S LATE. BUT HE WILL BE HERE.

THOR VOWED THAT HE WOULD COME WHEN HE WAS FINISHED REGAINING CONTROL OF MIDGARD'S WEATHER.
I MADE ALL HIS FAVORITES. MUTTON AND OXTAILS AND LAMB SHANKS...
THOR! HERE. CAN THOR! EAT?
BAH?
MOTHER...

BY THE GRACE OF THOR WE WILL BE SAVED. I STILL BELIEVE THAT WITH ALL MY HEART. BUT IF IT COMES TO IT...
...MY OWN GRACE IS SOMETHING TO BE RECKONED WITH AS WELL.
HE'LL BE HERE, BALDER. WE HAVEN'T LOST HIM.
HE'S NOT HIS FATHER.

"NOT YET."


JOTUNHEIM.
REALM OF GIANTS.
I'm not my father.
That much is clear. If I *were*...if I were that giant and powerful...I could end this war myself in one bloody evening.
But I am just *one* Loki. And what has that ever gotten me?
A cozy little mouse hole in my father's frigid castle.
I'm sorry. I truly am.
I thought I could stop Malekith *my way*. But now it's too *late*. I stabbed you in the back for *nothing*, lady Freyja.
What happens now was never what I intended, but just know...
...it's most assuredly what I *deserve*.

SVARTALFHEIM.
REALM OF DARK ELVES.
WAR...IS OUR NATURAL STATE.
ELVES, GIANTS, GOBLINS, MEN. ALL OF US.
WAR IS THE BLOODY COCOON WE NEED TO BECOME OUR TRUE MURDEROUS SELVES.
TODAY BRINGS THE FINAL STEP OF THAT BEAUTIFUL BECOMING.
WHEN WE PASS THROUGH THIS PORTAL... WE MARCH TO DESTINY!
TO IMMORTALITY!
TO THE GREATEST WAR THE REALMS HAVE EVER KNOWN!
WE MARCH...
...TO MIDGARD.

TO WAR!
STEP LIVELY, MY BEAUTIES!

THIS WAR.
THE WAR OF THE REALMS.
IT WILL NOT BE THE END OF MIDGARD.
SO SWEARS THE GOD OF THUNDER.

EVEN IF IT BE THE END OF ME.
IF THAT HAPPENS...
...I WILL JOIN YOU IN FIRE, MJOLNIR.
AND WE'LL BE REUNITED AT LAST, MY FRIEND.
UNTIL THEN...
...THOR HAS A WAR TO FIGHT.

THOR | 12

"The War of the Lokis"

PREVIOUSLY IN WAR OF THE REALMS

Much has change since the WAR OF THE REALMS began. After laying waste to nine of the ten realms, Malekith and his allies — including Loki's own birth father, King Laufey of the Frost Giants — have finally invaded the last realm: Midgard.

The gods of Asgard have banded together with the heroes of Earth to fight Malekith's invasion. Finally repentant for his role in building Malekith's army, Loki intervened to save his adopted mother, Freyja, from the assault. And thus for Loki, God of Mischief, the war seemingly came to a swift end…

…when Laufey picked him up and ate him.

I CAN'T SAY I RECALL BEING BORN. BUT WELL DO I REMEMBER THE DAY I FIRST BEGAN TO LIVE.
UUUGH.
I WAS HIDING IN THE DUNGEONS OF ASGARD AFTER SOME PRANK OF MINE HAD DRIVEN ODIN INTO A RAGE. (I SUPPOSE WE'LL NEVER KNOW IF THOR'S KISS COULD'VE TURNED THAT BILGESNIPE INTO A PRINCESS.)
IT WAS THERE IN THE DARKNESS THAT I FOUND HIM, CAGED AND HALF-DEAD. THE MAN WHO WOULD CHANGE MY LIFE.
HMM. NO IDEA WHERE I AM OR HOW I GOT HERE. THAT GENERALLY DOESN'T MEAN I'M IN FOR AN ENJOYABLE MORNING.
A WIZARD NAMED ELDRED. THE MAN WHO TAUGHT ME MAGIC.
THE FIRST MAN I EVER KILLED.
SURTUR'S BONES. I HOPE I DIDN'T DO THIS.
YOU DIDN'T.

I DID.
OH BLOODY HEL.
ELDRED HAD BEEN LOCKED IN THE DUNGEON FOR SO LONG THAT EVEN HE'D FORGOTTEN WHAT OFFENSE HE'D ONCE GIVEN THE ALL-FATHER TO WARRANT HIS JAILING.
ALL HE COULD REMEMBER... WERE HIS MAGIC TRICKS.
THIS MORNING'S EVEN WORSE THAN I THOUGHT. WHAT DO YOU WANT, YOU CHEAP VIKING CONJURER?
HEH. YOU DON'T MUCH LIKE BEING CONFRONTED WITH WHO YOU REALLY ARE, DO YOU, LOKI?
BUT HOW DO YOU THINK I FEEL, HAVING TO SEE MYSELF LOOKING SO VERY OLD AND CLEAN AND...BOUGIE?

ELDRED WOULD SHOW ME ONE TRICK FOR EVERY LOAF OF BREAD OR CUP OF SOUP I COULD SMUGGLE FROM THE KITCHEN.
BOUGIE I LIKE, BUT CAREFUL WHO YOU CALL OLD, BOY. I KNOW SPELLS YOU WON'T LEARN FOR A HUNDRED YEARS.
AND I KNOW PLENTY YOU'VE NO DOUBT FORGOTTEN. LIKE THE ONES THAT MAKE DARK ELVES GO TO WAR.
I WAS JUST A BOY...BUT ALREADY DEVIOUS ENOUGH TO KNOW NOT TO FILL ELDRED'S BELLY TOO FULL, LEST HE REGAIN ALL HIS STRENGTH AND MAKE HIS ESCAPE.
YOU CREATED THIS WAR?
AYE. NOT BAD FOR AN AFTERNOON'S WORK, EH? IT'S CERTAINLY DONE THE JOB IT WAS MEANT TO DO.
WHICH WAS WHAT EXACTLY? NEEDLESSLY SLAUGHTER THOUSANDS?
BECAUSE WITHOUT ELDRED, THERE WOULD'VE BEEN NO MORE MAGIC TRICKS.
AND WITHOUT MAGIC IN MY LIFE...THAT LIFE WOULD'VE ENDED A LONG TIME AGO.
MAKE ME SMILE. HA!

YOU'RE EVEN MORE OF A BASTARD THAN I REMEMBER.
LET ME GUESS. THOR PROBLEMS GOT YOU DOWN?
ERRGH. IT WAS A GENIUS PLAN. IT SHOULD'VE LEFT MY ARROGANT BROTHER FINALLY HUMBLED AND NEVER WANTING TO SEE HIS BELOVED MIDGARD AGAIN.
DAMN THAT ERIKA THE RED AND HER FEMININE VIKING WILES.*
*BACK IN ISSUE #7! --WIL
SO YOU SPARKED A WAR BETWEEN THE DARK ELVES AND THE TROLLS JUST TO TAKE YOUR MIND OFF ANOTHER FAILED PLOT AGAINST THOR?
GODS, HOW I'VE GROWN. AT LEAST I HOPE I HAVE.
I VAGUELY REMEMBER THIS WAR, BUT NOT THIS MEETING. WHICH MEANS THIS IS SOME SORT OF CONFUSING TIME-TRAVEL NONSENSE.
BUT WHY CAN'T I REMEMBER HOW I CAME TO TRAVEL HERE? OR WHAT I WAS DOING IN MY OWN TIME BEFORE I--
LOOK OUT--
ZOOOOM
--CORPSE BURNER AT WORK HERE.

MALEKITH! MOVE YOUR MAGGOTY BEHIND! GIVE OUR BOYS A PROPER BURNING. LEAVE THE STINKING TROLLS TO ROT.
YES, SIR, MASTER UNDERTAKER.
DID HE JUST...CALL THAT ELF BOY... MALEKITH?
EH, I SUPPOSE HE DID. WHO GIVES A DWARF FART WHAT HIS NAME IS? HE'S JUST SOME DARK ELF WAR SLAVE. HE'LL LIKELY BE DEAD BEFORE THE DAY'S OUT.
NO.
NO, HE WON'T.
HE'LL LIVE. A LIFE OF HORROR AND HARDSHIP. ONE THAT WILL LEAVE HIM FRIGHTFULLY STRONG AND IRREPARABLY SCARRED.
AND FOREVER ACCURSED.
AND THROUGH IT ALL, HE WILL NEVER LOSE THE TASTE FOR THE SICKLY, ROTTEN FRUITS HE WAS FORCED TO FEAST UPON AS A CHILD.
THE FRUITS OF WAR.
A WAR I STARTED.
BY ALL THE GODS... IT'S MY FAULT.
I CREATED MALEKITH.
I'M RESPONSIBLE FOR THE WAR OF THE REALMS.

HEH. DON'T GO GETTING TOO FULL OF YOURSELF. THE DARK ELVES HAVE ALWAYS BEEN WAGING ONE WAR OR ANOTHER. IT DIDN'T EXACTLY TAKE MUCH OF A PUSH TO GET THEM TO START THIS ONE FOR MY AMUSEMENT.
THOUGH I AM RATHER PROUD OF THE LEVEL OF DEPRAVITY I WAS ABLE TO INSPIRE...
I MUST STOP THIS!
MALEKITH! YOU DON'T HAVE TO DO THIS! YOU DON'T HAVE TO LIVE THIS LIFE!
I'LL TAKE YOU AWAY FROM THIS! AS FAR FROM WAR AS WE CAN POSSIBLY--
WHAT... WHY AM I INCORPOREAL? WHY CAN'T I...
HA HA HA!
YOU! WHAT DID YOU DO TO ME?
NO, THE QUESTION IS, WHAT DID YOU DO TO ME. DON'T YOU EVEN REMEMBER, YOU OLD FOOL?

"YOU WENT AND GOT US KILLED."
I...REMEMBER. THE WAR OF THE REALMS WAS RAGING ON MIDGARD. I SAVED MOTHER.
HRRPH. THAT ASGARDIAN SOW FREYJA IS NOT OUR MOTHER.
AND I...I WAS EATEN BY LAUFEY.
WELL, YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO BE CLOSE TO YOUR FATHER. NOW YOU'RE AS CLOSE AS IT GETS. YOU'RE SLIDING DOWN HIS GULLET AS WE SPEAK.
I'M... DEAD. AND THIS...
THIS IS MY HEL, ISN'T IT? YOU ARE MY HEL.

YOU THINK HEL FOR LOKI IS BEING FORCED TO SPEND TIME WITH LOKI? *HEH.* I SEE YOUR POINT. BUT THIS ISN'T HEL.
THOUGH YOU MIGHT ***WISH*** IT WAS BEFORE YOUR VISITS ARE THROUGH.
VISITS? THEN THIS IS SOME SORT OF TWISTED GAME? THAT MEANS YOU CAN ***STOP*** IT!
DO IT, YOU VILLAIN, OR WE'LL SEE IF MY ***MAGIC*** IS MORE CORPOREAL THAN MY FISTS!
HA!
THIS ISN'T A BATTLE YOU CAN WIN, LOKI. THOUGH IT'S NICE TO SEE I'VE STILL GOT A BIT OF FIGHT LEFT IN MY FINAL MOMENTS.
HERE'S HOPING WE GIVE DEAR OLD DAD A FINE CASE OF THE SQUIRTS!
WHA--
NO!
KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK, LITTLE ELF! YOU'VE GOT A REAL TALENT FOR THIS!
WAIT. WHAT ARE YOU DOING? I'M NOT DEAD, YOU IDIOT.
THIS IS A WAR FIELD. THERE ARE ONLY TWO KINDS OF PEOPLE OUT HERE. THOSE WHO ARE FIGHTING.
AND THOSE WHO ARE DEAD.

"AND YOU DON'T LOOK MUCH TO ME LIKE YOU'RE FIGHTING."
RRRPGGHHH!!!
WHO DID IT?
THE KING DEMANDS TO KNOW!
I WILL SLAY EVERY GIANT IN UTGARD IF NO ONE WILL CLAIM CREDIT FOR THIS AFFRONT!
MY KING, IT WAS NOT US, WE WOULD NEV--
GAAAAGGHH!!!
WHO DARED?!
DONK!
DONK!
DONK!
WHO DARED LEAVE FLOWERS ON LAUFEY'S DOORSTEP?!
I SUPPOSE ICE ROSES WERE A POOR CHOICE ON MY PART.
BUT IN MY DEFENSE, I'D NEVER CELEBRATED FATHER'S DAY BEFORE.

THIS HAPPENED WEEKS AGO. I DIDN'T STOP IT THEN. AND I CAN'T STOP IT NOW EITHER, CAN I?
NO, YOU CAN'T...
BUT I WOULDN'T FEEL TOO BAD IF I WERE YOU.
THEY'RE FROST GIANTS. IF THEY'RE NOT MURDERING SOMEONE ELSE, THEY'RE GENERALLY BRUTALIZING ONE ANOTHER OR THEMSELVES. IT'S SORT OF THEIR WAY OF LIFE.
HARD TO IMAGINE LIVING THAT WAY, ISN'T IT?
I JUST GOT REACQUAINTED WITH THE ANCIENT VIKING VERSION OF MYSELF. NOW I SUPPOSE YOU'RE MEANT TO BE...
THE PRESENT. OR THE PRESENT THAT SHOULD HAVE BEEN, AT LEAST. UNTIL YOU WENT AND HAD OTHER PLANS.
AND HOW DID THOSE WORK OUT FOR YOU, HMM?
THAT'S NOT FAIR.
I DIDN'T WANT THIS. ANY OF THIS.
I NEVER WANTED TO BE THE VILLAIN AGAIN. BUT--
YES, I KNOW. IT'S ALL HER FAULT, ISN'T IT?

"IT'S ALL BECAUSE OF LADY FREYJA.
"AND THAT TIME SHE FORCED HERSELF UPON YOUR POISONED DAGGER."*
*MIGHTY THOR #5. --WIL
I...
I DID WHAT I HAD TO DO.
TO SAVE HER.
AND GODS HELP ME, I WOULD DO IT AGAIN.
WOULD YOU NOW? YOU'D STAB THE MOTHER WHO LOVED YOU, AND THEN MOVE IN WITH THE FATHER WHO NEVER WANTED YOU AND WILL ULTIMATELY END UP LITERALLY DEVOURING YOU WHOLE?
HMPH. I HAVE TO HAND IT TO YOU, LOKI, WHEN YOU TELL A LIE...
...YOU SURE STICK WITH IT.
AH, HERE WE ARE. HOME SWEET HOME.

YOU TRADED ME AWAY--
ME! SWEET LITTLE LOVABLE ROGUE OF A KID LOKI WHO EVERY SINGLE PERSON ON TUMBLR COULDN'T WAIT TO MARRY!
--FOR THIS! A MOUSE HOLE IN YOUR FATHER'S CASTLE.
DARK HEARTS
connect
THE GATE OF QUESTIONS
POLY
SPH!

TELL ME I'M MISSING SOMETHING HERE, LOKI. TELL ME THERE'S AN ANGLE I'M NOT SEEING.
TELL ME THIS ISN'T THE BIGGEST BLUNDER YOU'VE EVER MADE IN YOUR VERY LONG, VERY REGRETTABLE LIFE.

THEY SAY THE NORNS ARE DEAD.
OR AT LEAST SCATTERED TO THE WINDS. AND THAT NO ONE IS WRITING OUR FATES NOW. THAT IT'S UP TO US.
BUT IT DOESN'T FEEL THAT WAY. IT'S NEVER FELT THAT WAY TO ME.
YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD BE THE GOD OF STORIES, BUT...WE'RE LOKI. OUR STORY'S ALWAYS BEEN WRITTEN. AND IT WAS NEVER MEANT TO END WELL.
ESPECIALLY NOT FOR US.

There must always be a Thor, I've heard it said. And I suppose I might even agree.
But if Thor is the *sword* that protects the realms, Loki has always been the *sharpening stone.*
In other words, I did the best I could for as long as I lasted. Now take me the hel away from this wretched place and let me suffer and *die* in peace.
Take you away? You think you're here because of *me?*
Heh. Boy, it's true, isn't it? I always save the best lies for myself.
You're *here* because of *you,* Loki. But not because you wanted to say goodbye, or plagiarize some Dickens to try and teach yourself a silly lesson or two.
You're here because even when you're dying... you can't help but *admire* yourself.
In all your depravity. And failure.
And cheap, pathetic *martyrdom.*
Then consider my *admiration* well satisfied, little lord.
And tell me how I end this.
Right. Funny you should mention *endings...*

SO DIES EGO, LAST OF THE LIVING WORLDS!
AND IN THE LAVA THAT GUSHES FROM HIS VEINS, I AM REBORN!
BEHOLD LOKI THE NECROGOD! LOKI THE ALL-BUTCHER!
BEHOLD... THE END OF EVERYTHING THAT EVER WAS!

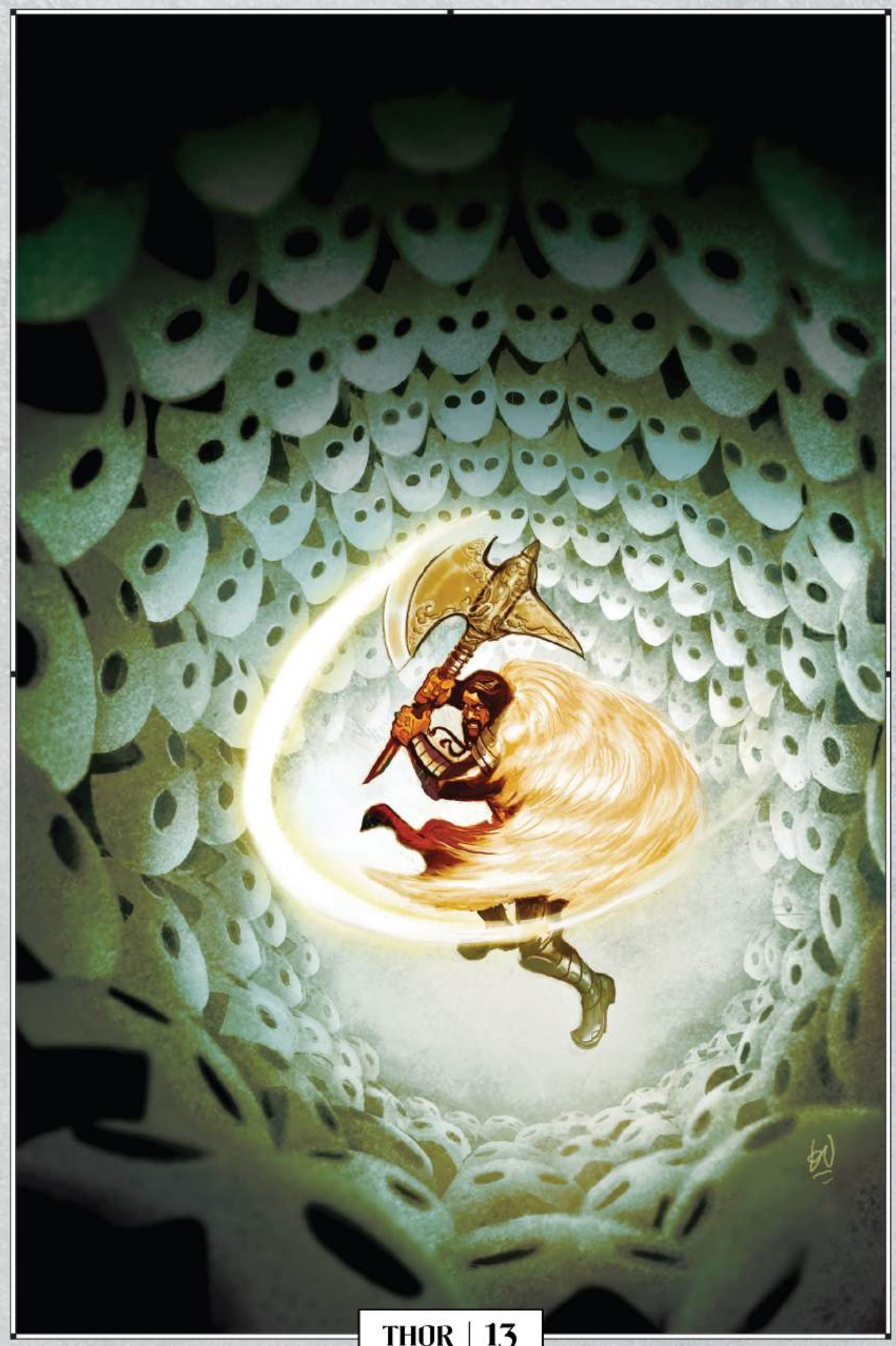
NO... THIS CAN'T BE REAL.
HA!
I'M ALREADY DYING.
THIS CAN'T BE WHAT BECOMES OF ME.
THIS IS A LIE. THIS MUST BE...
A LIE?
WHY WOULD I TELL A LIE? THERE'S NO ONE LEFT TO LISTEN.
THIS IS THE END OF TIME, LITTLE LOKI. FOR EVERYTHING.
EXCEPT FOR US.
NO.

I WON'T LET IT END LIKE THIS!
I WILL NOT BE THE GREATEST MONSTER WHO EVER LIVED!
GREATEST MONSTER? HA. I AM FAR MORE THAN THAT.
WITH THE POWER OF ALL-BLACK THE NECROSWORD, I AM THE MIGHTIEST LOKI WHO WILL EVER LIVE.
AND YOU ARE NOTHING BUT A ZYGOTE NEXT TO ME.
GAAARGH!
THERE WON'T BE A YOU...IF I NEVER LIVE THAT LONG!
DEFIANT AND SELF-DESTRUCTIVE TO THE END. VINTAGE LOKI.
BUT YOU ARE ONLY HERE BECAUSE I WANTED YOU TO KNOW, TO SEE, THAT NO MATTER HOW MUCH YOU MIGHT ADORE YOURSELF...
YOU ARE NOT THE OMEGA. YOU ARE NOT THE ULTIMATE LOKI.
I AM.
AND I GO NOW TO FINISH OUR WORK.
ONCE AND FOR THOR-DAMNED ALL.

ALL-BROTHER! I'M COMING FOR YOU AT LAST!
FOR OUR FINAL GOODBYE!
NO!!!
THIS CANNOT BE REAL.
I AM DYING. I WAS EATEN BY MY FATHER. THIS IS ALL HAPPENING IN MY OWN MIND...
THIS IS ME DOING THIS TO MYSELF. TORTURING MYSELF.
I CAN STOP THIS. ALL OF IT.
JUST HAVE TO CONCENTRATE. AND FEEL... FEEL THE...
AS I WAS SAYING...
AS A BOY, I BECAME QUITE SKILLED IN MAGIC, ALL THANKS TO THE TEACHINGS OF ELDRED, FROM HIS CELL IN ASGARD.

HHHRRRGGGH!!!
In fact, I became so very skilled, so consumed with the ways of sorcery, with the limitless power that suddenly coursed through me...
...that I forgot Eldred even existed.
By the time I went back to his cell... he'd starved to death.
It's ours! The entire land of North America!
Go, my giants! Spill their mortal blood!
Freeze anything that dares draw a warm breath in New Jotunheim!
I'd killed him, I told myself. And then I began to cry.
HAHAHA!
But then a voice came from somewhere inside me.
Saying it wasn't my fault. That Eldred would've starved to death a long time ago if it weren't for me. That I hadn't truly killed him.
ARRRGGGH!!!
It was a hard lie to swallow.

But eventually I choked it down.
Since then, the lies I tell myself...have gone down a lot easier.
Why am I still alive?!
This must be how it ends! Please, by all the gods...
Loki must die!!!



THOR | 13

"The Ballad of Cul Borson, God of Fear"

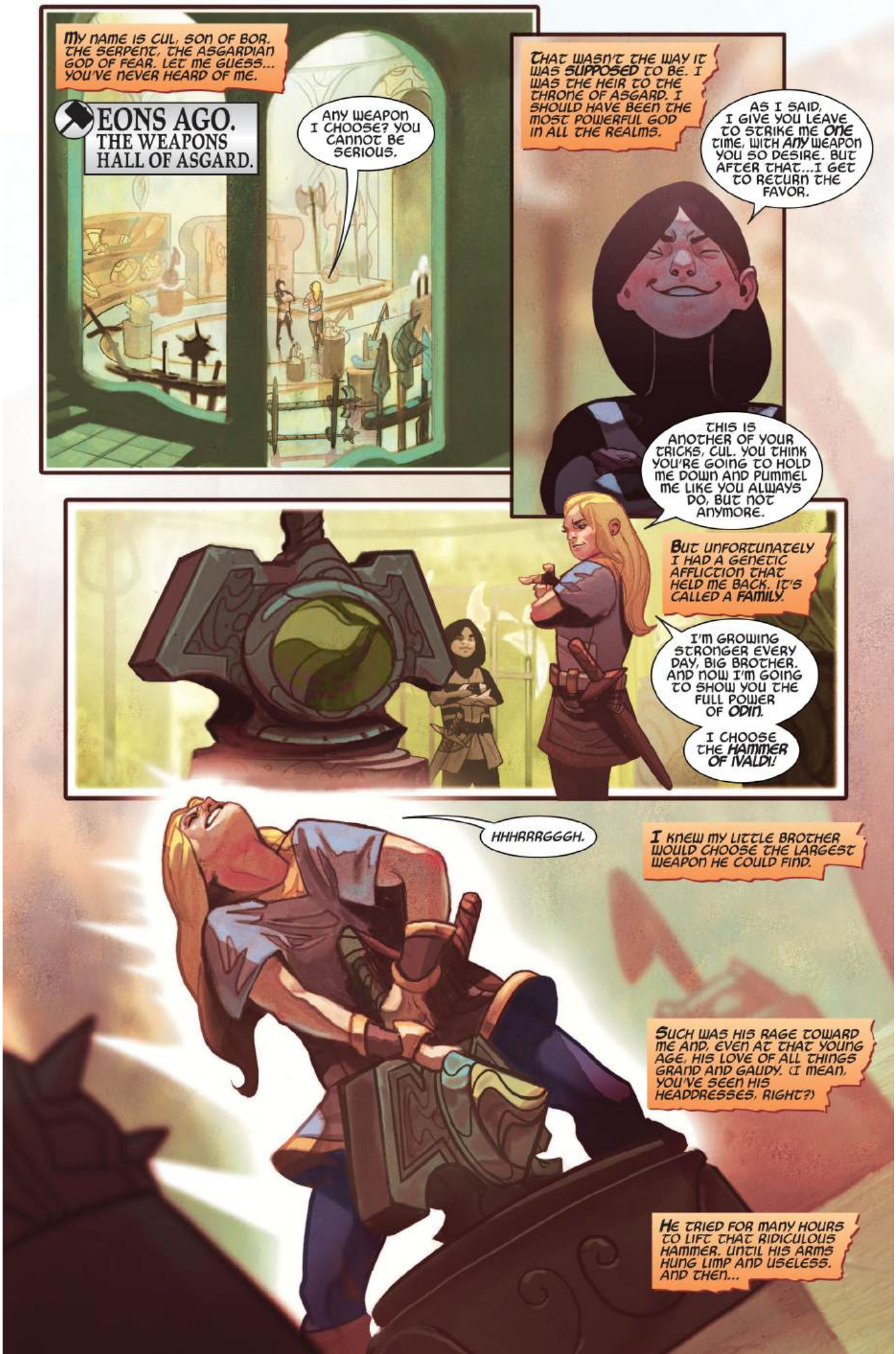
PREVIOUSLY IN WAR OF THE REALMS

Thanks in part to All-Father Odin's neglect of the other realms, Malekith the accursed has conquered or allied with nine of the ten realms — and now he's invaded Midgard, the last realm standing.

Burdened with guilt, Odin sent his brother Cul, the God of Fear, on a secret mission to Malekith's home realm of Svartalfheim. There Cul discovered the Black Bifrost, Malekith's own perverted version of the Rainbow Bridge — and the key to ferrying his vast armies across the realms.

Now the God of Fear has a job to do.

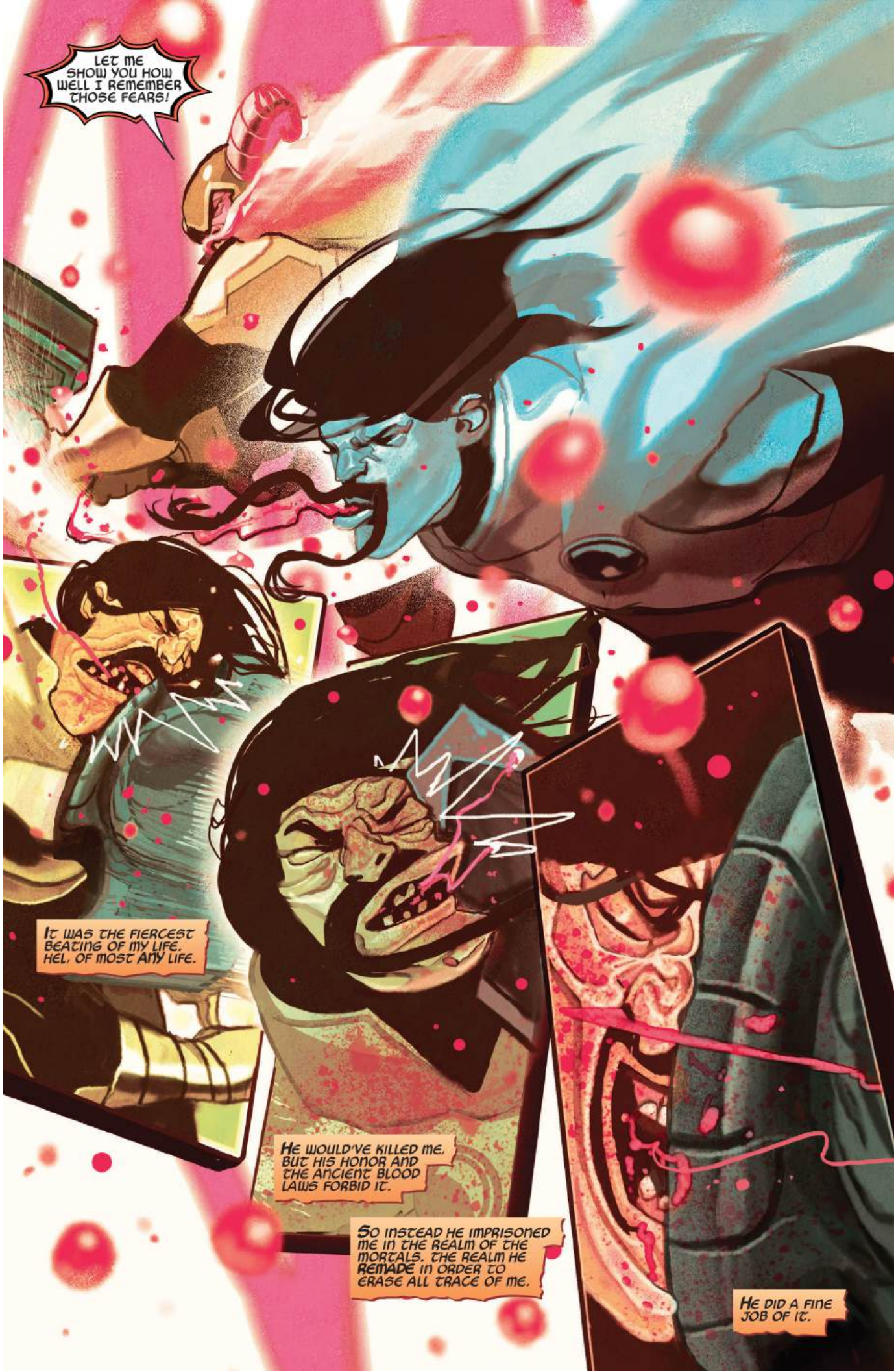
There are moments that define an entire lifetime.
Pivotal seconds that outweigh all the rest.
What we've been BEFORE those instants of import ultimately doesn't matter nearly as much as what we choose to be WITHIN them.
Your average mortal life might have but a few of those defining moments. As a GOD, I've had more than I can remember.
And squandered the hel out of every last damn one.
THE GUARDS ARE COMING! PLEASE! UNCHAIN US!
DON'T LEAVE US HERE TO DIE! MR. CUL, PLEASE!
Not that anyone anywhere gives a damn one way or the other.
Least of all me.


My name is Cul, son of Bor, the Serpent, the Asgardian God of Fear. Let me guess... you've never heard of me.
EONS AGO. THE WEAPONS HALL OF ASGARD.
Any weapon I choose? You cannot be serious.
That wasn't the way it was SUPPOSED to be. I was the heir to the throne of Asgard. I should have been the most powerful God in all the realms.
As I said, I give you leave to strike me ONE time, with ANY weapon you so desire. But after that...I get to return the favor.
This is another of your tricks, Cul. You think you're going to hold me down and pummel me like you always do, but not anymore.
But unfortunately I had a genetic affliction that held me back. It's called a FAMILY.
I'm growing stronger every day, big brother. And now I'm going to show you the full power of ODIN.
I choose the HAMMER OF IVALDI!
HHHRRRGGGH.
I knew my little brother would choose the largest weapon he could find.
Such was his rage toward me and, even at that young age, his love of all things grand and gaudy. (I mean, you've seen his headdresses, right?)
He tried for many hours to lift that ridiculous hammer. Until his arms hung limp and useless. And then...

I CANNOT. CANNOT LIFT IT. CANNOT LIFT... ANYTHING.
SO... YOU FORFEIT YOUR STRIKE. WHICH MAKES IT...
...MY TURN.
DO YOUR WORST, BROTHER. HIT ME WITH WHATEVER CUDGEL OR MACE YOU LIKE. YOU'LL NEVER MAKE ME SHED ANOTHER TEAR. I'D RATHER DIE FIRST.
OH, YOU WON'T DIE.
YOU'LL MERELY WISH YOU HAD.
AND THEN I WHISPERED IN HIS EAR.
I WHISPERED WORDS I'D HEARD OUR FATHER GRUMBLE IN HIS DRUNKENNESS, WHEN HE DIDN'T KNOW I WAS EAVESDROPPING.
I TOLD ODIN WHAT BOR REALLY THOUGHT OF HIM. AND THE BEST PART WAS...
...MOST OF IT WAS TRUE.
DAMN YOU, BROTHER. DAMN YOU TO THE FROZEN DEPTHS OF HEL.
WHY ARE YOU LIKE THIS, CUL?
BY "THIS," YOU MEAN VICTORIOUS?
BUT...YOU DIDN'T EVEN HIT ME WITH A WEAPON.
OH, I DID INDEED.
THE STRONGEST WEAPON IN THIS ENTIRE ARMORY. THE WEAPON I WIELD BETTER THAN ANY GOD IN ASGARD.
I HIT YOU WITH YOUR OWN FEARS, LITTLE ODIN.
UNTIL NEXT TIME, BROTHER.
I LIKED TO REMIND MY BROTHER OF HIS PLACE IN THE ORDER OF SUCCESSION. TO REMIND HIM THAT I WOULD BE HIS ALL-FATHER SOMEDAY. I SUPPOSE MY ONLY MISTAKE...

...WAS THAT I DID MY JOB TOO WELL.
"40 DAYS AND 40 NIGHTS!"
MANY YEARS LATER.
NOTHING IS MORE CRIPPLING THAN FEAR. BUT GIVEN ENOUGH TIME, THE CONQUERING OF THAT FEAR CAN BECOME A POWERFUL MOTIVATOR.
THAT'S HOW LONG HE'S BEEN FIGHTING HIS WAY THROUGH YOUR ARMIES OF DRAUMAR, LORD CUL. HE...HE FIGHTS WITH A FURY EVEN THE GODS HAVE NEVER SEEN.
HEH. NOT TRUE AT ALL. I'VE SEEN IT MANY TIMES.
SOMETIMES OUR DEEPEST FEARS...
FOR HE LEARNED IT FROM ME.
...CAN BE THE SOURCE OF OUR GREATEST STRENGTH.
BROTHER! YOUR DAY OF RECKONING HAS COME!

HELLO, ODIN. I SEE YOU FINALLY LIFTED THAT HAMMER. THOUGH I'M AFRAID YOU'RE A BIT LATE TO WIN THE CHALLENGE.
YOUR REIGN OF ATROCITIES ENDS NOW, CUL. IN THE NAME OF DECENCY, I REBUKE YOUR CLAIM TO BE ALL-FATHER.
REBUKE ALL YOU LIKE, BUT I'M NOT GOING ANYWHERE, BROTHER. WHEN BOR DIED, THE THRONE OF ASGARD BECAME MINE BY RIGHT.
BY WHAT *RIGHT* DO YOU *BUTCHER* AND MAKE *SLAVES* OF ALL WHO OPPOSE YOU? AND TREAT THE MORTALS LIKE YOUR PLAYTHINGS?! YOU ARE NOT FIT TO SIT THE THRONE OF ASGARD.
"BY WHAT *RIGHT*"? YOU OUGHT KNOW THE ANSWER TO THAT QUESTION BETTER THAN ANYONE, LITTLE BROTHER.
BY RIGHT OF *FEAR*.
PERHAPS YOU NEED A REMINDER IN WHAT THAT MEANS.
I'M NOT A BOY ANYMORE, CUL.
BUT I BET YOU STILL HAVE THAT BOY'S SAME FEARS. LET'S SEE, SHALL WE?
AYE, BROTHER.


LET ME SHOW YOU HOW WELL I REMEMBER THOSE FEARS!
IT WAS THE FIERCEST BEATING OF MY LIFE. HEL, OF MOST ANY LIFE.
HE WOULD'VE KILLED ME, BUT HIS HONOR AND THE ANCIENT BLOOD LAWS FORBID IT.
SO INSTEAD HE IMPRISONED ME IN THE REALM OF THE MORTALS. THE REALM HE REMADE IN ORDER TO ERASE ALL TRACE OF ME.
HE DID A FINE JOB OF IT.

FOR A WHILE, AT LEAST.
ASGARDIA. MONTHS AGO.
IT WASN'T JUST YOUR BIRTHRIGHT THAT WAS STOLEN, BOY.
APPARENTLY YOUR SENSES WERE TAKEN AS WELL!
HOW CAN YOU STAND BY AND LET THIS MASKED WOMAN STEAL NOT JUST YOUR HAMMER BUT YOUR VERY NAME!
I'VE TOLD YOU, I GAVE HER THE NAME! SHE'S EARNED IT. SHE'S MORE WORTHY OF IT THAN I AM RIGHT NOW.
BUT ULTIMATELY I RETURNED AND TRIED ONCE MORE TO DROWN ALL OF MIDGARD IN FEAR. DIDN'T WORK WELL FOR ME THAT TIME EITHER.
I DIED. AND AS IF THAT WEREN'T BAD ENOUGH, I HAD TO SPEND MY ETERNAL SLUMBER ALONGSIDE MY BROTHER. OR AT LEAST IT SEEMED ETERNAL.
WE SPOKE AS WE NEVER HAD BEFORE. I TOLD HIM I WANTED ONE LAST CHANCE TO REDEEM MYSELF.
YOU CANNOT GIVE AWAY YOUR NAME! I FORBID IT!
I DON'T GIVE A DAMN WHAT YOU FORBID!
HRPH.
False Thor
Thief
AND HE GAVE IT TO ME. THE BLOODY FOOL.
NEVER THOUGHT AN ALL-FATHER SCREAMING AT HIS SON COULD MAKE ME JEALOUS. DAMN YOU FOR THAT AS WELL, BROTHER.

WEEKS LATER.
IT SHOULD BE YOU ON THE THRONE OF ASGARD. IT ALWAYS SHOULD'VE BEEN THAT WAY, YES?
YES, BUT WHAT HAPPENS WHEN ALL-FATHER ODIN RETURNS?
IT IS THAT WAY. I SIT THE THRONE AS REGENT IN MY BROTHER'S STEAD.
BETTER YET... WHAT HAPPENS IF HE NEVER RETURNS?
DO YOU THINK I CAN BE SO EASILY BOUGHT, MALEKITH?
I NEVER SAID IT WOULD BE EASY TO KILL ODIN. ONLY... WORTHWHILE. AND BENEFICIAL TO US BOTH.
THAT'S MY BROTHER YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT, ELF.
AND I'M SURE YOU WILL MOURN HIS PASSING JUST AS ANY BROTHER SHOULD. BEFORE YOU TAKE HIS THRONE.
AND LEAVE ME TO CONDUCT MY BUSINESS THROUGHOUT THE OTHER REALMS IN PEACE.
THERE IS NOTHING PEACEFUL ABOUT YOUR BUSINESS, WAR-MAKER. BUT DO WITH THE OTHER REALMS AS YOU LIKE. I HAVE NO USE FOR ANY OF THEM.
JUST STAY THE HEL AWAY FROM ASGARD.
HEH. I MUST SAY, FOR A GOD OF FEAR, YOUR RECORD OF FAILURE IN MATTERS OF WARFARE DOESN'T EXACTLY FILL ME WITH CONSIDERABLE TERROR.
OUCH. THAT ONE HURT.
THE FAULT IS MINE, I SUPPOSE, FOR BELIEVING THE MOST IRRELEVANT OF BORSONS COULD SOMEHOW RISE ABOVE HIS NATURE. VERY WELL, CUL.
FEEL FREE TO RETURN TO YOUR INSIGNIFICANCE...
SHOWS WHAT YOU KNOW, ELF. I NEVER LEFT.

SVARTALFHEIM.
DAYS AGO.
ODIN AND I, WE DIDN'T TAKE MALEKITH SERIOUSLY. WE SHOULD HAVE.
THIS WAR OF HIS HAS BURNED THROUGH EVERY REALM AND NOW IS POISED FOR ITS FINAL BATTLE.
WHICH IS WHY MY BROTHER HAS SENT ME INTO THE REALM OF THE DARK ELVES. ALONE. ON A COVERT MISSION TO UNCOVER THE SECRETS OF MALEKITH'S BATTLE PLAN.
AND I'VE FOUND A RATHER LARGE ONE.
OPEN YOUR MOUTH AND I OPEN YOUR THROAT.

MALEKITH HAS BUILT HIS OWN BIFROST, HASN'T HE? THAT'S WHAT THAT THING IS YOU'RE GUARDING.
TELL ME HOW HE DID IT. AND HOW HE POWERS IT.
BAH! I AM A LOYAL SON OF SVARTALFHEIM. I WILL TELL YOU NOTHING, ASGARDIAN DOG.
OH, YOU'LL TELL ME EVERYTHING, ELF.
WE'LL START WITH YOUR FEARS...
HE WAS A LOYAL SON OF SVARTALFHEIM, JUST LIKE HE SAID. I HAD TO TORTURE HIM FOR HOURS BEFORE HE BROKE.
BUT THEN HE TOLD ME ALL ABOUT THE BLACK BIFROST. HOW MALEKITH BUILT IT WITH HELP FROM LOKI.
HOW IT WAS POWERED BY MAGICAL CRYSTALIZED MUSHROOMS, MINED FROM SWAMPS NEARBY.
HE ANSWERED EVERY QUESTION I ASKED HIM.
I STILL TORTURED HIM A BIT LONGER ANYWAY.

THE BLACK BIFROST IS GUARDED BY AN ARMY OF DARK ELF WARRIORS DAY AND NIGHT. IT WOULD BE SUICIDE TO TRY AND REACH IT.
BUT THE SWAMP MINES ARE LIGHTLY GUARDED.
WHAT? DO...YOU SEE THAT?
I'VE BEEN HIDING IN SVARTALFHEIM FOR WEEKS. EATING THINGS THAT WOULD MAKE A TROLL VOMIT.
THE ONLY MAGICAL RAVEN I HAD TO SEND I SENT LAST EVENING. INFORMING ODIN OF THE LOCATION OF MALEKITH'S BIFROST. AND MY PLANS FOR THE MUSHROOM MINE.
AND REITERATING THAT WHEN I'M DONE SLAUGHTERING EVERY LAST ONE OF THESE ELVES, I WILL FIND MY WAY BACK TO ASGARD...TO KILL HIM AND RECLAIM MY THRONE.
I KNOW.
THERE... REFLECTED IN THE MUCK...BY ALL THE MAGGOTS, IT'S...MALEKITH... DRAWING AND QUARTERING MY MOTHER.
IT'S LIKE... MY GREATEST FEAR SOMEHOW COME TO LIFE!
I ALSO TOLD MY BROTHER I LOVED HIM. STILL NOT CERTAIN WHY I DID THAT.

FASTER, YOU SNIVELING RUNTS! OR THERE'LL BE NO SLUG MEAT IN YOUR GRUEL TONIGHT!
I WANT TO SEE THE LOVE SHINING FROM YOUR HEARTS! THE LOVE YOU HAVE FOR WAR!
AND FOR YOUR BLESSED, BLOOD-DRENCHED KING! SING HIS NAME WITH JOY WHILE YOU SLAVE, YOU DOOMED LITTLE BASTARDS!
ALL HAIL MALEKITH. ALL HAIL THE WAR OF THE--
I LIKE MY SONG BETTER.
ALL HAIL CUL.

MALEKITH MAKES SLAVES OF HIS SUBJECTS' OWN CHILDREN. I NEED TO KILL THIS DARK ELF SOON, BEFORE I START TO LIKE HIM.
CUL.
THANK YOU, CUL.
THANK YOU FOR SAVING US.
WE WERE SENT HERE BECAUSE WE ARE SHAMED. ANOTHER BOY SAW ME CRYING AT MY FATHER'S FUNERAL.
I ONCE VOMITED AT THE SIGHT OF TROLL GUTS.
I DIDN'T LAUGH HARD ENOUGH WHEN MALEKITH FED MY NEIGHBORS TO HIS DOGS.
UH-HUH. THESE THE MUSHROOMS THEN?
OUR SHAME WOULD HAVE DOOMED US FOREVER.
MALEKITH'S WARS NEVER END. WE WOULD'VE DIED IN THESE MINES.
UNTIL YOU CAME. UNTIL CUL, THE SAV--
RIGHT. THIS OUGHT TO BE PLENTY. ENOUGH TO BLOW THE BLACK BIFROST ALL TO HEL.
OUT OF MY WAY, YOU RABBLE.
BUT OUR CHAINS! MR. CUL, PLEASE...
SORRY, BUT GIVEN TIME, LITTLE DARK ELVES GROW INTO BIG DARK ELVES. AND THOSE ARE THE ONES I'M AT WAR WITH.
YOU CAN THANK ME LATER FOR LETTING YOU LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO GROW UP BEFORE I KILLED YOU. UNTIL THEN.
EVEN THE GOD OF FEAR HAS FEARS OF HIS OWN.

THIS WAY! WE'VE BEEN INVADED! SOUND THE ALARM!
AH HEL'S BLOODY BLIZZARD.
AND WHEN YOU DIE OR GET FORCED INTO EXILE A FEW TIMES, IT GIVES YOU PLENTY OF HOURS ALONE TO RUMINATE ON THOSE FEARS.
TO GRAPPLE WITH THEM. AND LOSE.
THE GUARDS WILL KILL US FOR THIS! PLEASE! UNCHAIN US!
DON'T LEAVE US HERE TO DIE! MR. CUL, PLEASE!
IT'S HARD TO LIVE YOUR LIFE CONSTANTLY IN FEAR OF REJECTION. BELIEVE ME, I KNOW.
YOU LEARN TO LASH OUT BEFORE IT CAN HAPPEN. TO PROTECT YOURSELF BY LAYING WASTE TO EVERYONE AND EVERYTHING AROUND YOU.
SEE MY HISTORY AS THE SERPENT IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME.
YOU COME TO BELIEVE THAT AGGRESSION KEEPS YOU SAFE.
WE'VE BEEN DIGGING A TUNNEL TO ESCAPE! WE CAN SHOW YOU THE WAY!
BUT ALL IT DOES IS KEEP YOU MISERABLE AND ALONE.
THERE HE IS! IT'S JUST ONE GOD! KILL HIM!
AND THEN ONE DAY YOU FACE ONE OF THOSE MOMENTS. THOSE PIVOTAL SECONDS THAT OUTWEIGH ALL THE REST.
AND MUCH TO YOUR OWN SURPRISE...YOU CHOOSE TO BE WHAT YOU SEE IN THE EYES OF SOME CHILDREN.
CUL, THE BREAKER OF CHAINS.

CUL, THE GOD OF LOVE.
A LOVE WORTH SLAUGHTERING FOR.
CLINK!
CLINK!
CLINK!
CLINK!
CLINK!
CLINK!
GET TO YOUR TUNNEL! ALL OF YOU! LEAVE NO WHELP BEHIND!
BUT THE TUNNEL ISN'T FINISHED!
BLAST IT OPEN WITH ONE OF THE MUSHROOMS! THEY'RE AS POWERFUL AS BOMBS WHEN THEY'RE--
OF COURSE, LOVE... ISN'T WITHOUT ITS AGONIES.
GAAARRGGH!!!

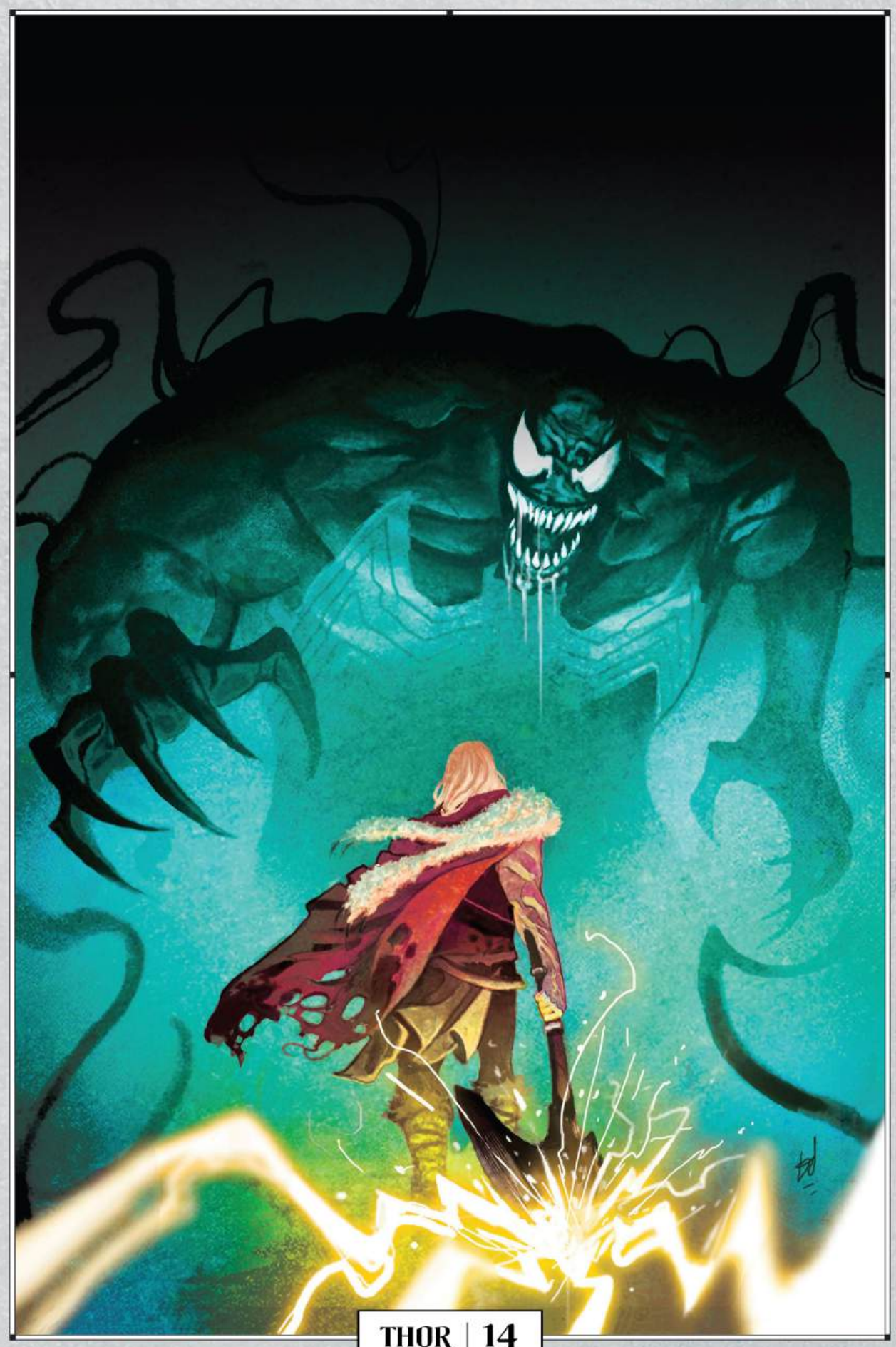
MR. CUL, YOU'RE--
GO!
A PAIN THAT MAKES YOU SCREAM SOMETIMES.
WE'RE TAKING A GOD-HEAD TO MALEKITH TONIGHT!
THAT MAKES YOU LOSE YOURSELF. IN ALL THE WORST AND BEST OF WAYS.
THAT MAKES YOU BOLD. AND FRAGILE. AND COMPLETELY UNSTOPPABLE.
RRRRRGGGGHH!!!
LOVE IS ROARING JOY. AND PARALYZING FEAR. AND UNIMAGINABLE SUFFERING. AND GODS HELP MY WRETCHED HEART...
WHY DID I WAIT SO DAMN LONG TO FIND IT?

BOOM!
THIS WAY! EVERYONE OUT!
THEY WILL SING NO SONGS OF CUL IN THE HALLS OF ASGARD. NOT THIS NIGHT OR ANY OTHER.
NO GODDESSES WILL WEEP AND MOURN. NO CHILDREN WILL BE NAMED IN MY HONOR. NO TEMPLES BUILT TO MY EVERLASTING GLORY.
RARGH!
MY LIFE COULD'VE BEEN DIFFERENT. IT COULD'VE BEEN GLORIOUS. REALM-SHAKING. BUT WHY BOTHER WITH REGRETS?
YOU'RE LEAKING RIVERS, LITTLE GOD. WHOEVER THE HEL YOU ARE, YOU'VE COME TO SVARTALFHEIM JUST TO DIE.
HA! NO, I THINK I CAME TO LIVE. FOR A BRIEF MOMENT AT LEAST.
REGRETS ARE FOR FOOLS AND MORTALS. AND DESPITE WHATEVER ELSE I MAY HAVE BEEN...
AND THE NAME THAT YOU MAY SCREAM ON YOUR WAY TO ELF HEL IS...
...I WAS A GOD THROUGH AND THROUGH.
NO!
...CUL BORSON!

DID EVERYONE GET CLEAR?
YES, BUT WHERE'S MISTER...
RIGHT UP UNTIL THE BOR-DAMNED END.
AH, WHO GIVES A DWARF FART ABOUT BEING REMEMBERED?
EVERYONE GETS FORGOTTEN IN TIME.
EVEN THE NAME OF THOR WILL SOMEDAY BLOW AWAY LIKE SO MUCH ASH IN THE WIND.
NO!
BOOOOOOM
ALL THAT MATTERS IS WHAT JOY WE MAKE FOR OURSELVES WHEN WE'RE ALIVE.
AND WHO WE CHOOSE TO BE IN OUR GRANDEST OR MOST INTIMATE OF MOMENTS.
TOOK ME A WHILE, I KNOW...
...BUT HEL...I FINALLY GOT ONE OF THOSE RIGHT.

DAYS LATER.
SHE'S JUST ONE GODDESS! SWARM HER AND TEAR HER TO PIECES!
AYE, JUST ONE GODDESS. AND HOW MANY DARK ELVES DO YOU THINK ONE GODDESS IS WORTH?
HUNDREDS? THOUSANDS? ALL OF YOU?!
KEEP COMING UNTIL WE HAVE AN ANSWER!
SKLAT!!
ARCHERS! READY A VOLLEY OF VIPER ARROWS! BRING THAT GODDESS DOWN!
BUT THE SNAKES WILL SURELY STRIKE OUR OWN ELVES!
THEN THEY'LL DIE FOR THE WAR! FIRE AWAY!
NO!

DEATH TO THE WAR! DEATH TO THE OLD WAYS!
WE WANT THE REALM AND WE WANT IT NOW! IN THE NAME OF CUL!
CRACK!!
IN THE NAME OF CUL!!!



THOR | 14

"To Hel with Hammers"

PREVIOUSLY IN WAR OF THE REALMS

Now Malekith has taken Odin and Freyja prisoner, and if anyone other than Thor comes to rescue them, Malekith will use his new symbiote weapon to murder the God of Thunder's parents.

Seeking wisdom, Thor went to the World Tree that is now growing from the sun and hung himself from it. In exchange for his eye, the World Tree told him what do to:

Find more Thors.

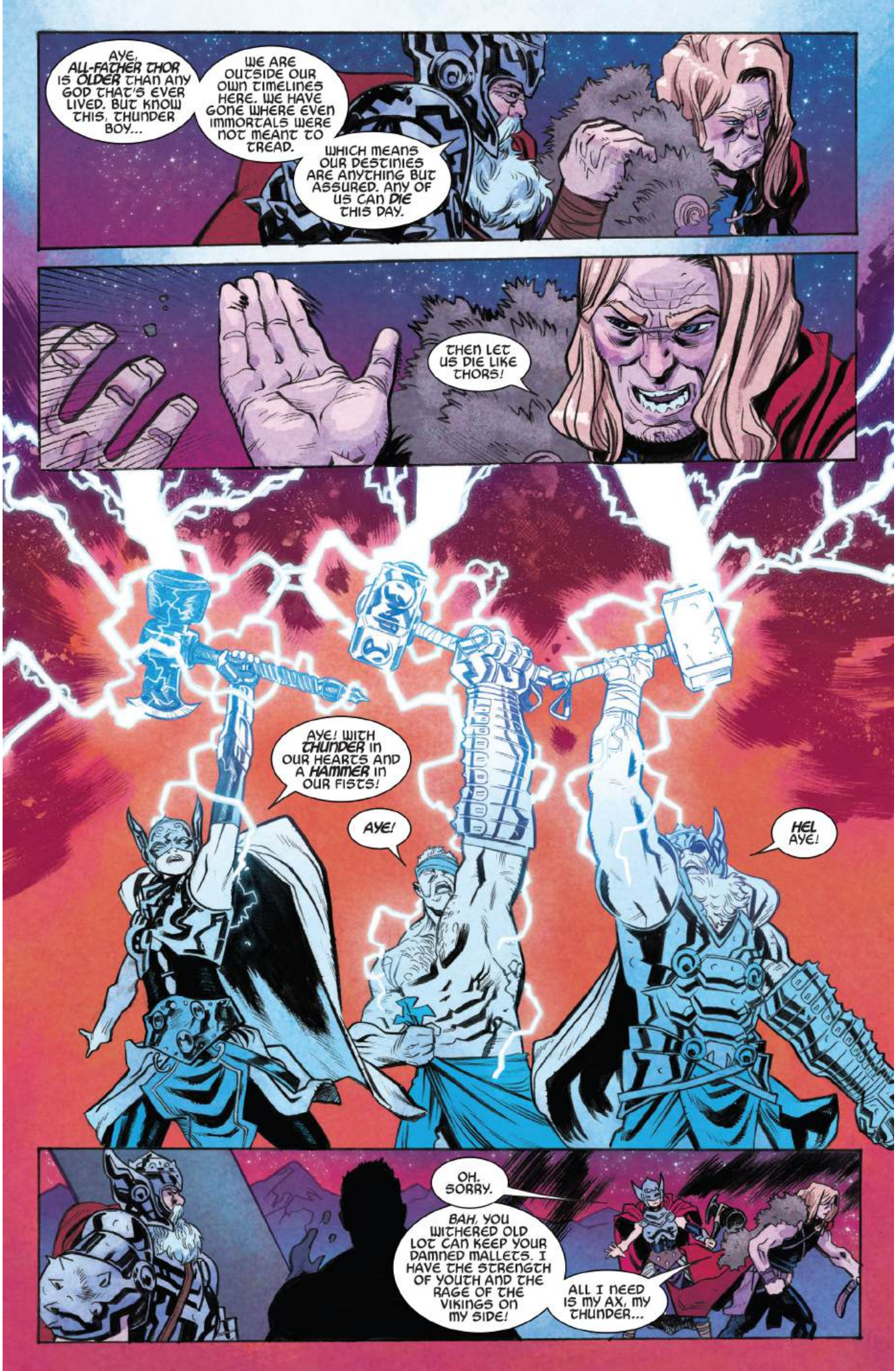
MANY YEARS AGO.
THE WEAPONS HALL OF ASGARD.
TROLLS. FROST GIANTS. MY FATHER. A SHORTAGE OF MEAD.
THESE ARE THINGS SURE TO DRIVE ME TO RAGE. TO ROAR. TO THUNDER.
BUT THERE IS ONE THING IN ALL THE HEAVENS WITH THE POWER TO MAKE ME ANGRIER THAN ALL THE REST COMBINED.
I DON'T EVEN CALL IT BY NAME ANYMORE.
IT'S SIMPLY...THAT HAMMER FROM HEL.
AND BY ALL THE GODS DO I HATE IT.

But not nearly as much as it seems to hate me.
I can lift every weapon in Asgard! Every single bor-damned one!
Except for YOU!
You miserable little Uru turd!
I've fought dragons! Slain more trolls than there are whiskers on father's chin!
I've saved Midgard a thousand times over! And yet...
GRRRRRGGGH!!!
I still can't budge you off that pedestal! I...
I have no idea what it takes to be WORTHY of you, Mjolnir, you wretched mallet.
But at long last, I do know one thing...
I no longer give a damn.
I am Thor Odinson. God of Thunder. Prince of Asgard.
And if I never see another hammer for the rest of my days...that will be just fine with me.

But I certainly wouldn't say nay to a good BRAWL right about now.
THOR OF ASGARD!
EH?
WE HAVE NEED OF YOU. IN THE FUTURE.
YEAH, FOR CLOBBERIN' SOME ELVES.
ELVES? AND WHY SHOULD I BELIEVE A STRANGE WIZARD I'VE NEVER SEEN BEFORE? AND HIS PET TROLL.
MY AUNT PETUNIA DIDN'T RAISE NO TROLLS, PAL.
THE THOR FROM OUR TIME FEARED YOU MIGHT REACT THIS WAY. SO HE SENT SOMEONE HE KNEW YOU'D TRUST.
TOOTHGRINDER?
WAAAAH!
YEAH, LISTEN TO THE GOAT AND LET'S GET ROLLING, GOLDILOCKS. WE GOT A WAR TO GO WIN. BETTER GRAB YOUR HAMMER.
RRRGGGH!!!

NOW.
THE RUINS OF ASGARD.
DAMN IT ALL TO NIFFLEHEIM.
THORS.
WHY DID IT HAVE TO BE THORS?

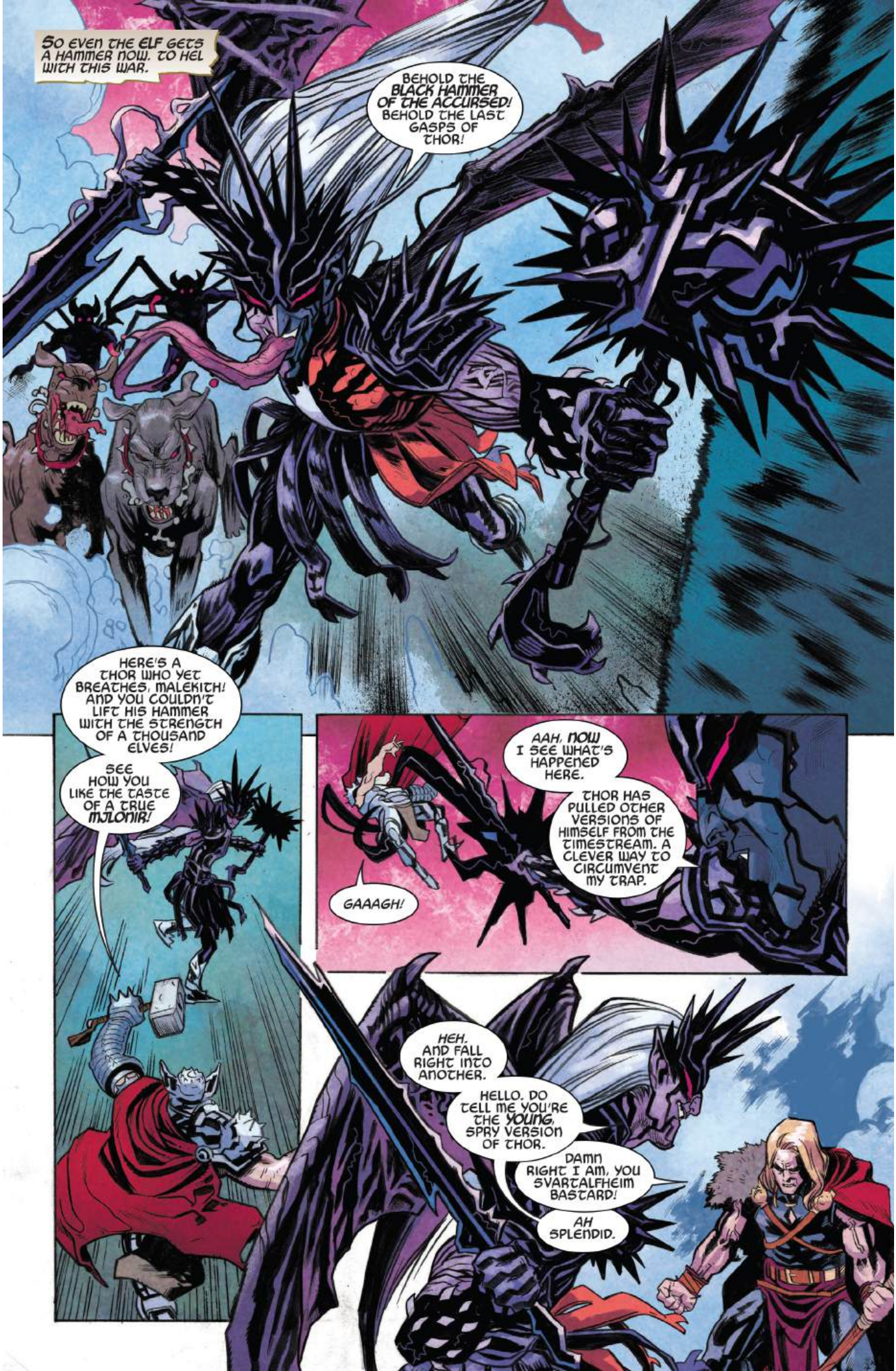
I VAGUELY REMEMBER DOING THIS SORT OF THING ONCE BEFORE. FIGHTING ALONGSIDE MY ELDER SELVES. THREE OF US STOPPED A GOD BUTCHER THAT TIME.
THIS TIME IT'S A WAR OF THE REALMS. I SUPPOSE THAT'S WHY A FOURTH IS WARRANTED.
I'VE ENCOUNTERED THE WENCH BEFORE TOO. IT APPEARS SHE'S FOUND A DIFFERENT HAMMER SINCE THEN. BECAUSE OF COURSE, ALL OTHER THORS GET ALL THE HAMMERS THEY LIKE.
THE NORNS ARE JUST MOCKING ME AT THIS POINT, AREN'T THEY?
GRRRRR. THORS! ENOUGH TALK!
ARE WE HERE TO FIGHT?! OR FELLOWSHIP?!
HRRR. THIS GUY.
WALK WITH ME, BOY.
THOR, I KNOW YOU GAVE YOUR EYE TO THE WORLD TREE FOR WISDOM, BUT SURELY THERE WERE MORE SUITABLE THUNDER GODS YOU COULD'VE RECRUITED.
THE FATE OF MIDGARD IS AT STAKE HERE. HEL, THE FATE OF ALL TEN REALMS. IS THIS TRULY THE VERSION OF YOURSELF YOU WANT TO RELY ON?
I NEVER CHOSE THIS PARTICULAR THOR CORPS, LADY JANE. FATE CHOSE IT FOR US. AND AS FOR THE BOY, ALL I TRULY KNOW...
...IS THAT WITHOUT HIM, NONE OF US WOULD BE HERE.
YOUNG THOR. GOD OF THE VIKINGS.
ALWAYS SO QUICK TO GO RUSHING INTO DANGER. BUT YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT SORT OF DEATH TRAP WE'RE FACING HERE, BOY.
HMPH. SUPPOSE I MUST BE RATHER GOOD AT FACING DEATH, YOU ANCIENT PILE OF DUST AND BEARD, FOR BY THE LOOKS OF YOU, I LIVE TO BE A FEW BILLION YEARS OLD.


AYE, ALL-FATHER THOR IS OLDER THAN ANY GOD THAT'S EVER LIVED. BUT KNOW THIS, THUNDER BOY...
WE ARE OUTSIDE OUR OWN TIMELINES HERE. WE HAVE GONE WHERE EVEN IMMORTALS WERE NOT MEANT TO TREAD.
WHICH MEANS OUR DESTINIES ARE ANYTHING BUT ASSURED. ANY OF US CAN DIE THIS DAY.
THEN LET US DIE LIKE THORS!
AYE! WITH THUNDER IN OUR HEARTS AND A HAMMER IN OUR FISTS!
AYE!
HEL AYE!
OH. SORRY.
BAH. YOU WITHERED OLD LOT CAN KEEP YOUR DAMNED MALLETS. I HAVE THE STRENGTH OF YOUTH AND THE RAGE OF THE VIKINGS ON MY SIDE!
ALL I NEED IS MY AX, MY THUNDER...

"...AND A GOAT BETWEEN MY LEGS!"
AND SO THE GREATEST THOR IN HISTORY RODE INTO BATTLE IN THE WAR OF THE REALMS. WITH HIS PALE REFLECTIONS BY HIS SIDE. TO FACE...
...SOME SORT OF ELVES OR SOMESUCH.
APPARENTLY THE KING OF SVARTALFHEIM HAD TAKEN OUR PARENTS HOSTAGE. AND THE ELF'S DARK MAGIC WOULD ENSURE THAT IF ANYONE OTHER THAN THOR SHOWED UP TO FACE HIM, ODIN AND FREYJA WOULD DIE HORRIBLY.
BUT LITTLE DID THE ELF KING KNOW, HE WAS GETTING MORE THOR THAN HE'D BARGAINED FOR.
FOUR THORS FOR ONE ELF. BY THE FIERY BEARD OF SURTUR...JUST HOW IMPRESSIVE COULD THIS ELF POSSIBLY BE?

MIDGARD.
STONEHENGE.
THE SYMBIOTE OF KNULL HAS BEEN ENGORGED BY MY MAGIC.
CALL IT THE SYMBIO SWORD. THE VENOM BLADE. CALL IT WHATEVER YOU LIKE.
JUST CALL ME THE BUTCHER OF THORS!
HAA HAA HA HA HAAA!
HEL.
WE SHOULD'VE BROUGHT MORE THORS.

ALL THIS WAR, ALL THIS DEATH, ALL TO FEED ONE ELF'S LUST FOR SUFFERING!
THAT SUFFERING ENDS NOW, YOU MONSTER! FOR I PROMISE TO KILL YOU QUICK!
HE'S ALSO BROUGHT ALONG HIS DERANGED DARK ELF ACOLYTES AND THE RABID DOGS HE COMMANDS AS LORD OF THE WILD HUNT.
ODIN, FREYJA, GET CLEAR OF THE SPIDER ELVES AND LEAVE THIS TO YOUR SONS AND I!
SONS? BY MY BEARD.
'TWOULD APPEAR OUR SON HAS TRIPLED THE DANGER HE'S PLACED HIMSELF IN. IN OTHER WORDS, JANE...WE'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE!
HA HAA HA!
THE ELF'S NAME IS MALEKITH. AND HE WIELDS A DARK WEAPON SIMILAR TO THE GOD BUTCHER'S NECROSWORD.
WHILE WE THORS... HAVE BROUGHT THE THUNDER.
RRRGGGH!
TOGETHER WE HAVE SUMMONED A STORM SO MIGHTY IT ECHOES ACROSS THE REALMS.
SO WHY DOES IT FEEL LIKE SOMETHING IS STILL MISSING?
GAAAGH! NO, HE TOOK MY LAST--


So even the elf gets a hammer now. To hel with this war.
Behold the Black Hammer of the Accursed! Behold the last gasps of Thor!
Here's a Thor who yet breathes, Malekith! And you couldn't lift his hammer with the strength of a thousand elves!
See how you like the taste of a true Mjolnir!
Aah, now I see what's happened here.
Thor has pulled other versions of himself from the timestream. A clever way to circumvent my trap.
Gaaagh!
Heh. And fall right into another.
Hello. Do tell me you're the young, spry version of Thor.
Damn right I am, you svartalfheim bastard!
Ah splendid.

KILL THE BOY. AND THE REST WILL CEASE TO EXIST.
AH DAMN.
I AM IN A TIME THAT IS NOT MY OWN. ON A WORLD AT WAR. FACING A WILDLY POWERFUL DARK WIZARD.
WITH AN ARMY OF MURDEROUS ELVES.
YOU WANT TO FELL ME WITH A HAMMER? HERE'S SOMETHING YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT ME, MALEKITH...
BOY! NO, GET AWAY FROM...
AND IT IS UP TO ME TO SAVE EVERY THOR WHO WILL EVER EXIST.
I HATE HAMMERS!
WITH NOTHING BUT AN AX IN MY HAND. IN OTHER WORDS...

...THIS IS THE GREATEST DAY OF MY LIFE.
HA!
OR IT WAS. FOR ABOUT FIVE SECONDS.
GAAAGH!!!
GRRRGH!!!
AAARRGH!!
STRIKE THE YOUNG THOR, AND THE OTHERS ALL FEEL THE EFFECT. OH, THIS IS BAD.

YOU'LL HAVE TO KILL ME A LOT HARDER THAN THAT, ELF! FOR THOR BLEEDS LIGHTNING! AND SHARPENED URU!
YES, AND ALSO BLOOD.
TEAR HIM TO PIECES.
GET BACK, BOY! LEAVE MALEKITH TO ME! YOU DEAL WITH HIS MINIONS!
I'M NOT A CHILD! I'VE SLAIN DRAGONS BIGGER THAN...
ALL-FATHER THOR?! HA, ALL-FATHER OF WHAT? THESE REALMS ARE MINE!
NO, THINE ASS IS MINE, MALEKITH!
HAVE AT THEE, DARK ELF BASTARD!

THE OLD THOR'S MJOLNIR...
THIS. THIS IS WHY THE NORNS HAVE BROUGHT ME HERE. THIS MOMENT.
TO SINGLE-HANDEDLY WIN THE WAR OF THE REALMS AND CLAIM MY RIGHTFUL GLORY BY FINALLY...

GRRRGGH!
NAY. MUST BE ANOTHER REASON.

SLASH
GAAAGH!!!

GO, BOY! HIDE! WE'LL DEAL WITH MALEKITH!
I AM THOR ODINSON. GOD OF THE VIKINGS. I DON'T HIDE. I'M JUST GOING TO...

...FIGHT BACK HERE FOR A WHILE.
I'LL... I'LL DEAL WITH THESE DAMNED DOGS.
I SHOULDN'T BE HERE.

I AM SHAMING MYSELF.

ENDANGERING MY OWN FUTURE.
GUUURRGH!!!

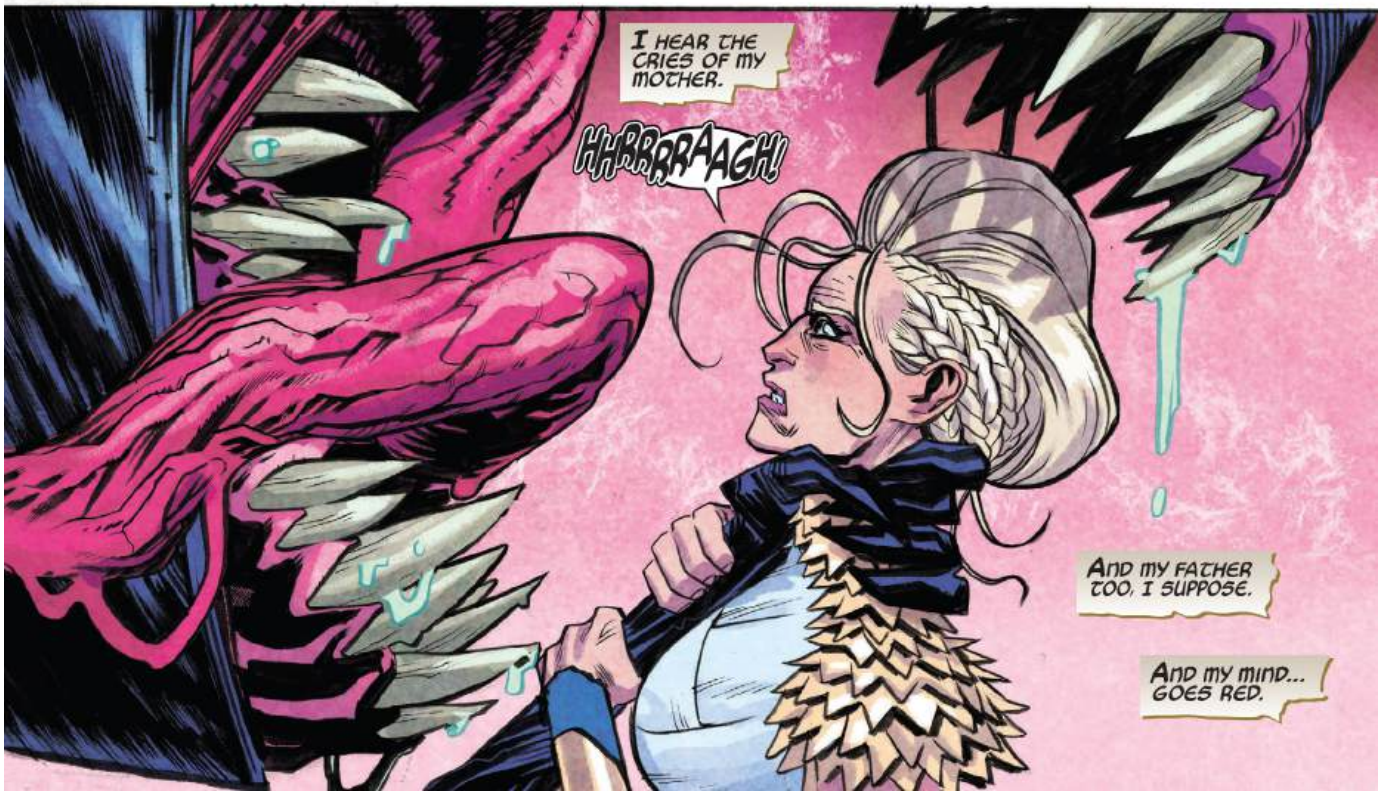
THE FUTURE OF THE REALMS.

AND OF EVERYTHING I...

...HOLD DEAR.
AAAAARRRGGH!!!
MOTHER?

WHAT...IN THE NAME OF ALL THAT'S UNHOLY...ARE YOU?

WE ARE SVARTALFVENOM.
WE ARE YOUR RUIN.


I HEAR THE CRIES OF MY MOTHER.
HHRRRRAAGH!
AND MY FATHER TOO, I SUPPOSE.
AND MY MIND... GOES RED.

And suddenly I no longer give a damn whether I die and take every other Thor along with me.
My only thoughts are for the one parent who's always shown me love and compassion over the years.
Even when I didn't deserve it.
Especially when I didn't deserve it.
I think of her and I am moving instinctually, punching her monstrous attacker over and over.
With all the power in my fists.
Yet something... feels different somehow.
In some way...

...THAT I CAN'T QUITE PUT MY FINGER ON.

BOY!

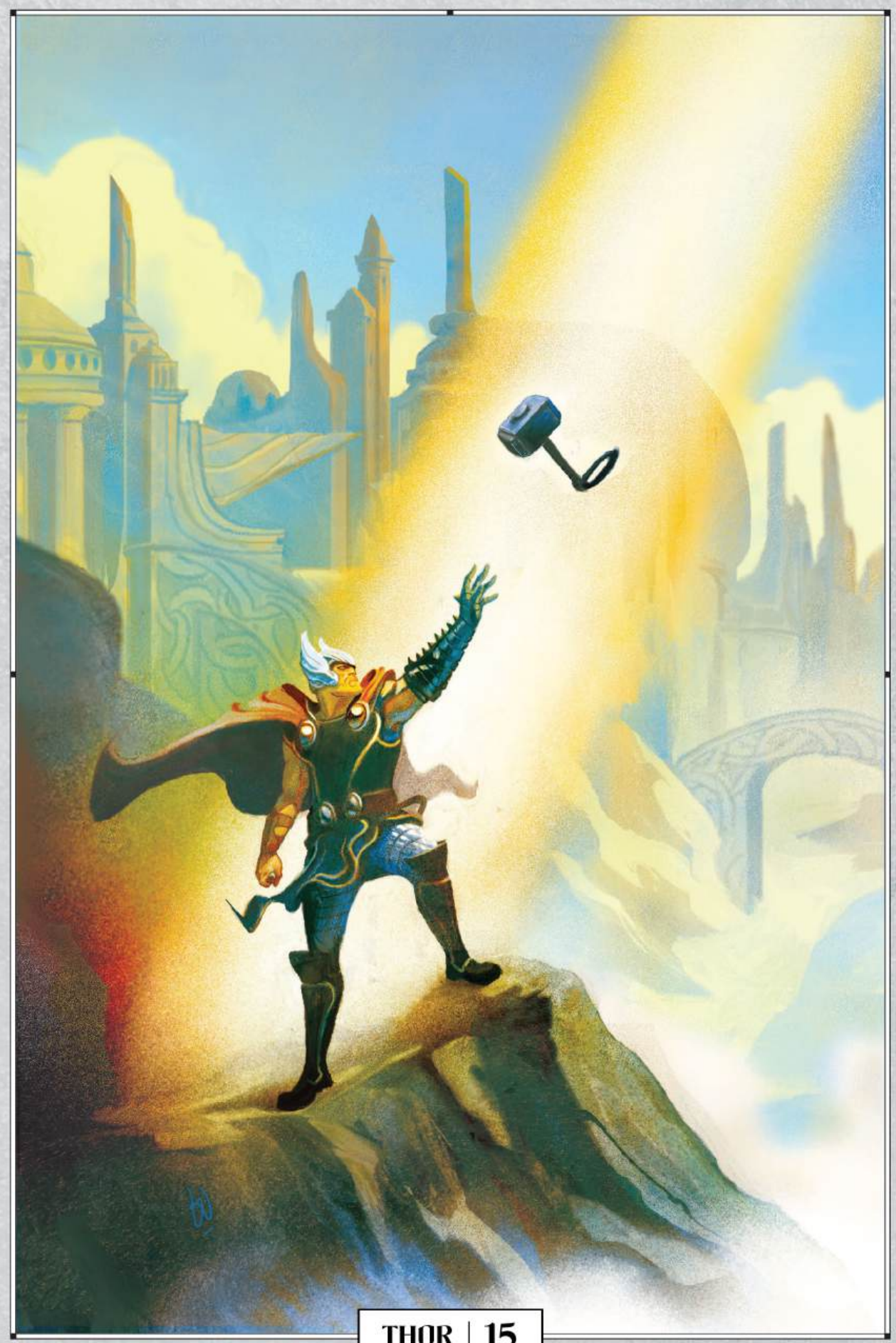
THAT MINE?
WHAT? IS WHAT YOURS...

OH.
OH. MY. GODS.

THOR AND JANE ARE DEALING WITH MALEKITH. AND CAN YOU FEEL THE SIZE OF THE STORM WE'VE BREWED UP TOGETHER? THE SKIES ARE ABOUT TO START RAINING FIRE.
KEEP MJOLNIR FOR A BIT, IF YOU LIKE.

YOU'VE EARNED IT.
IT'S... NOT HEAVY AT ALL.
IT'S ACTUALLY LIGHTER THAN AIR.
TURNS OUT I DO STILL GIVE A DAMN ABOUT HAMMERS.

I've just learned to give a damn about OTHER things as well.
Nah. TRADE you, old man.
My name is Thor Odinson. God of thunder. Prince of Asgard. And today is not the greatest day of my life.
It's just another day.
Because they're ALL pretty bor-damned great when you're ME.



THOR | 15

"War's End"

PREVIOUSLY IN WAR OF THE REALMS

THE WAR OF THE REALMS IS OVER!

When the Dark Elf King Malekith gave Thor an ultimatum to face him alone or witness the death of his parents, Thor sought out the World Tree, now growing from the sun, for answers.

And he found them.

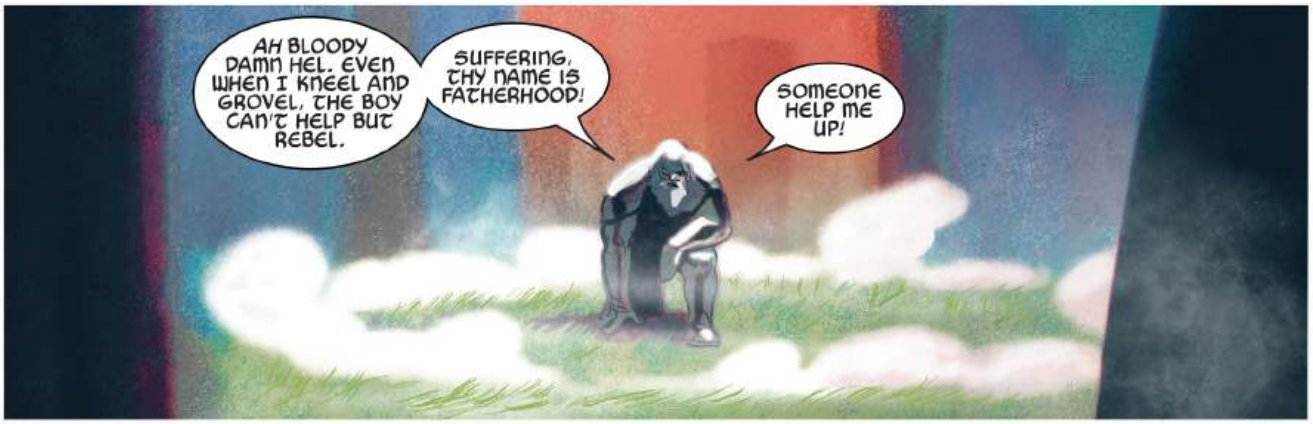
Gathering Thors from across space and time — including Jane Foster as the War Thor — the God of Thunder confronted Malekith and, with the wisdom of the World Tree and the energy of the Mother Storm, reforged the lost hammer Mjolnir.

Now Malekith is defeated. Loki is resurrected after bursting through the stomach of his father, King Laufey. Jane Foster is on the verge of a new transformation after the War Thor's hammer broke apart. And Odin just declared his son the new All-Father of Asgard.

Things are changing in the Ten Realms.
What happens next?

MALEKITH THE ACCURSED IS DEAD.
THE INVADING ARMIES OF HIS DARK CABAL HAVE FALLEN.
THE WAR OF THE REALMS HAS ENDED, AND MIDGARD IS SAVED.
THE MIGHTY THOR STANDS VICTORIOUS, HIS MJOLNIR RETURNED TO HIS HAND AFTER WHAT SEEMS LIKE YEARS WITHOUT IT.
AT LONG LAST, HE IS ONCE MORE PROVED WORTHY. AND RESTORED TO HIS FULL THUNDEROUS GLORY.
SO WHY DOES HE FIND HIMSELF SUDDENLY OVERCOME...
...WITH ABSOLUTE DREAD?

PERHAPS BECAUSE OF THE WORDS NOW POURING FROM HIS FATHER'S MOUTH.
ALL HAIL ALL-FATHER THOR.
LORD OF ASGARD.
SAVIOR OF THE REALMS.
FATHER... YOU CANNOT MEAN...
BY ALL THAT THE GODS HOLD HOLY...I DO, BOY.
AFTER EVERYTHING YOU HAVE BEEN THROUGH, YOU HAVE EARNED THIS. MORE THAN ANY ASGARDIAN WHO HAS EVER LIVED.
SO BEGINS THE NEW AGE OF THOR.
I...
BUT I...
KR-AKOOOOM


AH BLOODY DAMN HEL. EVEN WHEN I KNEEL AND GROVEL, THE BOY CAN'T HELP BUT REBEL.
SUFFERING, THY NAME IS FATHERHOOD!
SOMEONE HELP ME UP!

LADY JANE, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO YOURSELF?
WHAT HAPPENED TO THE HAMMER OF THE WAR THOR?
IT BROKE APART AS I WAS CALLING IT BACK... AND I...

I ABSORBED IT.
I THINK... IT'S A PART OF ME NOW.

MALEKITH'S DEFINITELY DEAD. TORN TO PIECES BY HIS OWN DOGS. WHAT SHOULD WE DO WITH THEM? PUT THEM DOWN OR GIVE THEM MEDALS?
DON'T TAKE YOUR SON'S REJECTION TOO HARD, ODIN. HE'S HAD A TOUGH WAR. GIVE HIM A WHILE TO COME AROUND.
HMPH. BOY GAVE HIS EYE FOR WISDOM. PERHAPS HE SHOULD'VE GIVEN THEM BOTH FOR ALL HE'S...

...
WHO THE HEL ARE YOU?

After carving a trail of destruction through the Ten Realms, the War of Wars has been stopped in the last realm standing.
Midgard.
Now the healing begins.
Sindr of Muspelheim. You are under arrest in the name of Asgard.
And Queens!
You will answer for your war crimes before a tribunal of the Realms.
Heh. You think those were CRIMES? That was me just getting started.
The grieving.

THE SCARRING.
WHERE IS HE?
IS IT TRUE HE'S... HE'S...
AYE, LADY FREYJA.
LOKI IS ALIVE.
ALIVE ENOUGH TO HAVE SLAIN HIS FATHER.
LAUFEY WAS EMPOWERED WITH THE CASKET OF ANCIENT WINTERS. HE WOULD'VE FROZEN THE ENTIRE REALM. I CANNOT BELIEVE I'M SAYING THIS, BUT...
...LOKI SAVED US ALL.
PERHAPS HE'S FINALLY PROVING HIMSELF WORTHY OF THE FAITH YOU'VE SOMEHOW HAD IN HIM ALL ALONG, MOTHER.
OH BALDER, WHERE IS HE? WHERE IS MY SON?

"WHERE IS LOKI, HERO OF THE REALMS?"
JOTUNHEIM. REALM OF GIANTS.
KING LAUFEY IS DEAD. THE FIERCEST OF ALL THE FROST GIANTS HAS FALLEN IN THE WAR OF THE REALMS AT THE HANDS OF HIS GREATEST ENEMY.
ME.
HIS LOVING LITTLE SON.
DO YOU FROZEN FOOLS KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS?!
ALL HAIL LOKI, KING OF THE FROST GIANTS!
HEH. DADDY WOULD BE SO PROUD.
IF I HADN'T CARVED HIS HEART OUT FROM THE INSIDE.

NIFFLEHEIM.
LAND OF THE DEAD.
no.
not the SHORE OF CORPSES.
not this WRETCHED, ELF-FORSAKEN PLACE.
not AGAIN.
I AM NOT GOING BACK IN THE PIT OF WOE.
I AM MALEKITH THE ACCURSED, AND NO PRISON CAN HOLD ME!
not even DEATH!
YOU'RE QUITE RIGHT.

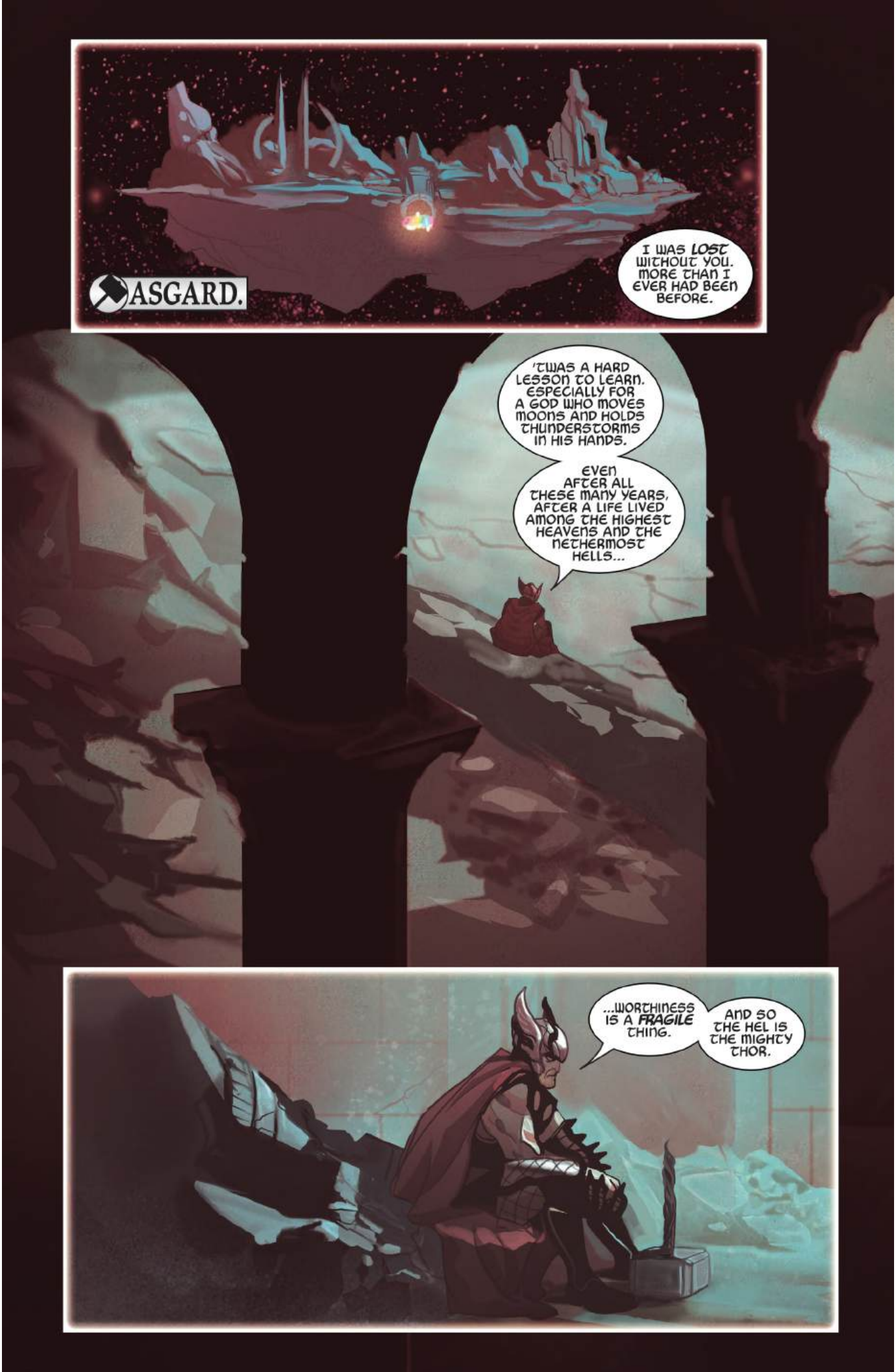
YOU ESCAPED FROM THE HALL OF NASTROND ONCE BEFORE. THE SPIDER WARDENS ARE STILL QUITE CROSS ABOUT THAT.
BUT THE REALM OF THE DEAD IS UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT NOW. AND THE QUEENS OF HEL HAVE OTHER PLANS FOR THE GRAND ARCHITECT OF THE GREATEST WAR IN HISTORY.
HELA. KARNILLA. IT WILL TAKE FAR MORE THAN MY BEING TORN APART BY DOGS BEFORE I'M WILLING TO BOW BEFORE YOU OR ANYONE ELSE IN THESE BOG-DAMNED REALMS.
OH MALEKITH. ARROGANT EVEN IN THE FACE OF UTTER DEFEAT AND RUIN.
DEATH ALONE, NO MATTER HOW HORRIBLE AND HUMILIATING, SIMPLY ISN'T ENOUGH TO HUMBLE AN EGOMANIAC OF YOUR CALIBER, IS IT?
THAT'S WHY YOU WON'T BE GOING TO THE HALL OF NASTROND. AND AS FOR THOSE DOGS YOU SPOKE OF...

DID YOU KNOW THEY ALL DROPPED DEAD SOON AFTER EATING YOU? APPARENTLY ALL THAT DARK MAGIC ROTTING YOUR INSIDES PROVED QUITE POISONOUS TO THEM.
STRANGELY ENOUGH, IT ALSO LEFT THEM... STARVING FOR MORE.
HA. SO THIS IS YOUR PLAN? TO HAVE ME DEVOURED BY MY OWN WAR BEASTS OVER AND OVER AGAIN FOR ALL ETERNITY?
NOT BAD. I DO RESPECT YOUR ATTEMPT AT DEPRAVITY.
BUT YOU WILL NEVER BREAK ME. NOT WITH A THOUSAND DOGS AND A BILLION ETERNITIES.
HEH. HE DOESN'T REALIZE, KARNILLA, DOES HE?

THE DOGS AREN'T HUNGRY FOR THE POISONED PARTS OF YOU. AND I'M AFRAID THAT'S ALL WE'VE LEFT YOU, DEAR.
SEE, WHEN WE REASSEMBLED THE TORN SHREDS OF YOUR SOUL FROM THEIR STOMACHS, WELL...WE FOUND SOMETHING.
SOMETHING BURIED SO DEEP, YOU'D PROBABLY FORGOTTEN IT WAS EVEN THERE.

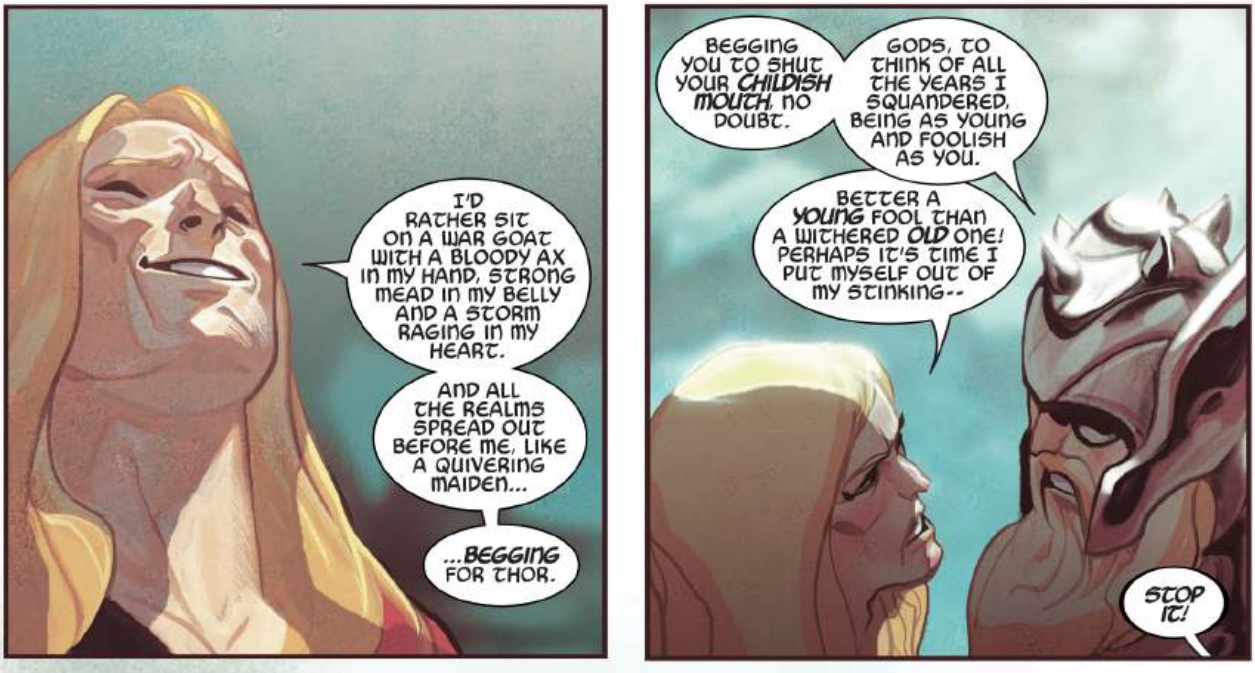
WE WEREN'T SURE WHAT IT WAS AT FIRST... SO...WE ASKED IT.
MOTHER OF MAGGOTS, IT CAN'T BE...
AND IT TOLD US QUITE A TRAGIC TALE.

IS THE WAR FINALLY OVER?
CAN I STOP BURNING BODIES NOW?
A TALE OF A YOUNG ELF SOLD INTO SLAVERY.
FOR TWO SACKS OF SNAKE LIVERS AND HALF A BARREL OF PICKLED TOADS.
SOLD BY HIS OWN MOTHER.
SOLD INTO WAR.
NO... HE'S...ME AS A BOY.
WAR IS THE FIRE THAT FORGES ELVES' SOULS. SO LONG AS MALEKITH LIVES, THERE WILL ALWAYS BE WAR.
AND THERE MUST ALWAYS BE WAR. FOR WITHOUT WAR... WHAT ARE YOU?
YOU MONSTERS! HE'S ALL I HAVE LEFT OF MYSELF!
MY TRUE SELF. LEAVE HIM BE!
HE'S WHY YOU FIGHT. HE'S WHY YOU'LL NEVER STOP WAGING WAR, EVEN IN DEATH.
SO IF WE WANT TO MAKE YOU SUFFER, TRULY SUFFER--
AND WE DO.
--IF WE WANT TO END YOUR WAR ONCE AND FOR ALL...THE ANSWER IS CLEAR.
THE DOGS WON'T BE SPENDING ETERNITY WITH YOU, MALEKITH.
THEY'LL BE WITH HIM.
NOOOO!!!
DID...DID I DO SOMETHING WRONG?


ASGARD.
I WAS LOST WITHOUT YOU. MORE THAN I EVER HAD BEEN BEFORE.
'TWAS A HARD LESSON TO LEARN. ESPECIALLY FOR A GOD WHO MOVES MOONS AND HOLDS THUNDERSTORMS IN HIS HANDS.
EVEN AFTER ALL THESE MANY YEARS, AFTER A LIFE LIVED AMONG THE HIGHEST HEAVENS AND THE NETHERMOST HELLS...
...WORTHINESS IS A FRAGILE THING.
AND SO THE HEL IS THE MIGHTY THOR.

I PRAY... THAT NEVER CHANGES.
THE DAY I STOP STRUGGLING TO BE WORTHY IS THE DAY I LOSE THE STORM FOR GOOD. AND THE DAY...
...GORR IS PROVEN RIGHT ONCE AND FOR ALL.
I KNOW NOT WHAT YOU ARE ANYMORE, MJOLNIR.
IT WAS THE STORM OF THE FOUR THORS THAT BROUGHT YOU BACK. THAT REFORGED YOU IN THE SUN.
AND I CAN FEEL SOME REMNANT OF THE GOD TEMPEST STILL ROARING INSIDE YOU. AS BEFORE, YOU ARE NO MERE ENCHANTED CHUNK OF URU.
YOU ARE ALIVE. JUST AS SURE AS YOU'VE GIVEN LIFE TO ME.
WE ARE BOUND IN BLOOD AND THUNDER FOREVER, MY FRIEND. BOTH OF US REBORN, RENEWED.
AND NOW, WITH THE GREAT WAR FINALLY AT AN END, TOGETHER WE MUST DECIDE...

...WHO WE ARE MEANT TO BE.
I CAN ANSWER THAT FOR YOU.
YOU'RE MEANT TO BE ME, THOR.
THE KING OF ASGARD.
THE GREATEST ALL-FATHER WHO EVER LIVED.
AND ALSO THE WORST.
BUT I'LL LET YOU FIGURE THAT PART OUT FOR YOURSELF.
TO HEL WITH ADORNING CHAIRS!
I DON'T WANT TO GROW UP TO BE EITHER DAMN ONE OF YOU!


I'D RATHER SIT ON A WAR GOAT WITH A BLOODY AX IN MY HAND, STRONG MEAD IN MY BELLY AND A STORM RAGING IN MY HEART.
AND ALL THE REALMS SPREAD OUT BEFORE ME, LIKE A QUIVERING MAIDEN...
...BEGGING FOR THOR.
BEGGING YOU TO SHUT YOUR CHILDISH MOUTH, NO DOUBT.
GODS, TO THINK OF ALL THE YEARS I SQUANDERED, BEING AS YOUNG AND FOOLISH AS YOU.
BETTER A YOUNG FOOL THAN A WITHERED OLD ONE! PERHAPS IT'S TIME I PUT MYSELF OUT OF MY STINKING--
STOP IT!

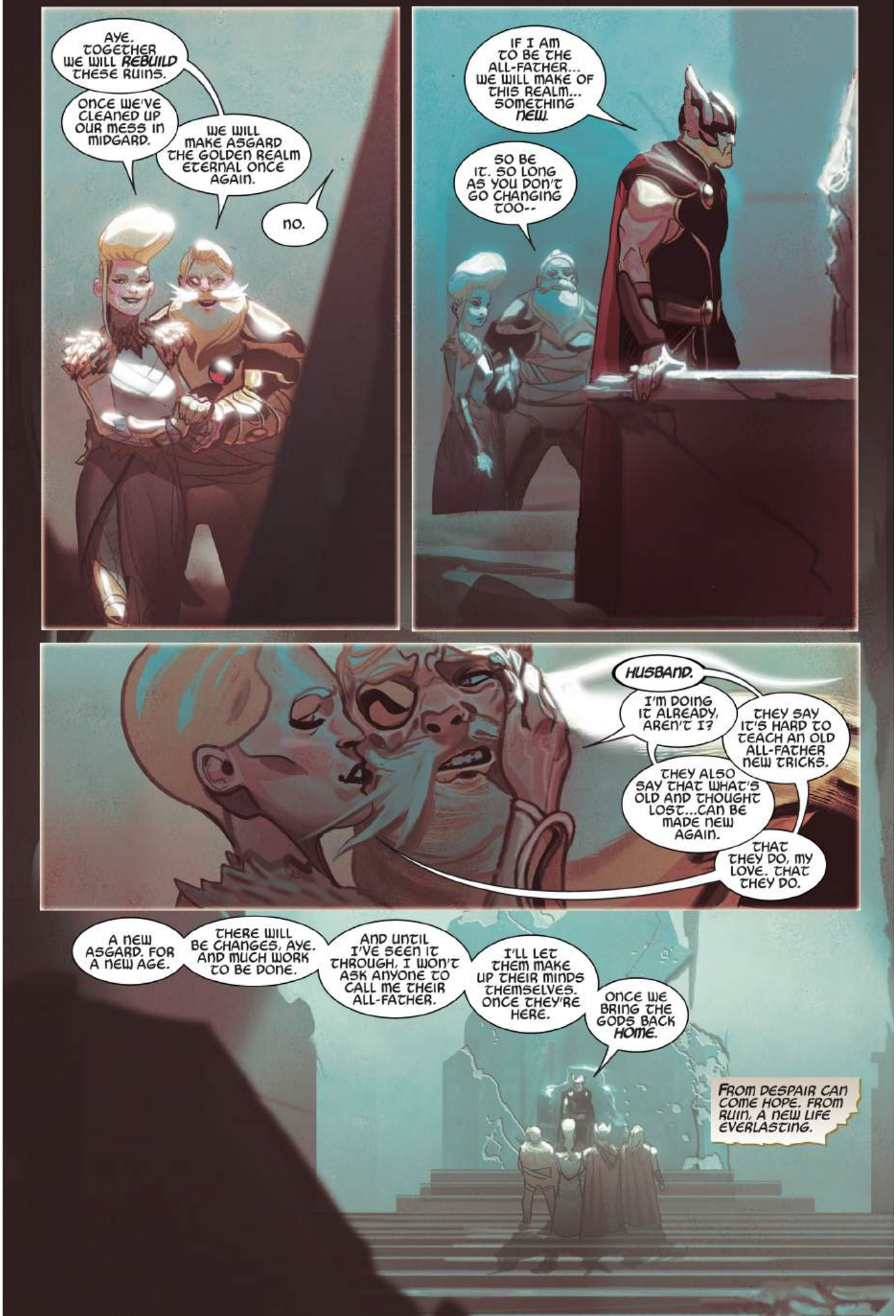
THIS ISN'T ABOUT EITHER OF YOU. IT'S ABOUT ME.
AND WHILE THERE MAY BE A VESTIGE OF EACH OF YOU INSIDE ME, I AM STILL MY OWN THOR.

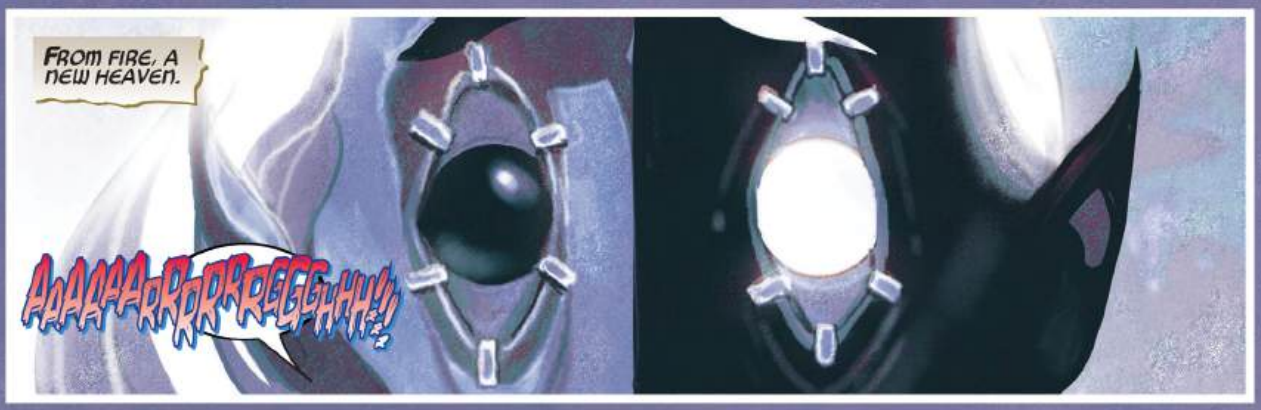
I WILL NEVER ABANDON THE REALMS.
YET I CANNOT TURN MY BACK ON ASGARD. ESPECIALLY NOW, IN ITS HOUR OF GREATEST RUIN.
BUT IF THIS IS THE PATH I MUST WALK...I FEAR THERE IS STILL ONE THING I NEED.

I KNOW WHAT YOU NEED, THUNDER GOD.
I'VE ALWAYS KNOWN.
I WAS JUST TOO WEAK, TOO MUCH OF A DAMNED COWARD.
BUT NOT ANYMORE.
ODIN...
...IS THE WAY AND THE WRATH AND THE WONDER.
ODIN IS THE ALL-GOD. ODIN IS ASGARD.
ODIN... IS.
AND ODIN...

ODIN IS PROUD OF YOU, THOR.
IN THE NAME OF ALL THE GODS...
...I AM PROUD OF MY SON.
THE HORRORS OF WAR SOMETIMES BRING MORE THAN RUIN.
WAR CAN GIVE BIRTH TO MIRACLES AS WELL.

And war can bring advancement. Destiny fulfilled.
All right.
So I'm finally the greatest giant in all of Jotunheim.
Now what?
New leases on life. Through death.
There must always be...
...a Valkyrie.
The spawning of almighty new legends.
If I do this, if I take this throne... know...
...I cannot do it alone.


AYE. TOGETHER WE WILL REBUILD THESE RUINS.
ONCE WE'VE CLEANED UP OUR MESS IN MIDGARD.
WE WILL MAKE ASGARD THE GOLDEN REALM ETERNAL ONCE AGAIN.
NO.
IF I AM TO BE THE ALL-FATHER... WE WILL MAKE OF THIS REALM... SOMETHING NEW.
SO BE IT. SO LONG AS YOU DON'T GO CHANGING TOO--
HUSBAND.
I'M DOING IT ALREADY, AREN'T I?
THEY SAY IT'S HARD TO TEACH AN OLD ALL-FATHER NEW TRICKS.
THEY ALSO SAY THAT WHAT'S OLD AND THOUGHT LOST...CAN BE MADE NEW AGAIN.
THAT THEY DO, MY LOVE. THAT THEY DO.
A NEW ASGARD. FOR A NEW AGE.
THERE WILL BE CHANGES, AYE. AND MUCH WORK TO BE DONE.
AND UNTIL I'VE SEEN IT THROUGH, I WON'T ASK ANYONE TO CALL ME THEIR ALL-FATHER.
I'LL LET THEM MAKE UP THEIR MINDS THEMSELVES. ONCE THEY'RE HERE.
ONCE WE BRING THE GODS BACK HOME.
FROM DESPAIR CAN COME HOPE. FROM RUIN, A NEW LIFE EVERLASTING.


FROM FIRE, A NEW HEAVEN.
AAAAAARRRRRRRGGGHHH!!

FROM HORROR, A BEAUTY TO BOGGLE THE MIND AND TAKE THE BREATH AWAY, EVEN AMONG THE BREATHLESS.
NOOOOOOO!!! MAKE IT STOP!!! PLEASE, I BEG YOU, I'LL DO ANYTHING!!!
JUST PLEASE DON'T MAKE ME WATCH!!!

FROM SUFFERING COMES JUSTICE.
HRRRAAAAGGH!!!
NICE TOUCH SEWING HIS EYES OPEN.
YES, I DO BELIEVE WE'VE FOUND THE PERFECT PUNISHMENT FOR THE ARCHITECT OF THE WAR OF THE REALMS.
FORCED TO LOOK UPON HIS GREATEST HORROR FOR ALL ETERNITY. I BELIEVE THIS CALLS FOR A TOAST.

FROM SIN, DIVINE RETRIBUTION.
HERE'S TO MALEKITH THE ACCURSED. LONG MAY HE SUFFER.
INDEED.
AND HERE'S TO MALEKITH THE ELF BOY, THE CORPSE BURNER, THE WAR SLAVE...

Through war comes peace.
Long may he frolic.
And freedom never-ending.
Never-ending, like the screams of Malekith.
Screaming for the loss of his self.
And the horror of what could have been.
AAAAAAAARRRRGGGHH!!

THOR | 16

"Once Upon a Time in Asgard"

MIDGARD.
MISSISSIPPI.
"FS, THEY SAID. A WHOLE MILE WIDE. STAYED ON THE GROUND PERT NEAR ALL DAY."
TOOK THE CHURCH RIGHT DOWN TO THE DAD-GUM FOUNDATION. IT'S A WONDER NOBODY WAS KILT.
WE COULDN'T NEVER AFFORD NO INSURANCE. AND THERE AIN'T EXACTLY A BUNCH O' TONY STARKS IN THIS HERE CONGREGATION. WEREN'T NO WAY WE WAS GO'N BE ABLE TO REBUILD.
BUT WE SURE PRAYED ABOUT IT. THAT WE COULD DO. AND WELL, I GUESS IT'S LIKE THE GOOD BOOK SAYS...
...GOD WORKS IN MYSTERIOUS WAYS.
THE WOOD IS FROM ASGARD, FRESHLY HEWN BY MASTER BUILDER DWARVES. ONCE WE ARE FINISHED, YOUR CHURCH WILL STAND FOR A THOUSAND YEARS.
YOU DO GOOD WORK IN YOUR COMMUNITY, PASTOR, HELPING PEOPLE IN NEED, NO MATTER THEIR RACE, RELIGION OR SEXUAL IDENTITY. WE NEED MORE CHURCHES LIKE YOURS.
WE DO OUR BEST, SIR. IT'S ALWAYS NICE TO KNOW THERE'S SOMEBODY LOOKING OUT. AND WE SURELY DO APPRECIATE THE HELP...
...BUT A FELLA LIKE YOU, MR. THOR, I GOTTA ASK...ARE YOU SURE THERE AIN'T SOMEWHERE MORE IMPORTANT YOU OUGHTA BE?
NO.

ASGARD.
"WHERE IN THE NAME OF THE GODS IS HE?"
HOW CAN THE BOY RULE ALL OF ASGARD IF HE CANNOT TELL TIME?
BLAST IT. PERHAPS I SHOULD RETHINK THIS ENTIRE--
HAVE FAITH IN YOUR SON, ODIN.
EASY FOR YOU TO SAY.
THOR UNDERSTANDS THE IMPORTANCE OF THIS DAY. AND I PROMISE YOU, HE WILL HONOR IT, AS ONLY HE CAN.
I'D WAGER I'M DRUNKIER. NO ONE IN ALL OF ASGARD IS DRUNKIER THAN YOUNG THOR!
RIGHT. SO HE'S DRUNK THEN?
HMPH. DEFINITELY RETHINKING.

I CAN HEAR ODIN BELLOWING FROM OUT HERE. THAT'S NOT A GOOD SIGN. THOR HASN'T SHOWN, HAS HE?
I HAVE LEARNED OVER THE EONS THAT ALL-FATHERS TEND TO KEEP THEIR OWN TIME. I EXPECT OUR NEW KING THOR WILL BE NO DIFFERENT.
MAYBE I SHOULD GO LOOK FOR HIM, BEFORE ODIN BLOWETH A GASKET.
YOU ARE A VALKYRIE NOW, JANE FOSTER. YOU ARE THE VALKYRIE. IT IS NOT YOUR JOB TO TEND TO THE LIVING.
YEAH, MAYBE SO, BUT HAVEN'T YOU HEARD, HEIMDALL?
LOTS OF THINGS ARE CHANGING AROUND HERE.
AYE. I HAVE HEARD THIS AS WELL.
"BEHOLD THE HEART OF THE NEW BIFROST GARDEN..."

...THE WATCHTOWER TREE! GROWN FROM A VESTIGE OF YGGDRASIL ITSELF...
...FROM THE SAME WORLD TREE THAT BLOSSOMED IN THE SUN DURING THE WAR OF THE REALMS.
AT NIGHT, WHEN THE BRANCHES CRACKLE WITH STARLIGHT, IT SHALL SERVE AS A REMINDER TO ALL THE REALMS OF THE HARD-FOUGHT PEACE WE HAVE WON.
AND THE DILIGENT WORK THAT MUST EVER BE DONE TO MAINTAIN THAT PEACE BY THOSE OF US GATHERED HERE TODAY.
WELL SAID, SENATOR VOLSTAGG. I PRAY I AM UP TO THE TASK OF REPRESENTING MIDGARD IN THIS HALLOWED COUNCIL AND WORKING FOR THE PROSPERITY OF ALL REALMS.
WE ARE GRATEFUL TO HAVE YOU HERE AMONG US, SENATOR T'CHALLA. WELCOME...
...TO THE CONGRESS OF WORLDS.
NOW...FOR OUR FIRST IMPERATIVE PIECE OF BUSINESS, SHALL WE DISCUSS HOW BEST TO ORGANIZE THE LINE FOR THE POST-CORONATION BUFFET? I VOTE WE GO IN ORDER OF VOLUMINOSITY.

TROLLS HARD AT WORK REBUILDING THE TOWERS OF ASGARD...

...IN RETURN FOR A PLACE OF THEIR OWN HERE IN THE REALM ETERNAL. THIS IS SOMETHING I NEVER IMAGINED I WOULD SEE.
AYE, BILL. ALL-FATHER THOR'S FIRST DECISION, TO MAKE PEACE WITH THE TROLLS, WOULD APPEAR TO BE A WISE ONE.
SO...HORSE AND FROG SAY...THOR NO MORE MURDER TROLLS?

YES. APOLOGIES, THOR, BUT IT WOULD APPEAR YOUR TROLL-MURDERING DAYS ARE BEHIND YOU, MY FRIEND.
THOR IS... VERY...ANGRY ABOUT THIS. GRRR.
IS THIS WHAT PEACE FEELS LIKE? LIKE A WET STING IN THE EYE?
PEACE AT LAST. THANK THE DOG-GODS.

RRRGH, I HEAR THE AXES OF MY PEOPLE SLICING THROUGH BEDROCK! THESE STORIES ABOUT TREATIES ARE NOTHING BUT ASGARDIAN LIES!
THE TROLLS ARE COMING FOR THEIR KING! ULIK WILL BE FREED FROM THESE BLASTED ROOT DUNGEONS!
YOU'RE AN IDIOT, ULIK. EVEN FOR A TROLL. FACE IT, YOU'VE LOST. WE ALL HAVE. TO THE MOST WRETCHED FOE OF ALL.
PEACE.
SPEAK FOR YOURSELF, ENCHANTRESS.
THE FIRES OF MUSPELHEIM MELT PEACE INTO TALLOW. MARK MY BLISTERING WORDS... THE QUEEN OF CINDERS WILL BURN AGAIN.
NOT IF WE HAVE ANYTHING TO SAY ABOUT IT.
AND WE MOST ASSUREDLY DO.
YES, SAY HELLO TO ASGARD'S NEWLY APPOINTED MINISTERS OF JUSTICE: HOGUN, FANDRAL AND HILDEGARDE. THE MINISTERS THREE!
HAS THOR STILL NOT ARRIVED? I BETTER NOT HAVE WASHED THE BLOOD OUT OF MY CLOTHES FOR NOTHING.

GAAGGH, THIS IS BEYOND INFURIATING! HOW DOES HE KEEP DOING IT?

ROSALIND, HE'S THOR. SINCE WHEN HAS HE EVER SHOWN UP ON TIME FOR AN ASGARDIAN ROYAL FUNCTION?
I WAGER YOU TWO ELF BLADES HE'S AT LEAST ANOTHER THREE HOURS LATE.
NO, NOT THOR. I MEAN DARIO AGGER.
HE SIDED WITH MALEKITH IN THE WAR OF THE REALMS. HE HAD ROXXON INVADE ANTARCTICA!

AND SOMEHOW HE'S GETTING OFF SCOT-FREE! HE HOLDS A PRESS CONFERENCE AND SAYS IT'S ALL FAKE NEWS AND PEOPLE BELIEVE HIM. HE CLAIMS THE VIDEOS WERE DOCTORED BY WAKANDA.

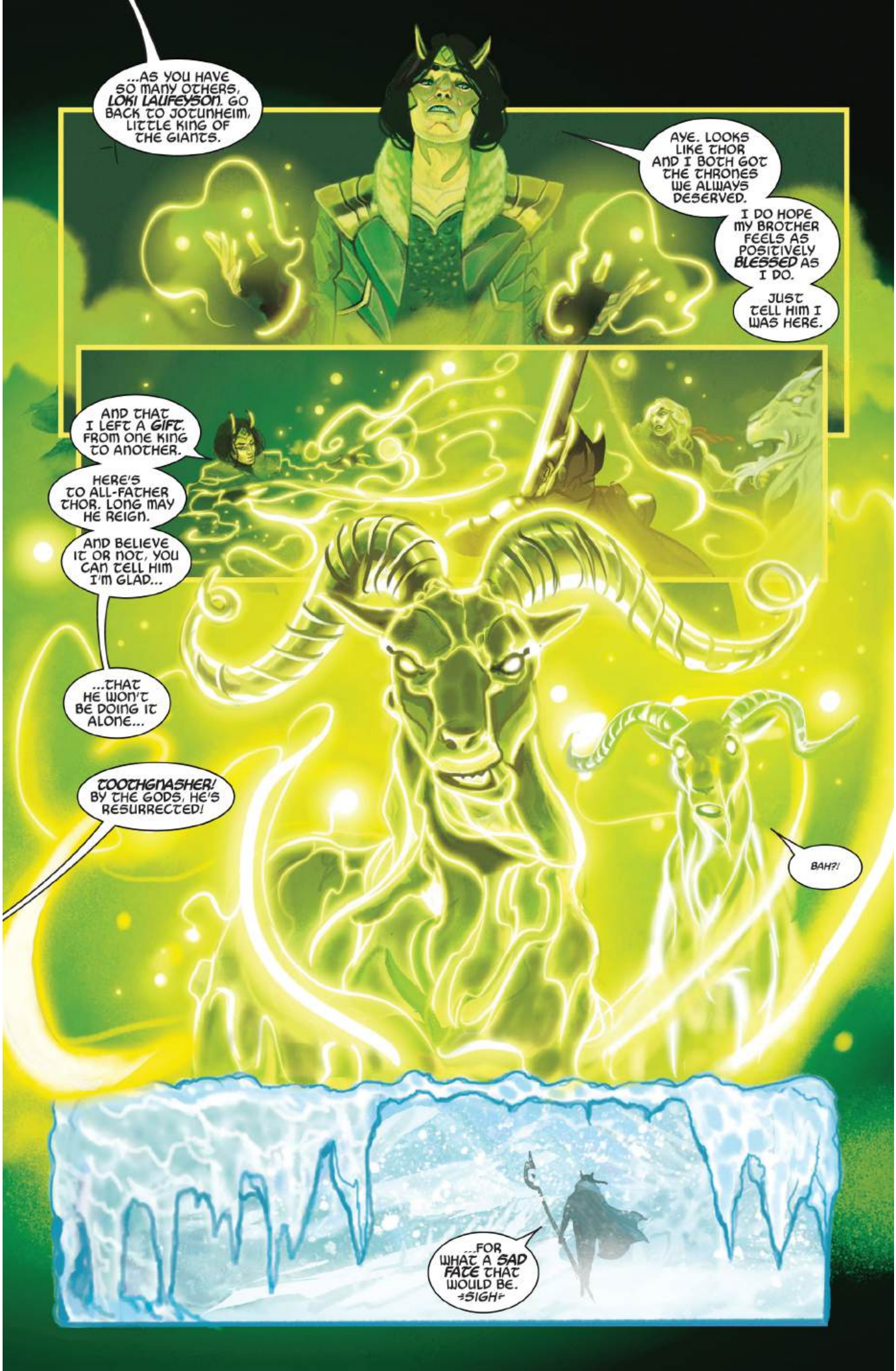
GOD, I WISH I'D SHOT HIM MORE.
WARS NEVER HAVE TIDY ENDS. NOT FOR THE ONES WHO LIVE. ALL WE CAN DO IS RAISE A TOAST TO THE FALLEN... AND CONTINUE THE FIGHT.
YEAH, YOU'RE DEFINITELY RIGHT ABOUT ONE THING, SIF...

I COULD USE A DRINK.
NOT AS MUCH AS ODIN COULD.
SOUND EVERY HORN IN ASGARD! SEND FORTH EVERY RAVEN! AND SOMEONE, ANYONE...

HUMAN ORGAN
FOR TRANSPLANT
"...FIND ME THOR."
IT'S A HEART. A PERFECT MATCH. IF WE CAN GET IT TO SYDNEY IN TIME, THERE'S A CHANCE WE CAN SAVE THE GIRL'S LIFE.
MIDGARD. AUSTRALIA.
BUT THAT'S ALMOST 4,000 KILOMETERS AWAY.
AYE. TELL YOUR PEOPLE THERE TO EXPECT DELIVERY...
...MOMENTARILY.

SVARTALFHEIM.
"NO DEMANDS. THE DARK ELF HASN'T SAID A WORD."
HE WON'T. SCUMTONGUE THE TONGUELESS DOESN'T SPEAK. EXCEPT WITH HIS BLADE.
HE WAS ONE OF MALEKITH'S FAVORITE BUTCHERS. HE INTENDS TO KILL HIS PRISONER, NO DOUBT. AND US AS WELL.
AND YOU'RE SURE ABOUT WHO HE'S HOLDING, LADY WAZIRIA?
AYE. MY SOURCES SAY IT'S ONE OF THE MISSING NORNS.
WE SAVE HER, THERE'S A CHANCE WE SAVE FATE ITSELF. NOT BAD FOR A DAY'S WORK.
I BELIEVE YOU'LL FIND, SIR BALDER, THAT THAT'S THE USUAL KIND OF WORK FOR THOSE OF US HERE...
...IN THE LEAGUE OF REALMS.

ASGARD.
HE'S BEEN FORGETTING THINGS. SIMPLE THINGS. AND GETTING CONFUSED EASILY.
WHAM
OR SOME DAYS ODIN GETS SO LOST IN HIS OWN MEMORIES IT'S LIKE HE'S RELIVING THEM. FOR THE LAST FEW DAYS HE'S BEEN TALKING TO HIS BROTHER. I PRETEND I CANNOT HEAR.
HIS BROTHER? NOT THE CREEPY ONE. CUL, THE GOD OF FEAR? I HEARD NO ONE KNOWS WHAT BECAME OF HIM DURING THE WAR OF THE REALMS.
AYE, MY LADY GAEA.
SOME SAY HE DIED IN SVARTALFHEIM. BUT IF SO, HIS SOUL NEVER MADE IT TO HEL OR VALHALLA. I SUPPOSE THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THE VALKYRIES FALL.
PERHAPS THIS ISN'T THE RIGHT TIME FOR ME TO LEAVE LITTLE LAUSSA AGAIN.
FREYJA. SHE'LL BE FINE. IT TOOK THE TWO OF US TO RAISE THOR, DID IT NOT? WHY WOULD YOUR DAUGHTER BE ANY DIFFERENT?
EVEN IF SHE IS PART FIRE DEMON.
YOU'RE DOING THE RIGHT THING, FREYJA. FOR THE GOOD OF YOUR MARRIAGE. FOR THE GOOD OF THE REALMS.
'TWOULD BE EASIER TO FIGHT ANOTHER WAR.
WARS COME AND GO. BUT AS GODDESSES, OUR TRUE CHALLENGE REMAINS AS RELENTLESS AS EVER.
"THE CHALLENGE OF FAMILY."
I TAKE IT MY BROTHER STILL HASN'T SHOWN? HOW TERRIBLY UNLIKE HIM.
NO, BUT WE KNEW YOU WOULD.
AND WE'RE NOT ABOUT TO LET YOU RUIN THIS DAY...


...AS YOU HAVE SO MANY OTHERS, LOKI LAUFEYSON. GO BACK TO JOTUNHEIM, LITTLE KING OF THE GIANTS.
AYE. LOOKS LIKE THOR AND I BOTH GOT THE THRONES WE ALWAYS DESERVED.
I DO HOPE MY BROTHER FEELS AS POSITIVELY BLESSED AS I DO.
JUST TELL HIM I WAS HERE.
AND THAT I LEFT A GIFT. FROM ONE KING TO ANOTHER.
HERE'S TO ALL-FATHER THOR. LONG MAY HE REIGN.
AND BELIEVE IT OR NOT, YOU CAN TELL HIM I'M GLAD...
...THAT HE WON'T BE DOING IT ALONE...
TOOTHGNASHER! BY THE GODS, HE'S RESURRECTED!
BAH?!
...FOR WHAT A SAD FATE THAT WOULD BE. *SIGH*

SVARTALFHEIM.
I'VE...NEVER PRAYED BEFORE. BEFORE THE WAR, IT WAS NEVER ALLOWED.
SO I'M SORRY...IF I'M NOT DOING IT RIGHT. BUT WE'RE JUST SO HUNGRY HERE. ALL THE FOOD WE HAD WENT TO FEED THE ARMIES.
MALEKITH ONLY EVER TRAINED HIS PEOPLE FOR WAR. I KNOW HOW TO FORGE VENOM-TIPPED, FANG-BARBED ARROWHEADS, BUT NOT HOW TO FARM.
PLEASE... IN THE NAME OF CUL, THE LIBERATOR, SOMEONE HELP US, OR THE DARK ELVES WILL STARVE INTO EXTINCTION.
I SAY THEE NAY!
NO ONE STARVES. NOT TODAY OF ALL DAYS. NOT EVER.
I AM ALL-FATHER THOR. AND I BRING THE TIDINGS OF ASGARD.

THIS IS AN ACT OF WAR! SOMEONE HAS STOLEN THE BUFFET!
HE'S NOT COMING, IS HE?
NO. I DON'T BELIEVE HE IS.
OUR SON DOESN'T WANT TO BE HANDED A CROWN. HE WANTS TO BE OUT THERE, EARNING IT.
BUT...I HAD A WHOLE SPEECH PREPARED.
ABOUT HOW HE CHANGED THE LIVES OF EVERYONE HERE.
SAVED US. INSPIRED US. OUTDRANK US.
SHOWED US HOW TO SOAR AS A GOD. TO WALK AS A MAN. TO RAGE AS THE MIGHTIEST OF STORMS.

HE SHOWED US HOW TO FALL WITH GRACE. AND RISE AGAIN... STRONGER THAN EVER.
HOW TO RISE ABOVE OUR UNWORTHINESS. BY OWNING IT.
I WANTED TO SPEAK OF... HOW HE SHOWED US THESE THINGS AND SO MUCH MORE. ALL OF US.
NONE MORE SO THAN ME.
I WANTED TO TELL MY SON... THAT MY GREATEST PRIDE AS A FATHER...IS TO SEE MYSELF SURPASSED BY HIM...IN EVERY WAY.
ODIN HUNG THE STARS AND CREATED ALL LIFE AS WE KNOW IT. BUT COME THE BLACK END OF TIME, IF I AM TO BE REMEMBERED AT ALL...IT WILL BE...FOR SIRING THOR.
AND THAT...IS AS IT SHOULD BE.
AND I WANTED TO THANK THOR...FOR HIS GREATEST FEAT OF ALL.
EVEN MORE THAN WINNING THE WAR OF THE REALMS. HE WON THE SEEMINGLY IMPOSSIBLE. BY REUNITING ME WITH MY SENSES.
AND WITH THE ONE TRUE LOVE OF MY ENTIRE IMMORTAL LIFE.
I WANTED TO SAY THESE THINGS. BUT I NEVER GOT THE CHANCE.
OH, YOU ONE-EYED FOOL. I'M SURE YOUR SPEECH WOULD'VE DRONED ON TOO LONG AND DEVOLVED INTO CURSING BY THE END.
AND YOU'D HAVE BEEN WRONG. ABOUT THAT LAST PART AT LEAST. IT WASN'T THOR WHO BROUGHT US BACK TOGETHER.
IT WASN'T?

COME, HUSBAND.
WHERE ARE WE GOING?
AWAY FROM THIS PLACE FOR A WHILE. JUST YOU AND I.
BUT WHAT OF ASGARD? IT'S STILL BEING REBUILT...
AYE.

AND WE LEAVE IT IN GOOD HANDS.
OF COURSE HE DIDN'T SHOW!
A STORM DOESN'T WAIT FOR A CORONATION BEFORE IT DECIDES TO GO BE A STORM!
BUT TRUST YOUR NEW VALKYRIE, ASGARDIANS--IF WE SAY THIS LOUD ENOUGH, HE'LL HEAR US WHEREVER HE'S AT!

HERE'S TO ALL-FATHER THOR!
LONG MAY HE THUNDER!

LONG MAY HE THUNDER!!!
I SUPPOSE WE SHOULD GET BACK TO OUR OWN TIMES.
AYE. I MISS THE SMELL OF VIKINGS.
AND I MISS MY GRANDDAUGHTERS.
GRANDDAUGHTERS? GODS, DON'T TELL ME I GET MARRIED SOMEDAY?!
BOY, IN THE YEARS TO COME, YOU WILL DO MANY THINGS YOU CANNOT YET IMAGINE. TRY TO SLOW DOWN EVERY NOW AND AGAIN TO ENJOY THE GOOD ONES.
AND TRY NOT TO DRINK AWAY ALL OF THE BAD. YOU MIGHT LEARN A THING FROM A FEW OF THEM.
SO FAR I'VE LEARNED THAT I'LL STILL BE ABLE TO BRING A BIT OF THUNDER, EVEN WHEN I'M A TRILLION YEARS OLD.
FARE THEE WELL, OLD MAN.
FARE THEE WELL, YOUNG THUNDER GOD.
LET ME TAKE A WILD GUESS AS TO WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO DO THE MOMENT YOU GET HOME...

YOU CAN WAIT.
HEIMDALL! READY THE BIFROST! AND TELL MIDGARD TO READY ITS WINE AND WOMEN AND LESSER GODS IN NEED OF SMITING!
FOR THE MIGHTY THOR HAS A LIFE TO LIVE BEFORE HE GROWS OLD!

FROM THE RUINS OF THE PAST... TO THE CRUMBLING DESOLATION OF THE FUTURE.
ALL THAT WORK YET TO BE DONE FOR THE NEWLY CROWNED ALL-FATHER...ALL ULTIMATELY FOR NAUGHT.
IF ONLY I COULD'VE TOLD HIM WHAT A CURSE THAT CROWN WILL BE.
CONGRATULATIONS, KING THOR. NOW YOU GET TO OUTLIVE EVERYONE YOU'VE EVER KNOWN.
EVERY REALM. EVERY WORLD YOU'VE EVER SAVED.
YOU WILL BE THERE TO WATCH THE FINAL WHIMPERING DEATH OF YOUR ENTIRE UNIVERSE.
AND BE UNABLE TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT.
HOW DOES THAT SOUND, OH MIGHTY KING?
GRRRGGH!!!
HA!

SOUNDS ABOUT RIGHT TO ME!

KING THOR | 1

"Twilight of the Thunder God"

It was built with trimmings from the clay of creation and fired with embers that lit the first sun.
Erected by the lords of the dawn, begetters of the elder gods, as a place of divine fellowship and holy knowledge.
For billions of years, its halls teemed with gods from every corner of reality. And the heavens were a place brimming with life and wonder and infinite promise.
But now the universe is a trembling invalid collapsing in upon itself and wheezing its last...
...its celestial marrow decayed, its stars turned to blackened sores, its galactic arteries still and bloodless.
And there is only one god left in all of Omnipotence City to bear witness to the feeble, palsied end of all that ever was.
But today he has visitors.
This place smells of death, sisters. And not the fun kind.

THERE'S A FUN KIND OF DEATH SMELL?
AYE, LIKE WHEN WARM, GUSHING TROLL BLOOD MELTS FRESHLY FALLEN SNOW. BUT THIS...THIS IS THE SLOW, ROTTING KIND OF DEATH.
GODS, I HOPE I DIE BEFORE I GET OLD.
WE SHOULDN'T BE HERE.
I'M STARTING TO THINK ATLI MIGHT BE RIGHT ABOUT THAT LAST PART.
I KNOW YOU HOPED THIS ANCIENT "NEXUS OF THE GODS" MIGHT HOLD SOME ANSWERS, ELLI, BUT THERE'S NOTHING LEFT HERE.
THAT CAN'T BE TRUE, FRIGG. THE WISDOM OF ALL THE AGES WAS KEPT IN THIS PLACE.
THIS WAS THE GREATEST LIBRARY IN THE HISTORY OF DIVINE KNOWLEDGE. THIS...
...WAS THE HALLS OF ALL-KNOWING.
YEAH, WELL NOW IT'S A BUNCH OF ROTTEN BOOKS THAT SMELL LIKE A LEPER'S BEEN USING THEM FOR A TOILET.
LET'S GO.
SPLAT

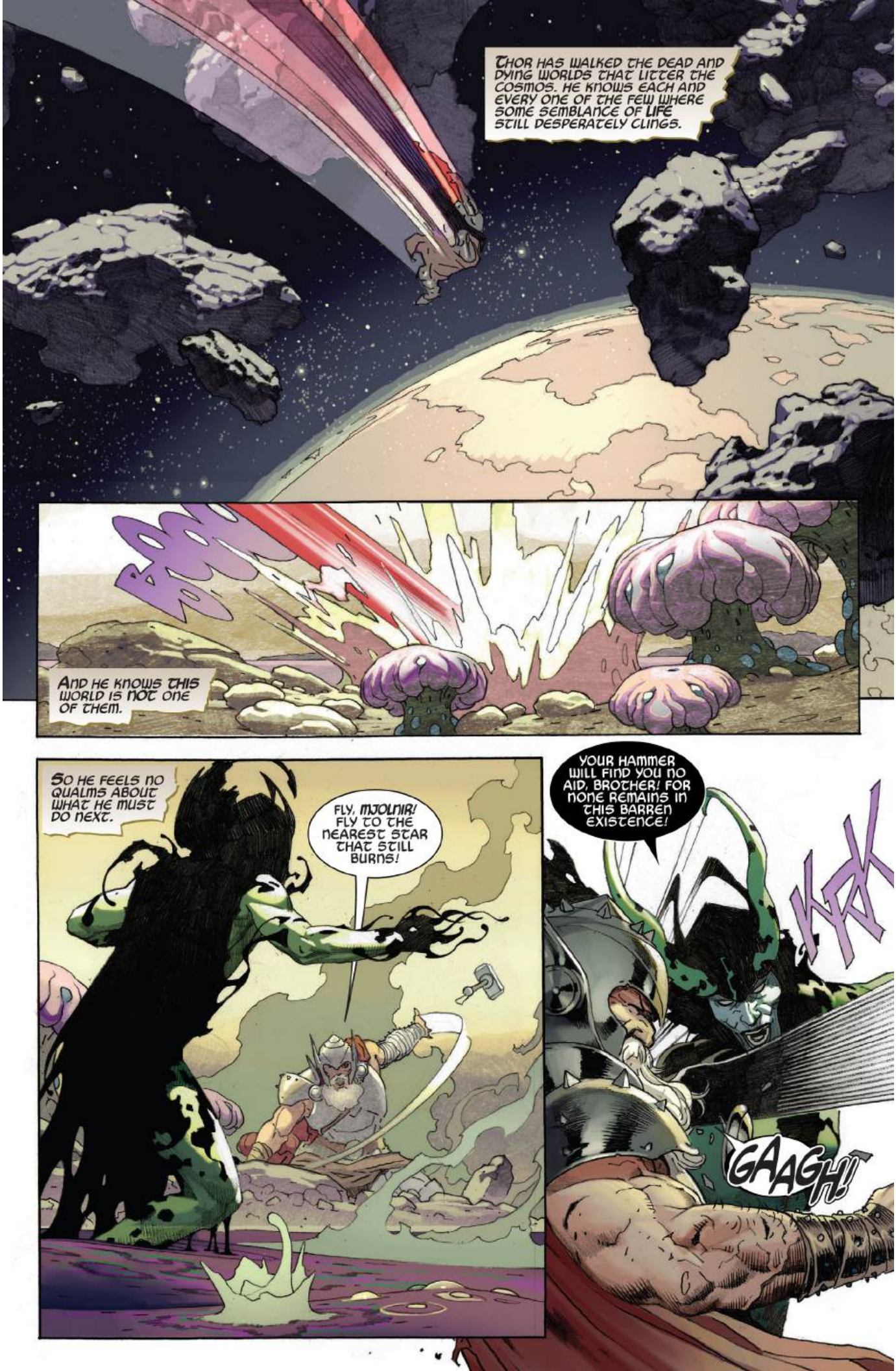
ELLI...I'M SORRY, BUT WE NEED TO GET BACK TO ASGARD.
WE SHOULD BE PREPARING FOR THE FIGHT WE KNOW IS COMING.
SO MUCH HAS BEEN LOST, ALL ACROSS THE COSMOS. HOW IS LIFE SUPPOSED TO ENDURE WHEN EVEN THE GODS CANNOT PERSEVERE?
I CAN ANSWER THAT.
IT'S NOT.
IT'S ALL SUPPOSED TO DIE.
EVERY LAST LITTLE SPECK OF LIFE.
BUT THEN... SO WAS I. A LONG, LOOOONG TIME AGO. AND HERE I AM.
I AM... STILL ALIVE, AREN'T I?
YOU'D TELL ME IF I WASN'T? BECAUSE I WOULD... I WOULD WANT TO KNOW THAT.

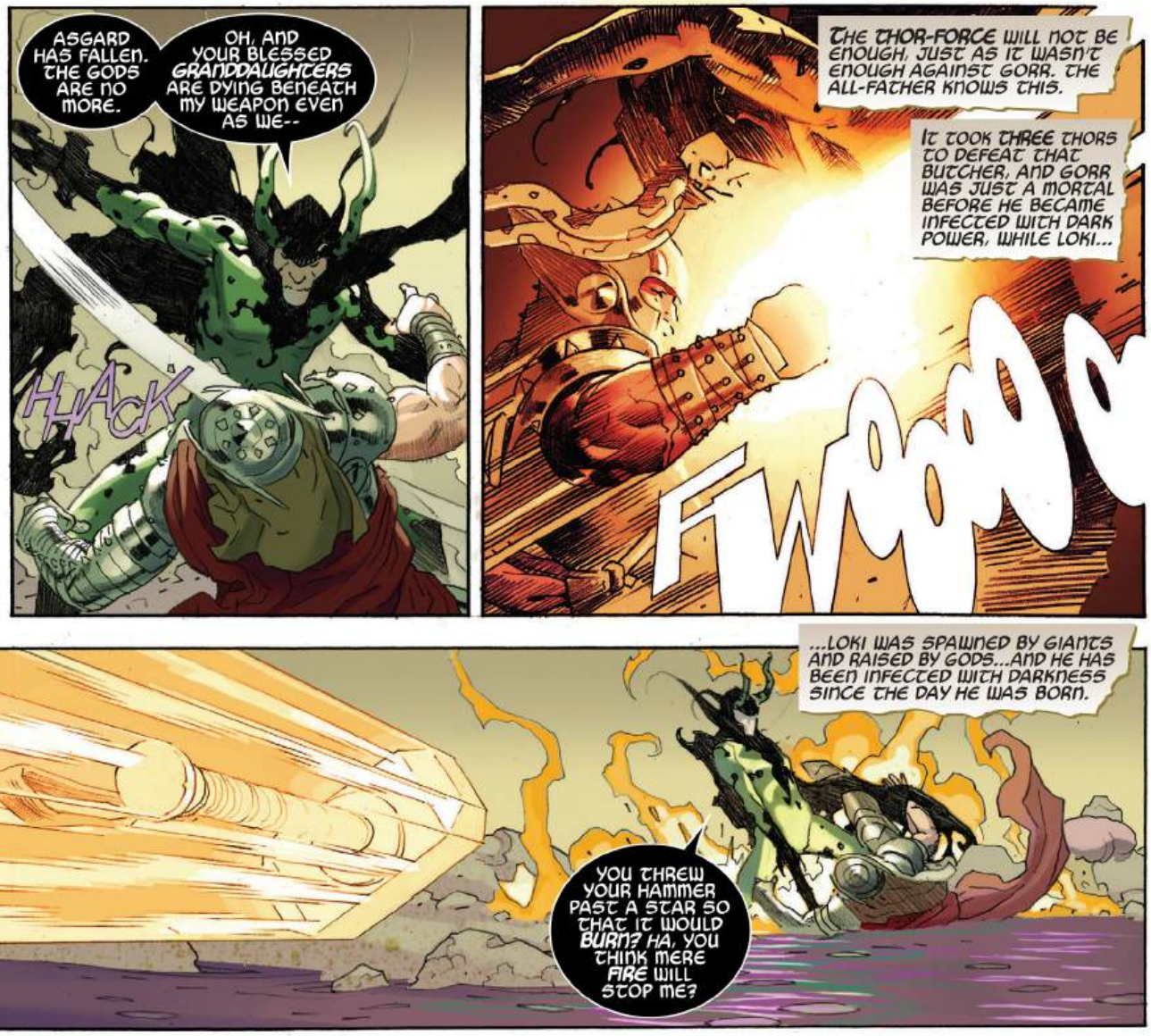
TERRIFIC. WE FOUND A MADMAN.
ARE YOU... THE LORD HIGH LIBRARIAN?
HE KEPT THE BOOKS ALIVE FOR AS LONG AS HE COULD. AND ONCE HE COULDN'T FEED HIMSELF ANYMORE, I DID IT FOR HIM. FOR JUST A FEW MILLION YEARS.
HE WAS... MY FRIEND. WHETHER HE LIKED IT OR NOT.
MY NAME IS SHADRAK, GOD OF... OF...
I'M AFRAID I CAN'T REMEMBER WHAT I WAS ONCE THE GOD OF ANYMORE. OF THINGS FORGOTTEN, I SUPPOSE.
DID YOU KNOW...THERE USED TO BE TEN ENTIRE REALMS? BUT NOW...THEY'RE ALL MERELY ASH. JUST LIKE THE GODS.
TIME DID WHAT GORR THE GOD BUTCHER COULDN'T.
GODS. THAT'S WHY WE'RE HERE. THEY CAN'T ALL BE GONE. CAN YOU TELL US HOW TO FIND ANY WHO ARE LEFT? ANY WHO COULD STAND WITH US AGAINST... WHAT WE KNOW IS COMING.
YES, I KNOW WHY YOU'VE COME ALL THE WAY FROM ASGARD, YOUNG LADIES OF THUNDER.
THE ANNIHILABLADE. THE GOD-SLAYER.
IT PASSED FROM KNULL TO GORR TO THOR TO GALACTUS TO EGO.
AND NOW... BY THE DIAMOND MOONS OF OGHOGHO, NOW ALL-BLACK THE NECROSWORD HAS GONE TO--

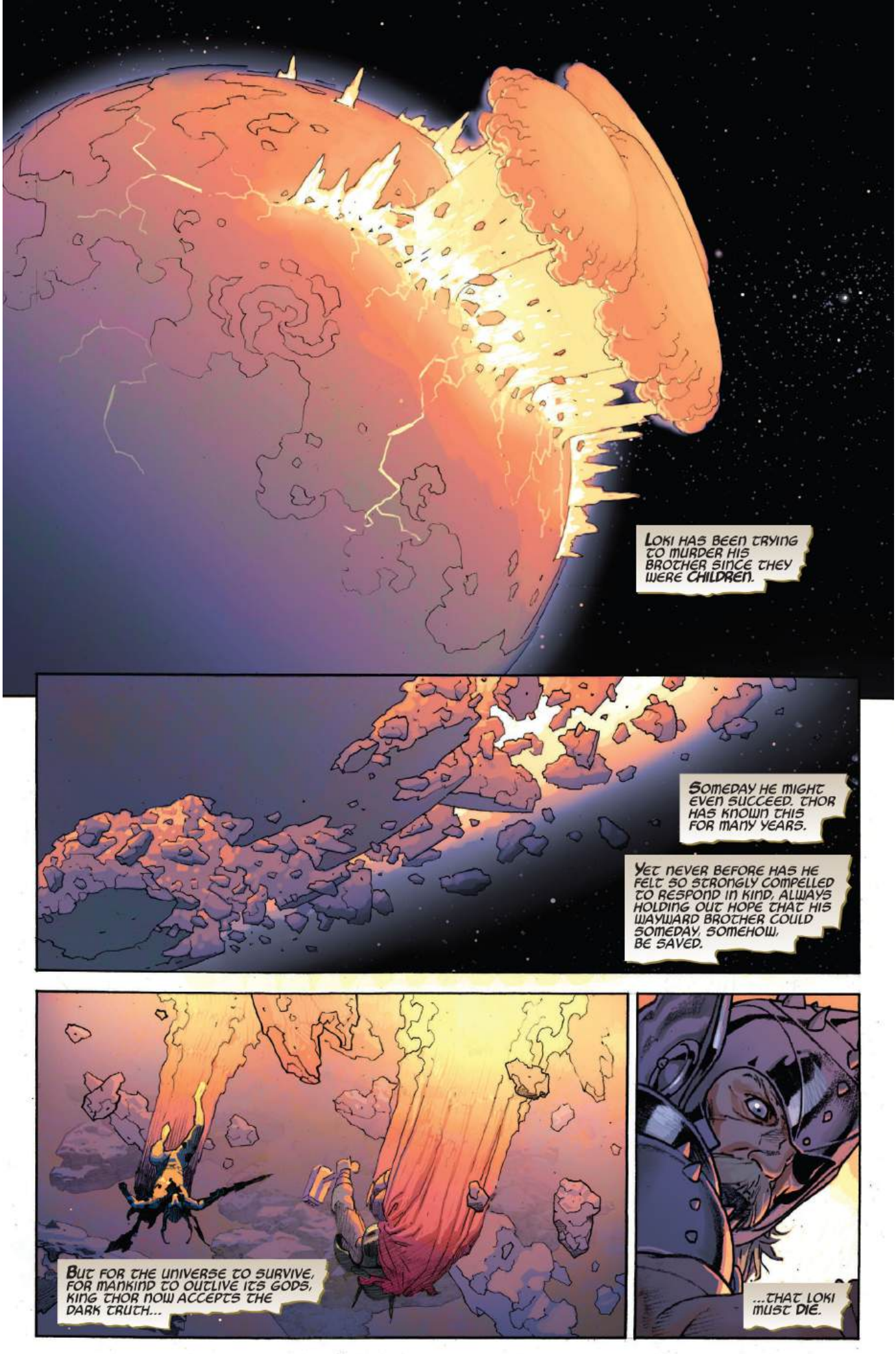
NO!
SLICE
ARRRGGGH!
NECRO-RAVENS! THIS IS HIS WORK!
COME OUT AND FACE US, "UNCLE," YOU BEARDLESS COWARD!
SHADRAK, I KNOW THE POWER HE WIELDS. I'VE READ THE ANCIENT STORIES OF KNULL. I SAW WHAT GORR DID WITH MY OWN EYES. WE HAVE TO FIND A WAY TO HELP OUR GRANDFATHER OR--
NO, YOU DON'T KNOW THE STORY, YOUNG GODDESS OF THUNDER. NOT THE WHOLE STORY. BECAUSE...
BECAUSE IT HASN'T FINISHED WRITING ITSELF YET. AND GODS HELP US, THIS NEXT CHAPTER...
THE SAGA OF THE GOD BUTCHER

"...BELONGS TO LOKI."
BROTHERS.
MORTAL ENEMIES SINCE TIME IMMEMORIAL.
THEY HAVE FOUGHT MORE BATTLES THAN CAN BE COUNTED.
BUT NEVER LIKE THIS.
NEVER WITH THIS MUCH POWER BETWEEN THEM.
WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THE UNSTOPPABLE ALL-BUTCHER MEETS THE IMMOVABLE THUNDER KING?
BLOOD IS WHAT HAPPENS.
BLOOD AND THE BURNING OF ASGARD.
FOR STARTERS.

YOU REGRET NOT KILLING ME WHEN LAST YOU HAD THE CHANCE, DON'T YOU, THOR?
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE, YOU MONSTER? ASGARD--
GAAARRGH!!!
YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD CHAIN ME IN A PIT OF MUSPELHEIM FIRE VIPERS FOR ALL ETERNITY, EH? BUT I ATE MY WAY THROUGH THEM, BROTHER.
UNTIL MY INSIDES BURNED AND MY TEARS TURNED TO VENOM. I ATE MY WAY TO YOU, OH MIGHTY KING.
ALONG THE WAY, I EVEN DEVOURED AN ENTIRE WORLD. A NECROWORLD. SO NOW...
GRRGGH!!!
NOW I AM LOKI THE NECROGOD. LOKI THE END OF ASGARD.
THE END OF EVERYTHING! STARTING WITH YOU, BROTHER THOR!
BOOM
ALL-FATHER THOR KNOWS THE TRUTH IN LOKI'S WORDS. HE KNOWS THAT NO MATTER THE OUTCOME OF THIS THUNDEROUS CONFRONTATION...
...THE ENTIRE UNIVERSE IS DOOMED.

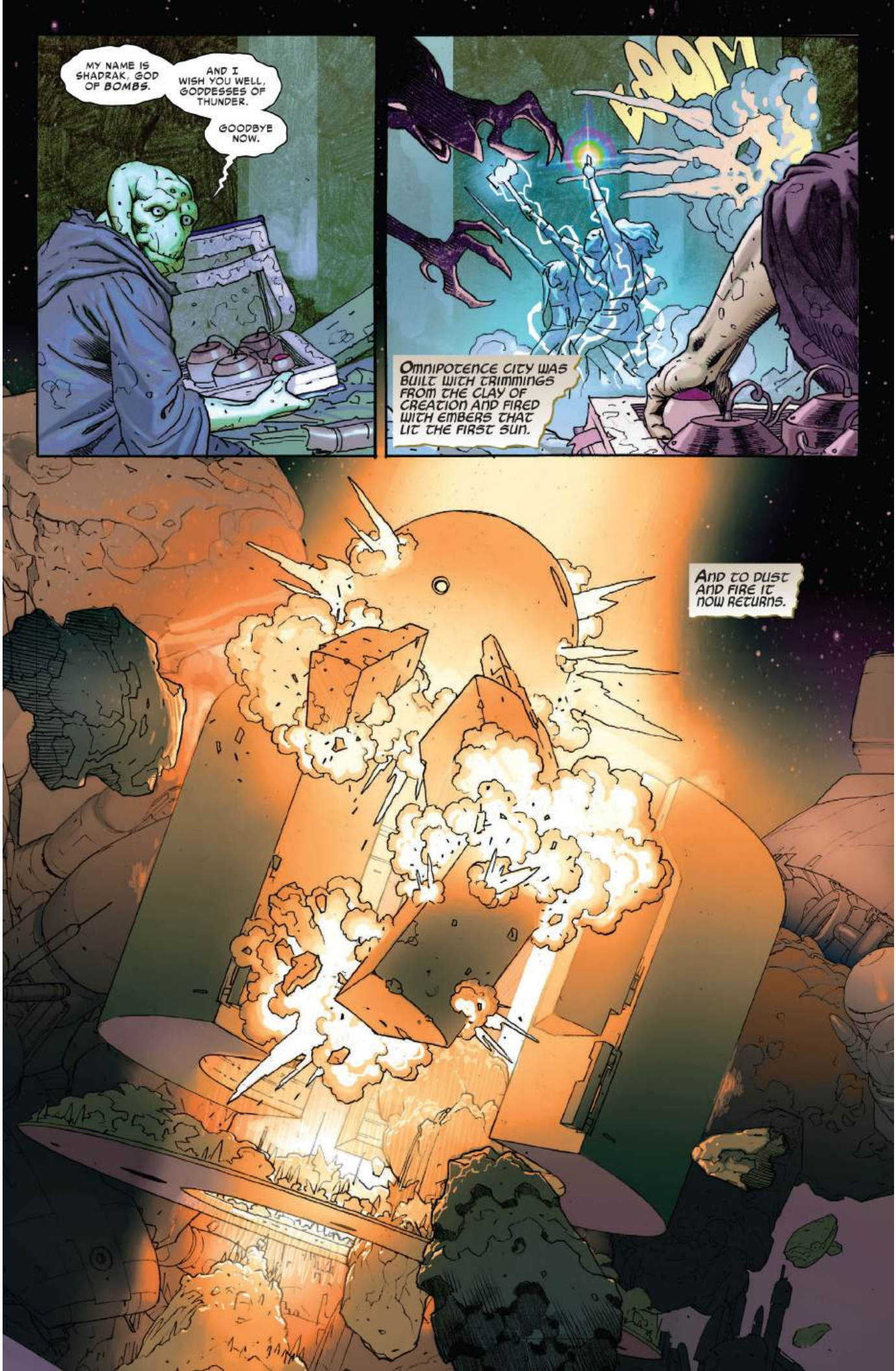

THOR HAS WALKED THE DEAD AND DYING WORLDS THAT LITTER THE COSMOS. HE KNOWS EACH AND EVERY ONE OF THE FEW WHERE SOME SEMBLANCE OF LIFE STILL DESPERATELY CLINGS.
BOOM
AND HE KNOWS THIS WORLD IS NOT ONE OF THEM.
SO HE FEELS NO QUALMS ABOUT WHAT HE MUST DO NEXT.
FLY, MJOLNIR! FLY TO THE NEAREST STAR THAT STILL BURNS!
YOUR HAMMER WILL FIND YOU NO AID, BROTHER! FOR NONE REMAINS IN THIS BARREN EXISTENCE!
KRK
GAAGH!

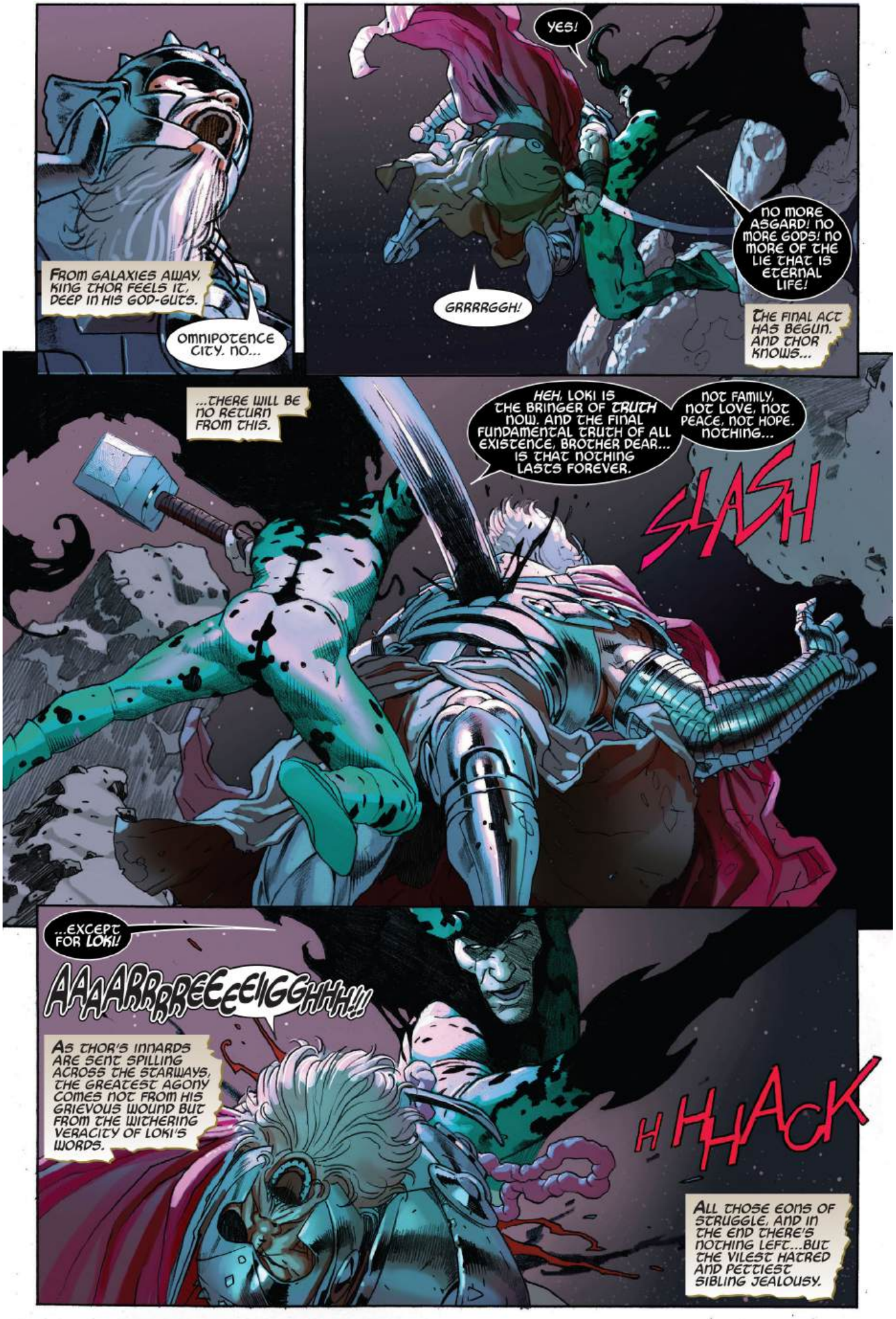

ASGARD HAS FALLEN. THE GODS ARE NO MORE.
OH, AND YOUR BLESSED GRANDDAUGHTERS ARE DYING BENEATH MY WEAPON EVEN AS WE--
HYACK
THE THOR-FORCE WILL NOT BE ENOUGH, JUST AS IT WASN'T ENOUGH AGAINST GORR. THE ALL-FATHER KNOWS THIS.
IT TOOK THREE THORS TO DEFEAT THAT BUTCHER, AND GORR WAS JUST A MORTAL BEFORE HE BECAME INFECTED WITH DARK POWER, WHILE LOKI...
FWOOOP
...LOKI WAS SPAWNED BY GIANTS AND RAISED BY GODS...AND HE HAS BEEN INFECTED WITH DARKNESS SINCE THE DAY HE WAS BORN.
YOU THREW YOUR HAMMER PAST A STAR SO THAT IT WOULD BURN? HA, YOU THINK MERE FIRE WILL STOP ME?
NO.
THE UNIVERSE IS DYING, AND THIS PLANET IS A SIGN OF ITS DISEASE. A GANGRENOUS WORLD THAT OOZES JELLIED ACID LIKE PUS.
BUT I THINK THIS WILL HURT.
A PLANET OF NAPALM.


LOKI HAS BEEN TRYING TO MURDER HIS BROTHER SINCE THEY WERE CHILDREN.
SOMEDAY HE MIGHT EVEN SUCCEED. THOR HAS KNOWN THIS FOR MANY YEARS.
YET NEVER BEFORE HAS HE FELT SO STRONGLY COMPELLED TO RESPOND IN KIND, ALWAYS HOLDING OUT HOPE THAT HIS WAYWARD BROTHER COULD SOMEDAY, SOMEHOW, BE SAVED.
BUT FOR THE UNIVERSE TO SURVIVE, FOR MANKIND TO OUTLIVE ITS GODS, KING THOR NOW ACCEPTS THE DARK TRUTH...
...THAT LOKI MUST DIE.

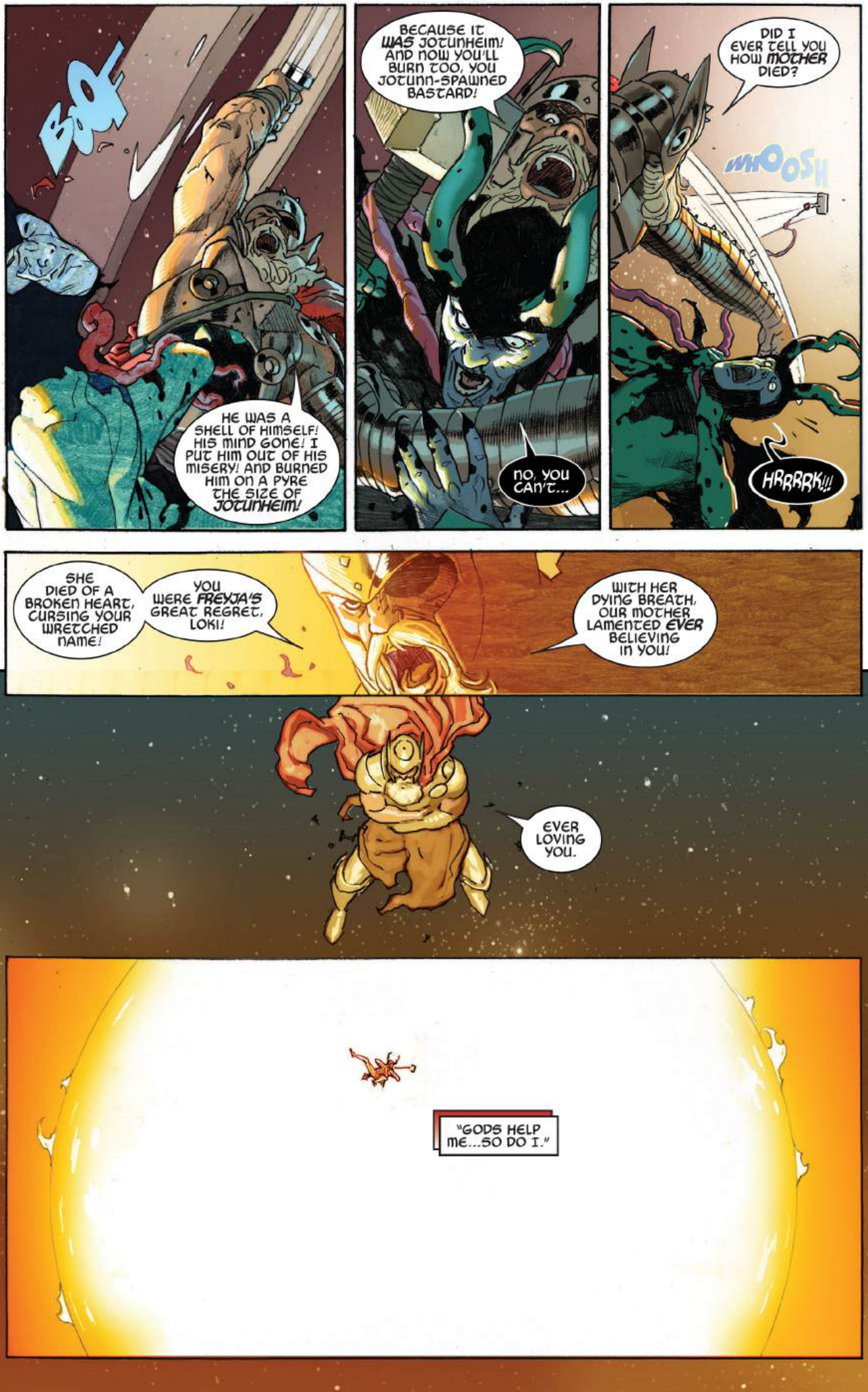
SISTERS... IT'S HAPPENING. DO YOU FEEL IT?
ALL I FEEL, ELLI, IS MY EYES GETTING CLAWED OUT BY THESE THOR-DAMNED BIRDS!
GRRRRGH!
I FEEL IT. ASGARD IS BURNING. WE HAVE TO GET HOME. NOW.
YOU'RE TOO LATE. ASGARD WAS ALREADY GONE BEFORE YOU LEFT AND NOW WILL NEVER BE AGAIN.
IT'S BEEN WRITTEN, IN THE BOOK TO END ALL BOOKS.
LIKE HEL IT HAS!
FRIGG, SHADRAK'S RIGHT, AND YOU KNOW IT.
HE'S A MADMAN, ELLI.
SHE'S NOT WRONG.
THIS ISN'T ABOUT ASGARD.
OR US. OR EVEN GRANDFATHER THOR.
IT'S ABOUT EVERYTHING THAT HAS EVER EXISTED.
THERE MUST BE A WAY TO STOP LOKI AND SAVE WHAT'S LEFT OF THE UNIVERSE. WE HAVE TO KEEP SEARCHING.
GAAARRGH!!!

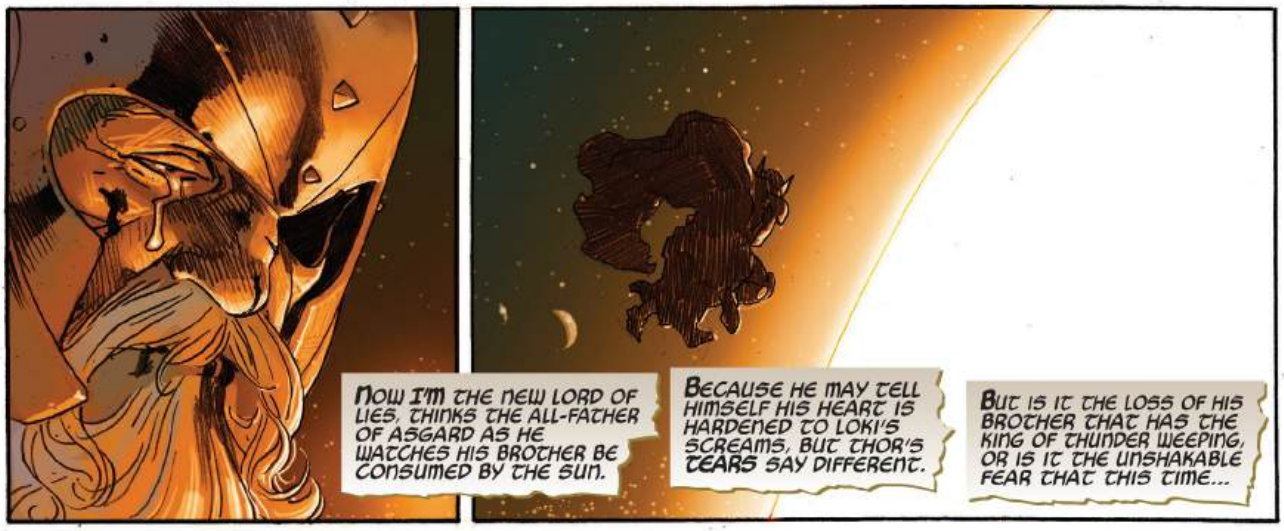
WE'RE ABOUT TO BE SEARCHING FOR A WAY OUT OF THIS BIRD'S MONSTROUS GULLET UNLESS WE MOVE, SISTERS!
I HAVE A SHARD OF THE BIFROST. I CAN TAKE US ANYWHERE IN THE UNIVERSE. SHADRAK, WHERE DO WE GO?
I'M NOT GOING ANYWHERE. A LIBRARIAN NEVER ABANDONS HIS BOOKS...
...UNTIL IT'S TIME TO PASS THEM ON. TAKE IT, ELLISIV WODENDOTTIR, AND FINISH THE STORY.
HOW? I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE TO BEGIN!
YES, YOU DO. YOU'VE READ ENOUGH BOOKS TO KNOW THAT WHEN YOU'RE SEARCHING FOR AN ENDING...
...YOU BEGIN AT THE BEGINNING.
THAT'S WHAT I'M GOING TO DO. SEE...I JUST REMEMBERED WHAT I'M THE GOD OF.


MY NAME IS SHADRAK, GOD OF BOMBS.
AND I WISH YOU WELL, GODDESSES OF THUNDER.
GOODBYE NOW.
BOOM
OMNIPOTENCE CITY WAS BUILT WITH TRIMMINGS FROM THE CLAY OF CREATION AND FIRED WITH EMBERS THAT LIT THE FIRST SUN.
AND TO DUST AND FIRE IT NOW RETURNS.


FROM GALAXIES AWAY, KING THOR FEELS IT, DEEP IN HIS GOD-GUTS.
OMNIPOTENCE CITY. NO...
YES!
GRRRRGGH!
NO MORE ASGARD! NO MORE GODS! NO MORE OF THE LIE THAT IS ETERNAL LIFE!
THE FINAL ACT HAS BEGUN. AND THOR KNOWS...
...THERE WILL BE NO RETURN FROM THIS.
HEH. LOKI IS THE BRINGER OF TRUTH NOW. AND THE FINAL FUNDAMENTAL TRUTH OF ALL EXISTENCE, BROTHER DEAR... IS THAT NOTHING LASTS FOREVER.
NOT FAMILY, NOT LOVE, NOT PEACE, NOT HOPE. NOTHING...
SLASH
...EXCEPT FOR LOKI!
AAAARRRREEEEIIGGHHH!!
AS THOR'S INNARDS ARE SENT SPILLING ACROSS THE STARWAYS, THE GREATEST AGONY COMES NOT FROM HIS GRIEVOUS WOUND BUT FROM THE WITHERING VERACITY OF LOKI'S WORDS.
HHHACK
ALL THOSE EONS OF STRUGGLE, AND IN THE END THERE'S NOTHING LEFT...BUT THE VILEST HATRED AND PETTIEST SIBLING JEALOUSY.

AND THE BLOODY RUIN IT BRINGS WITH IT.
HEH. DID I EVER TELL YOU HOW FATHER DIED?
HRRRGH!
YOU THOUGHT HE DIED PEACEFULLY IN HIS SLEEP. BUT IT WAS ME. SNEAKING INTO HIS ROOM EVERY NIGHT FOR WEEKS, WHISPERING IN HIS WITHERED OLD EAR.
THE MOST INTIMATE DETAILS OF EVERY SINGLE DROP OF BLOOD I'D EVER SPILLED, EVERY MIND I'D VIOLATED.
ABOUT EVERY WICKEDNESS I'D EVER DONE. EVERY VICIOUS LITTLE HORROR, EVEN THE ONES I'D NEVER TOLD ANYONE.
AND IT WAS ALL HIS FAULT, I TOLD HIM. FOR NOT STRANGLING ME IN MY CRIB WHEN HE FOUND ME.
I AM ODIN'S ULTIMATE LEGACY.
THOSE WORDS WERE WHAT KILLED OUR FATHER. HE DIED WEEPING, CHOKING ON SHAME. AND MY GRINNING FACE WAS THE LAST THING HE SAW.
JUST AS IT WILL BE FOR YOU, THOR.
NO. YOU'RE... A LIAR. YOU DIDN'T KILL FATHER.
I DID!
GUUGH!


BOF
HE WAS A SHELL OF HIMSELF! HIS MIND GONE! I PUT HIM OUT OF HIS MISERY! AND BURNED HIM ON A PYRE THE SIZE OF JOTUNHEIM!
BECAUSE IT WAS JOTUNHEIM! AND NOW YOU'LL BURN TOO, YOU JOTUNN-SPAWNED BASTARD!
NO, YOU CAN'T...
DID I EVER TELL YOU HOW MOTHER DIED?
WHOOSH
HRRRRK!!!
SHE DIED OF A BROKEN HEART, CURSING YOUR WRETCHED NAME!
YOU WERE FREYJA'S GREAT REGRET, LOKI!
WITH HER DYING BREATH, OUR MOTHER LAMENTED EVER BELIEVING IN YOU!
EVER LOVING YOU.
"GODS HELP ME...SO DO I."


NOW I'M THE NEW LORD OF LIES, THINKS THE ALL-FATHER OF ASGARD AS HE WATCHES HIS BROTHER BE CONSUMED BY THE SUN.
BECAUSE HE MAY TELL HIMSELF HIS HEART IS HARDENED TO LOKI'S SCREAMS, BUT THOR'S TEARS SAY DIFFERENT.
BUT IS IT THE LOSS OF HIS BROTHER THAT HAS THE KING OF THUNDER WEEPING, OR IS IT THE UNSHAKABLE FEAR THAT THIS TIME...

...ONE SUN WON'T BE ENOUGH.
GODS, NO!

RRRRRRGGHH!!!

HELLO, ALL-FATHER! I JUST MURDERED YOUR SUN!
TAKE A GUESS AS TO WHAT'S NEXT!
HHRREEEGH!
YOUR NEWLY REBORN MIDGARD. SO GENEROUS OF YOU TO REKINDLE LIFE HERE...
...SO THAT I COULD HAVE THE JOY OF ANNIHILATING IT ALL OVER AGAIN.
JUST AS SOON AS I'VE FINISHED WITH YOU, BROTHER.

THOR HAS LIVED FOR MORE YEARS, MORE MILLENNIA, MORE EONS, THAN ANY GOD EVER BORN.
AFTER ALL THAT, HE COULD'VE NEVER IMAGINED...THAT IT WOULDN'T BE ENOUGH.
NOT ENOUGH TIME. ENOUGH LIFE. ENOUGH THUNDER. NOT ENOUGH TO SAVE THE WORLD. ANY WORLDS.
TO SAVE HIS OWN BROTHER.
THIS CAN'T... BE HOW IT ENDS. IF THERE ARE ANY GODS LEFT WHO HEAR PRAYERS...
...AVENGE THIS UNIVERSE. GAAARGH!!!
THERE WILL BE NOTHING TO AVENGE, BROTHER. I WILL LIVE SO LONG IN EMPTINESS, I'LL FORGET YOU EVER--
HUUGHK!
TURNS OUT THERE IS A GOD WHO HEARS THOR'S PRAYER.
NO... IT CAN'T BE...
THE LAST GOD ANYONE EXPECTED.
TWO OMNIPOTENT BROTHERS SQUABBLING WITH EACH OTHER WHILE ALL OF EXISTENCE WITHERS AROUND THEM.
THIS IS EXACTLY WHY I'VE ALWAYS DESPISED YOUR KIND.

GORR, THE GOD OF GOD BUTCHERS.
THIS... IS WHY ALL GODS MUST DIE.

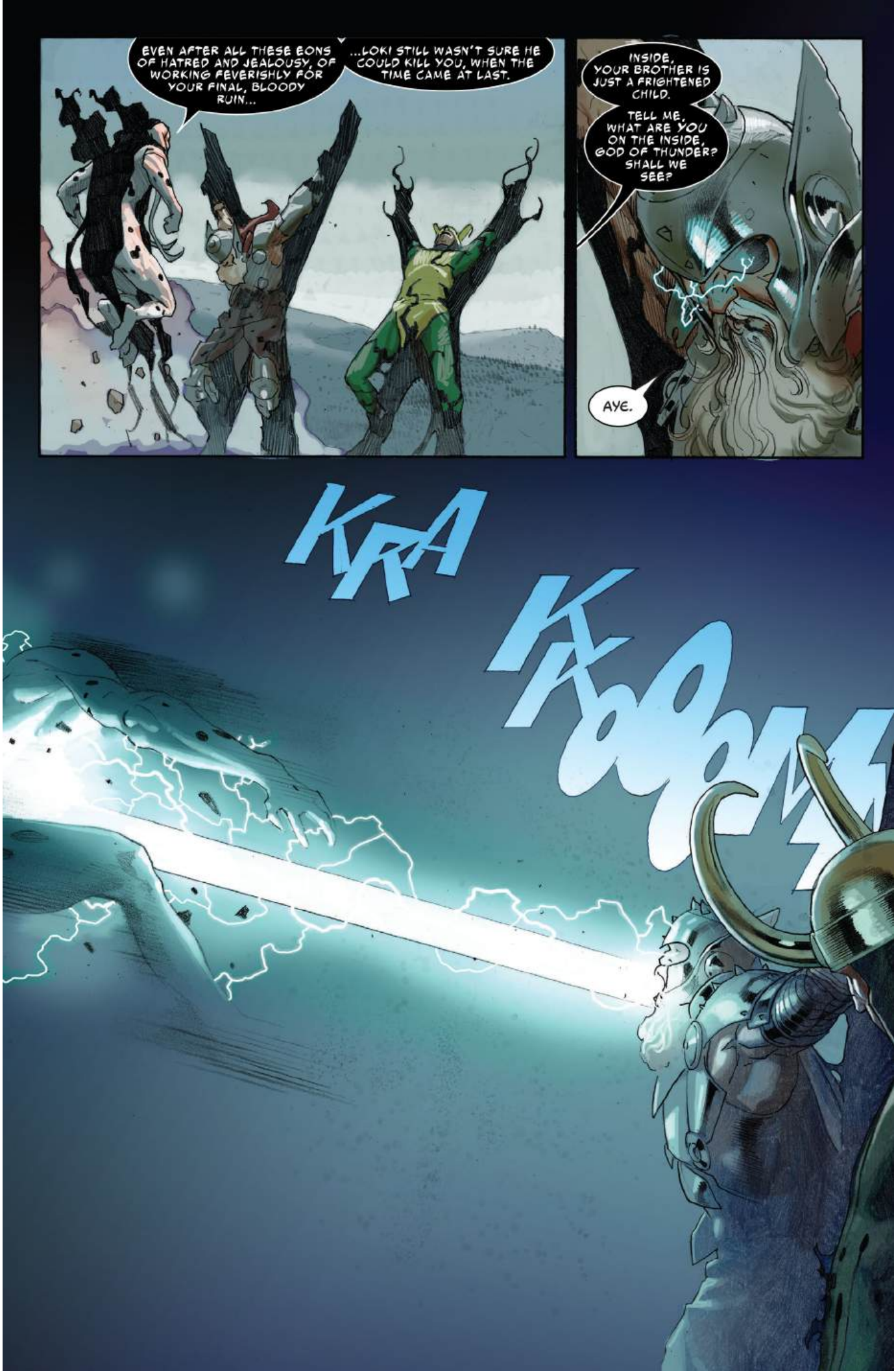
KING THOR | 2

"Gorr and the Last of the Gods"

MIDGARD.
IMPOSSIBLE! GORR DIED!
I DID, DIDN'T I?
I SAW YOUR HEADLESS CORPSE TURNED TO ASH! I THREW THE ENTIRE PLANET INTO A BLACK HOLE!
YES, ALONG WITH MY WEAPON, ALL-BLACK THE NECROSWORD. THE LIVING WEAPON I'D BEEN BONDED TO FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS.
IT DID NOT LET GO OF ME, NOT EVEN IN DEATH.
SO WHEN THE WEAPON RETURNED, I WAS ALWAYS A PART OF IT.
TRAPPED INSIDE.
DO YOU KNOW WHAT I WAS DOING, ALL THAT TIME? LOCKED INSIDE AN ENDLESSLY BLACK AND UTTERLY SILENT NECRO-PRISON?
GARRRGH!
SHUNK
I WAS SMILING.
AT LAST GORR KNEW PEACE.
AT LAST I'D FOUND A WORLD WITHOUT GODS.
HHRRRRRRGGH!!!

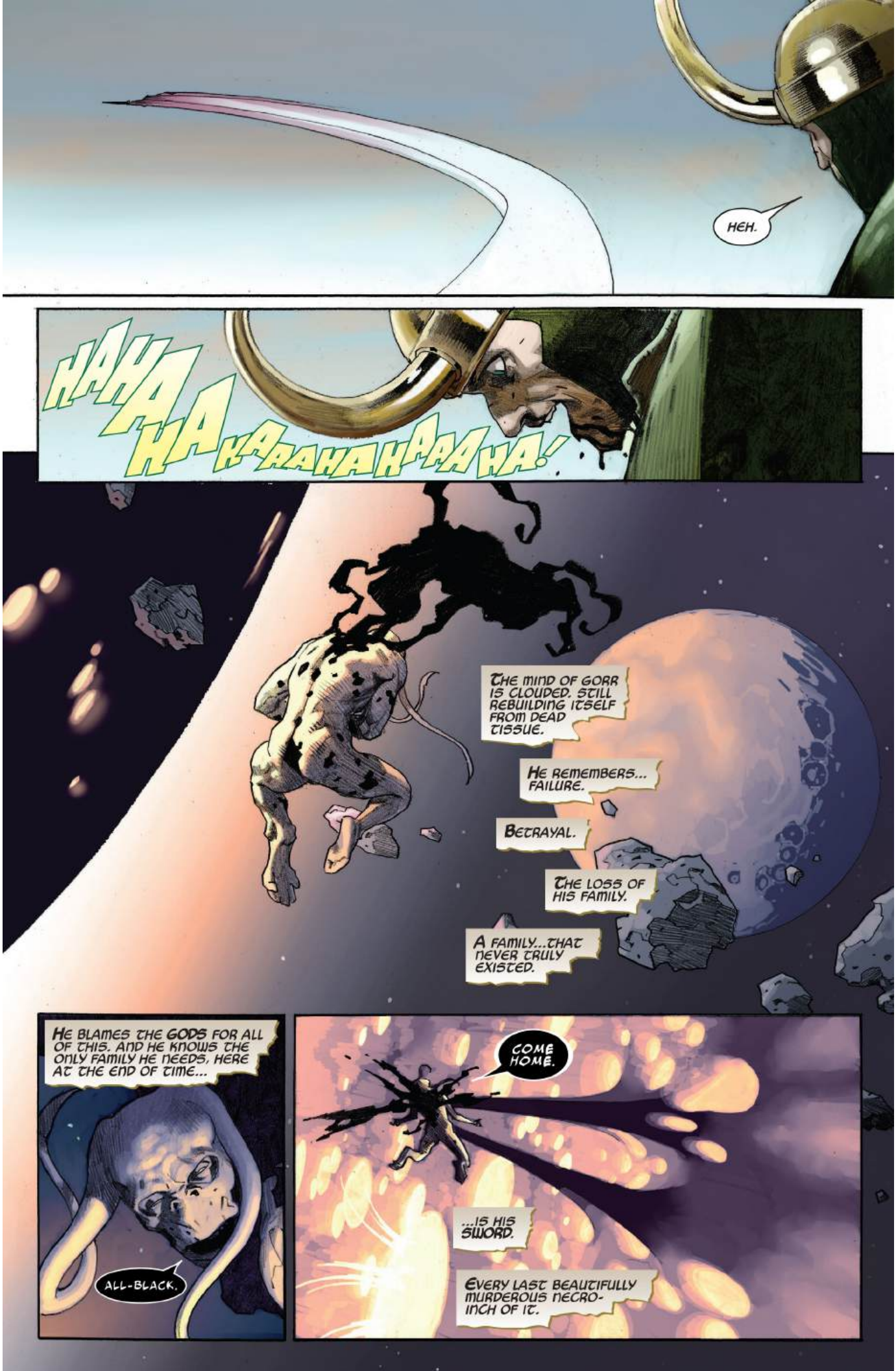
BUT NOW HERE I AM, RIPPED BACK INTO THE MISERY OF LIFE. BACK TO FACE EVERYTHING I REVILED ALL OVER AGAIN.
AND WHY IS THAT?
WAS IT BECAUSE I YEARNED TO FINISH MY HOLY QUEST OF SLAYING EVERY WORTHLESS DEITY EVER BORN?
NO. I'D FOUND MY TRANQUILITY.
BECAUSE THE NECROSWORD RESURRECTED ME TO SERVE AS ITS FLESH-VESSEL?
NO. ALL-BLACK IS STILL ONLY A SWORD. A BLADE THAT NEEDS A WILL TO POWER IT.
IT WAS BECAUSE OF YOU, WASN'T IT?
LOKI. THE ALMIGHTY GOD OF THE ANTI-AXIOM. THE GOD WHO DELIGHTS IN EVERYTHING I DESPISE.
WHAT LIES DO YOU HAVE FOR ME TODAY, BUTCHER OF TRUTHS?
NO --KAFF-- NO LIES, GORR.
'TIS SOMETHING ELSE I OFFER.
TAKE IT.
TAKE THE REST OF THE NECRO-POWER.
TAKE IT AND FINISH YOUR WORK.

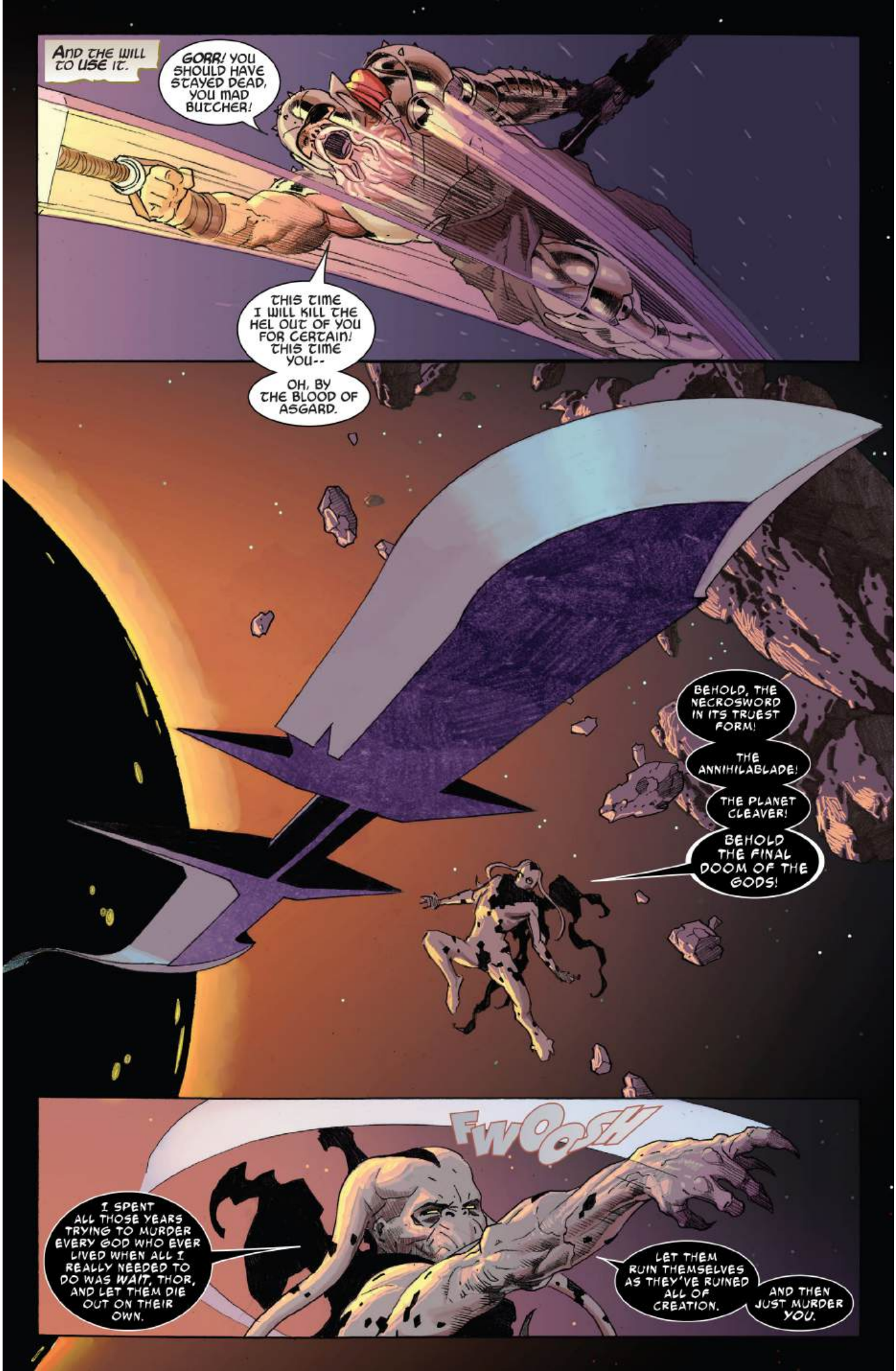
LOKI, YOU TROLL-BRAINED BASTARD, HE WILL KILL YOU TOO! HE WILL NOT STOP UNTIL EVERY--
AAAARRRGGH!
SHUNK
I DON'T BELIEVE YOU'RE TELLING YOUR BROTHER ANYTHING HE DOESN'T ALREADY KNOW, LORD THOR.
JUST BETWEEN US BUTCHERS...IT'S DIFFICULT WORK, ISN'T IT? EVEN WHEN YOU HATE THEM. EVEN WHEN YOU HATE YOURSELF MOST OF ALL.
LET US COMPARE BODY COUNTS AND WEIGH THE HARDSHIPS OF MASS EXTERMINATION ANOTHER TIME.
HEH.
TAKE THE DAMNED ROCK, GORR.
I ALREADY DID.
HHRGH!
SKSH
GAAAHRGH!
WOULD YOU LIKE TO KNOW THE TRUTH OF WHY YOUR BROTHER BROUGHT ME BACK FROM OBLIVION, KING THOR?


EVEN AFTER ALL THESE EONS OF HATRED AND JEALOUSY, OF WORKING FEVERISHLY FOR YOUR FINAL, BLOODY RUIN...
...LOKI STILL WASN'T SURE HE COULD KILL YOU, WHEN THE TIME CAME AT LAST.
INSIDE, YOUR BROTHER IS JUST A FRIGHTENED CHILD.
TELL ME, WHAT ARE YOU ON THE INSIDE, GOD OF THUNDER? SHALL WE SEE?
AYE.
KRA
KABOOM

CRACK
GRRGH!
LOKI, GET DOWN, YOU FOOL! I'VE BLASTED HIM INTO ORBIT, BUT HE'LL BE BACK. THE ONLY WAY WE CAN BEAT HIM IS TO STAND TOGETHER.
LOKI!!!
HE WAS LYING. THAT WASN'T WHY I BROUGHT HIM BACK.
DAMMIT! I'LL DO IT MYSELF! I'M STILL THE ALL-FATHER!
NOW AND FOREVER I AM THE MIGHTY DAMN THOR!
AND I CAN STILL BE HEL WITH A HAMMER IN MY HAND!
RRRRRGHH!!!
THOR CALLS FOR HIS MJOLNIR WITH ALL HIS OLD, THUNDEROUS MIGHT, ALL HIS GRIZZLED, IMMORTAL BEING.
AND AS EVER, HIS UNBREAKABLE URU ALLY ANSWERS.
AS MJOLNIR TEARS FREE OF THE NECRO-BLACKENED SUN.

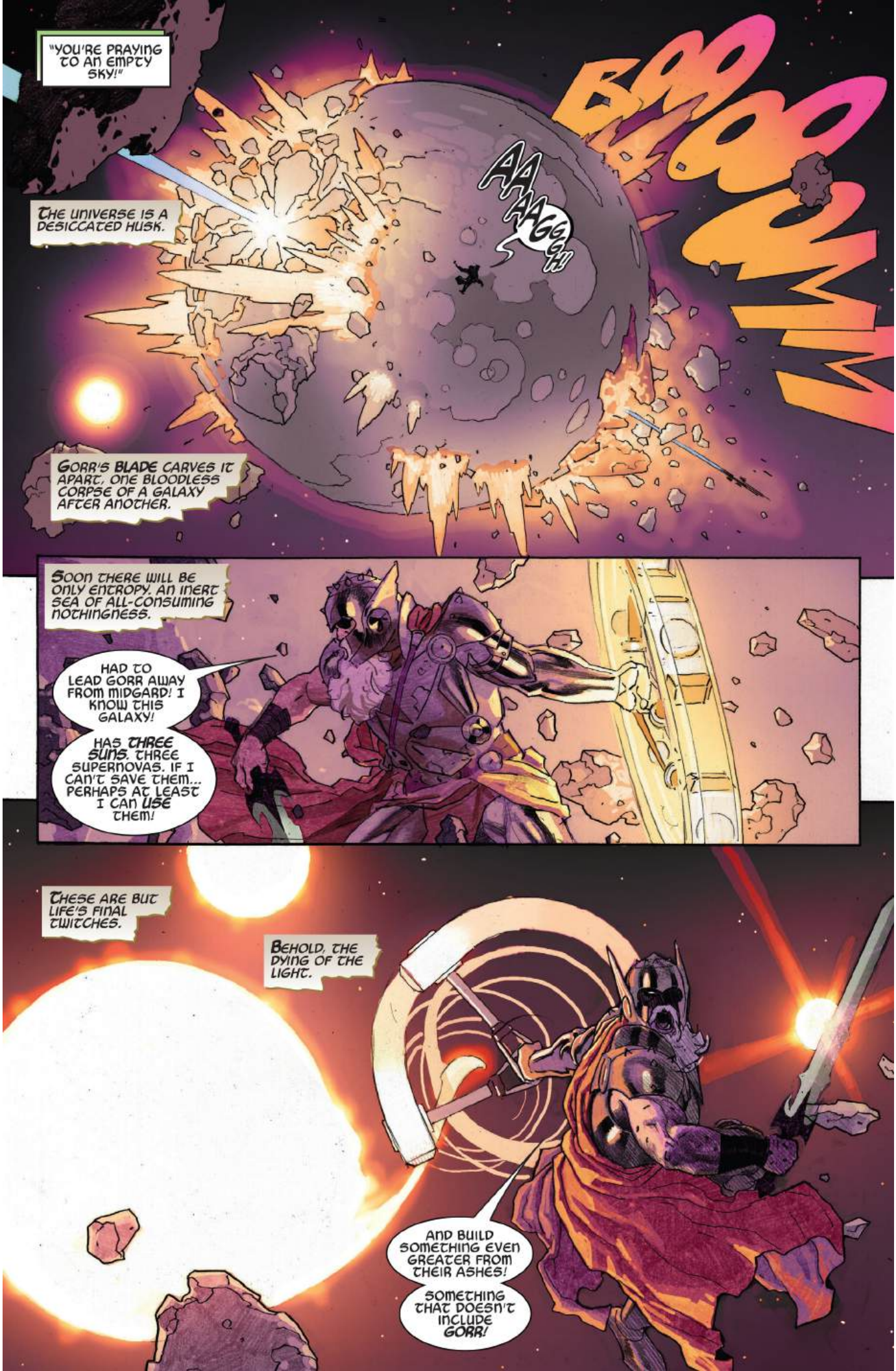
But instead of flying straight to its wielder's hand, the hammer detours through the burning ruins of ASGARD.
Before returning to its kingly master, with a FRIEND in tow.
You resurrected GORR because you knew you couldn't bring yourself to kill your brother. I suppose I'm meant to take that as a sign that there's HOPE for you yet, Loki.
For MILLIONS of years you have persisted in showing the faintest GLIMMERS of hope. But I need more than glimmers now, brother.
You're wrong. I've never had hope.
Loki, I need your help to stop the greatest butcher who has ever lived.
But either way... stop him I will.
And if you fail me now, know that I will be back here...
...hammer in hand, wet with the blood of Gorr...
...and I will not share your aversion to the slaying of a brother.

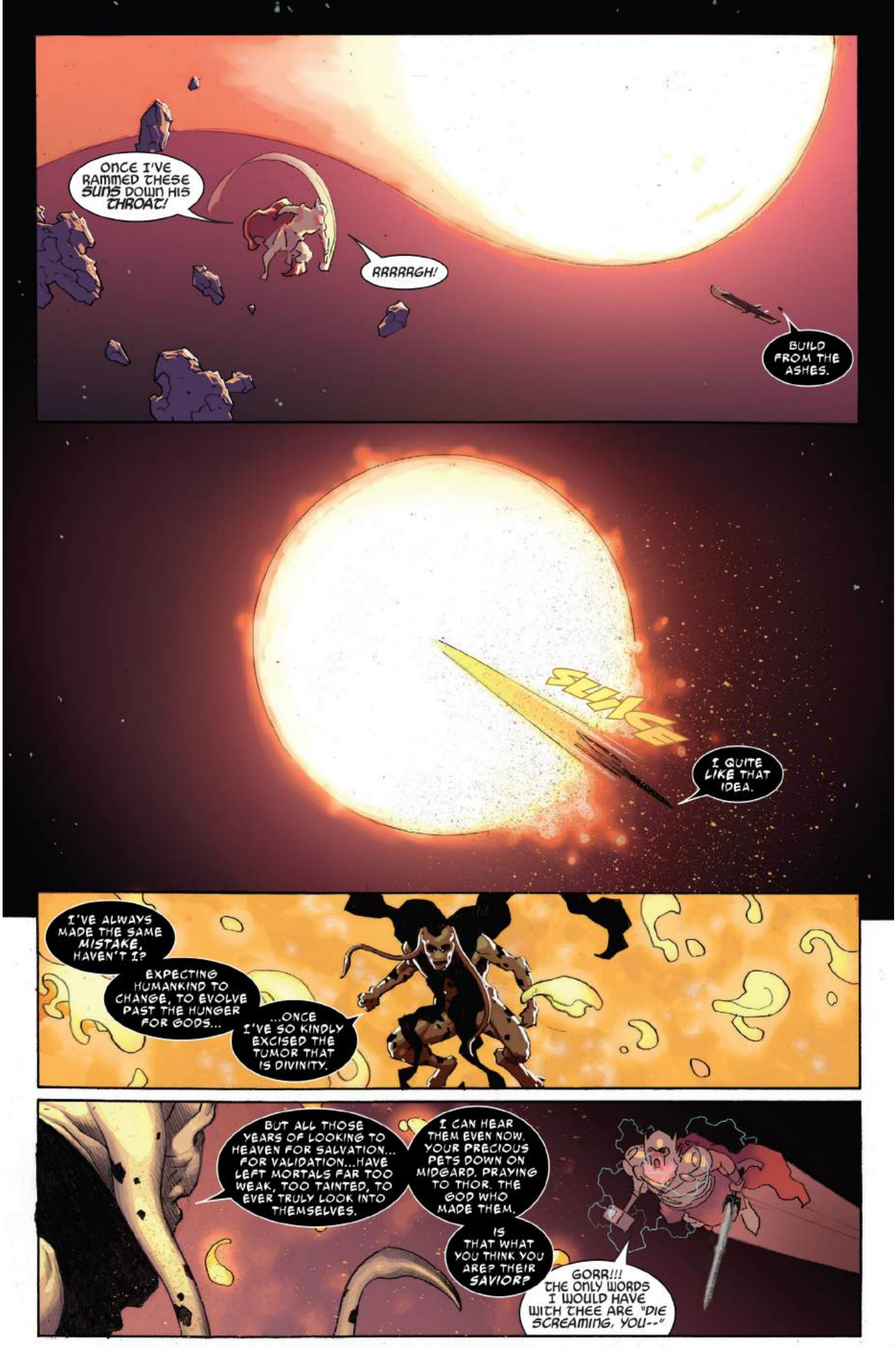

HEH.
HAHAHAHAAAHAHAAAHA!
THE MIND OF GORR IS CLOUDED. STILL REBUILDING ITSELF FROM DEAD TISSUE.
HE REMEMBERS... FAILURE.
BETRAYAL.
THE LOSS OF HIS FAMILY.
A FAMILY...THAT NEVER TRULY EXISTED.
HE BLAMES THE GODS FOR ALL OF THIS. AND HE KNOWS THE ONLY FAMILY HE NEEDS, HERE AT THE END OF TIME...
ALL-BLACK.
COME HOME.
...IS HIS SWORD.
EVERY LAST BEAUTIFULLY MURDEROUS NECRO-INCH OF IT.


And the will to use it.
GORR! You should have stayed dead, you mad butcher!
This time I will kill the hel out of you for certain! This time you--
Oh, by the blood of Asgard.
Behold, the necrosword in its truest form!
The annihilablade!
The planet cleaver!
Behold the final doom of the gods!
FWOOSH
I spent all those years trying to murder every god who ever lived when all I really needed to do was wait, Thor, and let them die out on their own.
Let them ruin themselves as they've ruined all of creation.
And then just murder you.

MEANWHILE, LIGHT-YEARS AWAY...
HHRRRGH!
CAW
CAW
THE NECRO-RAVENS ARE TURNING BACK! I DON'T KNOW IF THAT'S A GOOD SIGN OR A BAD ONE!
DEATH MOUTH IS DEFINITELY DISAPPOINTED.
EITHER WAY, I KNOW WHAT WE MUST DO NOW.
WE HAVE TO GET BACK TO GRANDFATHER. BACK TO WHATEVER'S LEFT OF ASGARD AND MIDGARD. BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE.
WE WILL. BUT NOT EMPTY-HANDED.
ELLI, ENOUGH OF THIS HOPELESS QUEST. THERE'S NOTHING OUT HERE. AND NOTHING IN THAT BOOK THAT CAN HELP US.
"BACK TO THE BEGINNING," SHADRAK SAID. THAT'S WHERE WE'RE HEADED, SISTERS. TELL ME--
--DO YOU REMEMBER HOW THIS ENTIRE SAGA BEGAN?
JANE FOSTER? THE MANGOG? THE WAR OF THE REALMS? THE COSMIC GOD COP CASES?
PRAYER.
IT BEGAN WITH A PRAYER.
ONE THAT CAME...FROM HERE.

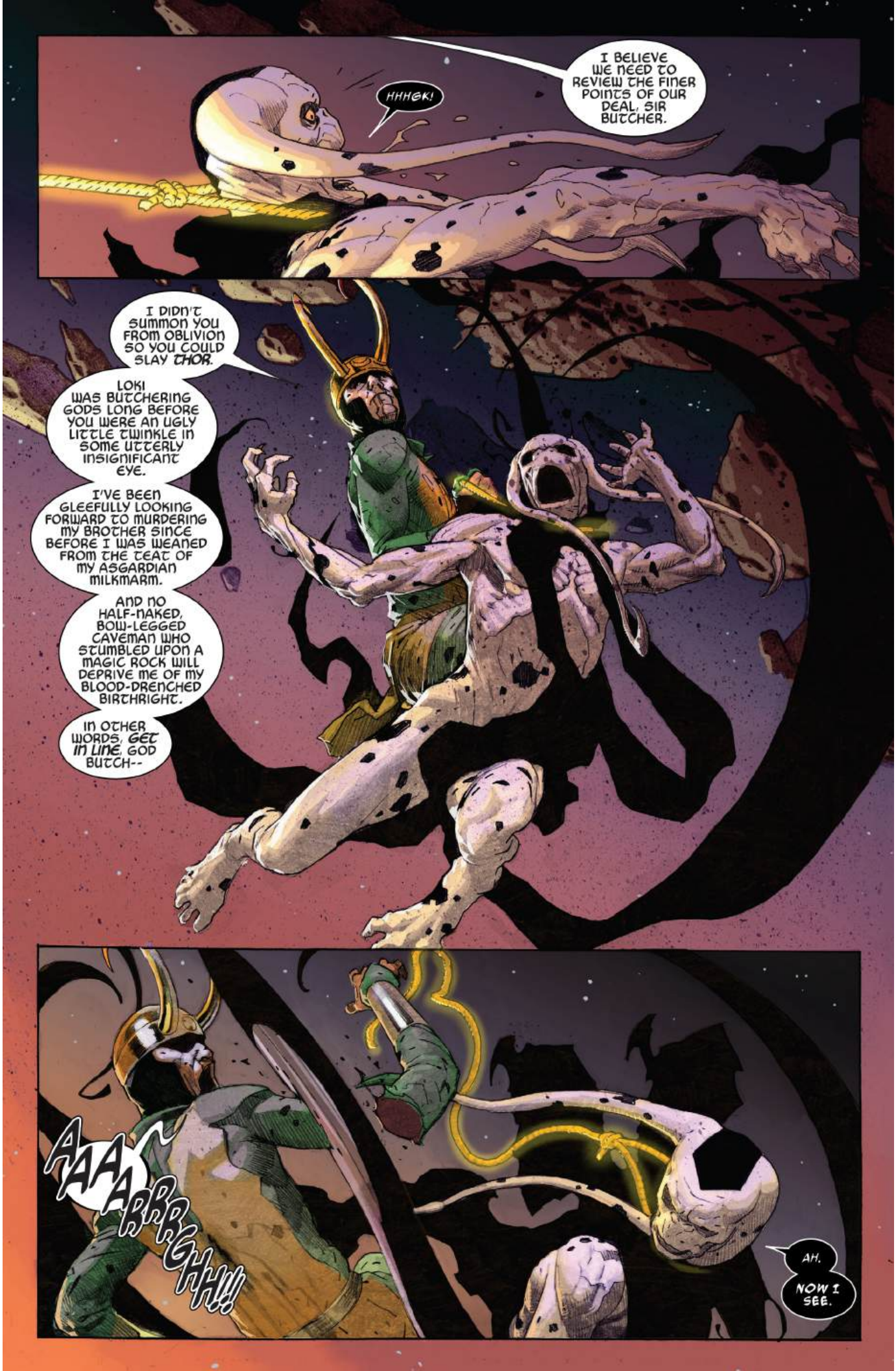
I CAN HEAR WHAT YOU'RE DOING.
STOP IT. IT ANNOYS ME MORE THAN DYING.
AM I NOT DOING IT RIGHT?
I'VE NEVER HAD TO PRAY BEFORE. THOR HAS ALWAYS PROVIDED.
THERE'S NO ONE LEFT TO HEAR YOUR PRAYER, YOU MORTAL SIMPLETON.
THE HEAVENS HAVE BEEN RAZED. THE GODS HAVE FALLEN. SOON ENOUGH YOUR KIND WILL FALL TOO.
YOU SHOULD LIVE THESE FINAL FEW MOMENTS WITH NO REGARD WHATSOEVER FOR ETERNAL REWARD OR PUNISHMENT.
FOR NONE AWAITS YOU. NOW LEAVE ME BE.
I WILL PRAY FOR YOU AS WELL, BROTHER OF THOR.
WE ALL WILL.
NO! STOP PRAYING, YOU MORONS OF MIDGARD!
DON'T YOU KNOW ARMAGEDDON WHEN YOU SEE IT?!

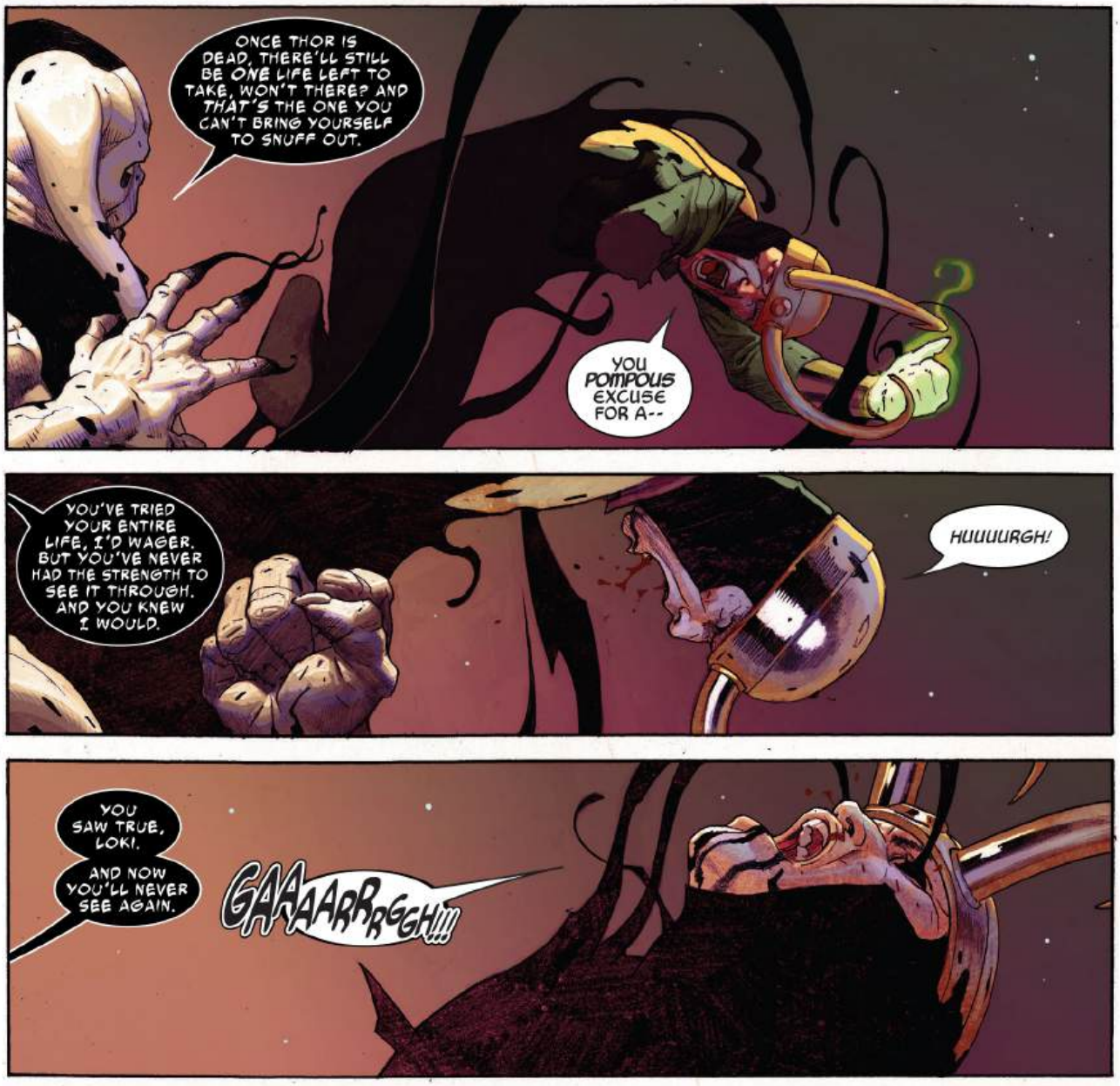

"YOU'RE PRAYING TO AN EMPTY SKY!"
THE UNIVERSE IS A DESICCATED HUSK.
BOOOOM!
AAAAGGH!
GORR'S BLADE CARVES IT APART, ONE BLOODLESS CORPSE OF A GALAXY AFTER ANOTHER.
SOON THERE WILL BE ONLY ENTROPY. AN INERT SEA OF ALL-CONSUMING NOTHINGNESS.
HAD TO LEAD GORR AWAY FROM MIDGARD! I KNOW THIS GALAXY!
HAS THREE SUNS. THREE SUPERNOVAS. IF I CAN'T SAVE THEM... PERHAPS AT LEAST I CAN USE THEM!
THESE ARE BUT LIFE'S FINAL TWITCHES.
BEHOLD, THE DYING OF THE LIGHT.
AND BUILD SOMETHING EVEN GREATER FROM THEIR ASHES!
SOMETHING THAT DOESN'T INCLUDE GORR!


ONCE I'VE RAMMED THESE SUNS DOWN HIS THROAT!
RRRRRGH!
BUILD FROM THE ASHES.
SUUUSE
I QUITE LIKE THAT IDEA.
I'VE ALWAYS MADE THE SAME MISTAKE, HAVEN'T I?
EXPECTING HUMANKIND TO CHANGE, TO EVOLVE PAST THE HUNGER FOR GODS...
...ONCE I'VE SO KINDLY EXCISED THE TUMOR THAT IS DIVINITY.
BUT ALL THOSE YEARS OF LOOKING TO HEAVEN FOR SALVATION... FOR VALIDATION...HAVE LEFT MORTALS FAR TOO WEAK, TOO TAINTED, TO EVER TRULY LOOK INTO THEMSELVES.
I CAN HEAR THEM EVEN NOW. YOUR PRECIOUS PETS DOWN ON MIDGARD. PRAYING TO THOR. THE GOD WHO MADE THEM.
IS THAT WHAT YOU THINK YOU ARE? THEIR SAVIOR?
GORR!!! THE ONLY WORDS I WOULD HAVE WITH THEE ARE "DIE SCREAMING, YOU--"

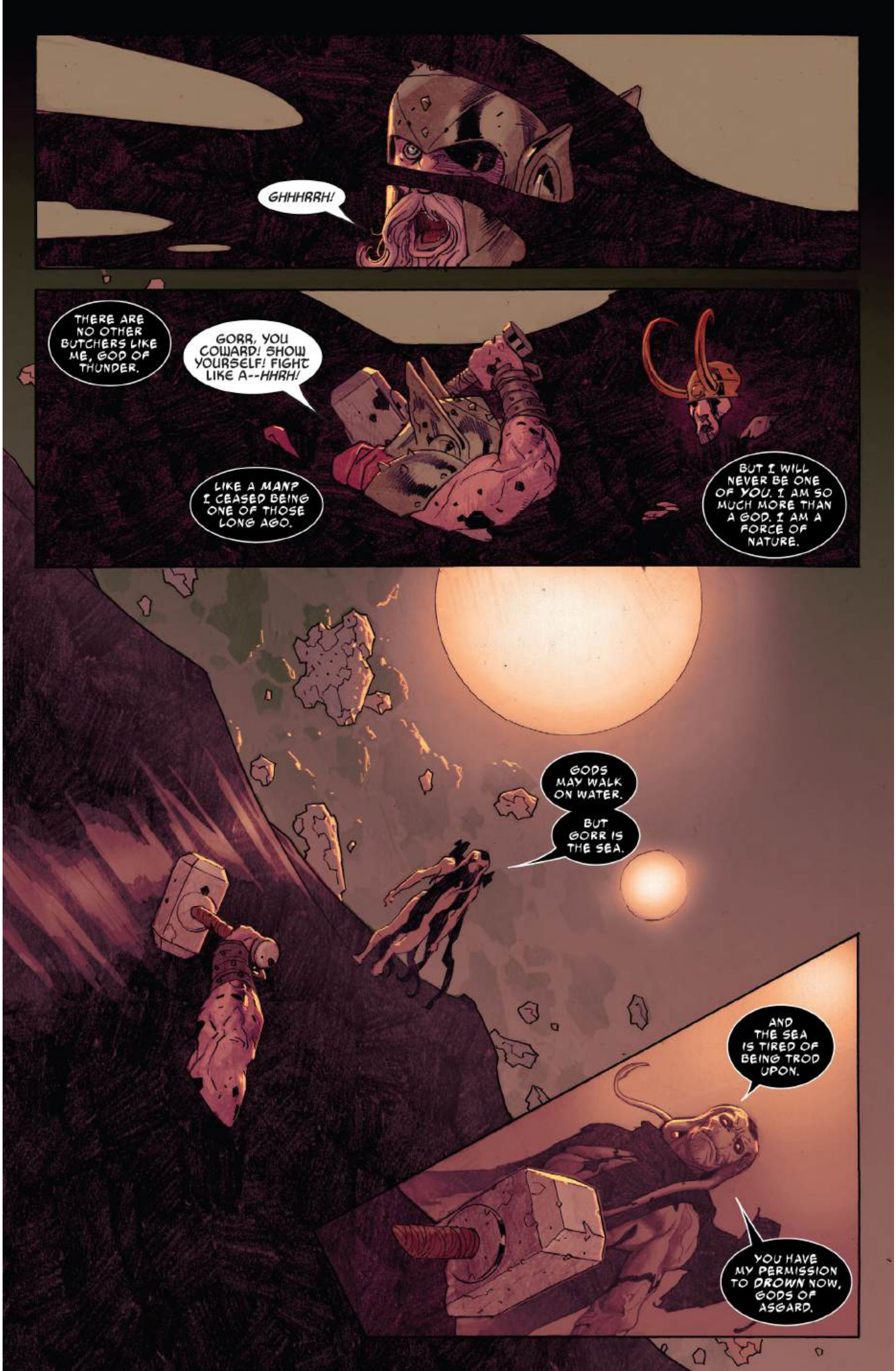
GAAGH!
SAVIOR? BAH! TELL THAT TO THE DEAD WHO LITTER THESE WORLDS.
EVERY BARREN WORLD STREWN ACROSS THIS DARKENED, FALLOW COSMOS.
YOU AND YOUR FELLOW GODS HAVE MADE A CHARNEL HOUSE OF ALL CREATION.
A GRAVEYARD STRETCHING INTO INFINITY.
EACH OF THESE BONES REPRESENTS A LIFE THAT YOU FAILED TO SAVE, OH MIGHTY THOR.
AND THOSE POOR PRAYING SOULS ON MIDGARD... YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO SAVE THEM EITHER.
BECAUSE I'M GOING TO BUTCHER THEM ALL.
EVERY MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD ON THE FACE OF YOUR EARTH.
AND I'M GOING TO MAKE YOU WATCH.
SWAP

NEVER!!!
IT'S THE ONLY WAY. I MUST PUT THE LAST LIVING MORTALS OUT OF THEIR KNEE-BENDING, THOR-LOVING MISERY.
SO THEN I CAN DO WHAT NO GOD EVER COULD.
EEEIRGH!
SHUNK
I WILL CREATE NEW LIFE. SELF-SUFFICIENT LIFE.
LIFE THAT HAS NO NEED FOR GODLY GUIDANCE. THAT HAS NO IDEA YOU AND YOUR WRETCHED KIND EVER EXISTED.
SHUNK
AND EVERY DAY I WATCH THEM WORK FOR THEIR ACHIEVEMENTS AND STRUGGLE TO MAKE A BETTER WORLD FOR ONE ANOTHER...
...WITH NO THOUGHT OF A LIFE BEYOND THE ONE THEY SEE WITH THEIR OWN MORTAL EYES...
...IT WILL BE A REPUDIATION OF ALL THAT YOU ARE, THUNDER GOD. OF ALL THAT YOU'VE EVER BEEN.
AND FURTHER PROOF OF WHAT YOU'VE ALWAYS KNOWN DOWN DEEP IN YOUR WEAK LITTLE GODLY COCKLES...
THAT I AM RIGHT.
MMMMRRRRGGGH!!!


I BELIEVE WE NEED TO REVIEW THE FINER POINTS OF OUR DEAL, SIR BUTCHER.
HHHGK!
I DIDN'T SUMMON YOU FROM OBLIVION SO YOU COULD SLAY THOR.
LOKI WAS BUTCHERING GODS LONG BEFORE YOU WERE AN UGLY LITTLE TWINKLE IN SOME UTTERLY INSIGNIFICANT EYE.
I'VE BEEN GLEEFULLY LOOKING FORWARD TO MURDERING MY BROTHER SINCE BEFORE I WAS WEANED FROM THE TEAT OF MY ASGARDIAN MILKMARM.
AND NO HALF-NAKED, BOW-LEGGED CAVEMAN WHO STUMBLED UPON A MAGIC ROCK WILL DEPRIVE ME OF MY BLOOD-DRENCHED BIRTHRIGHT.
IN OTHER WORDS, GET IN LINE, GOD BUTCH--
AAAARRRGHH!!
AH.
NOW I SEE.


ONCE THOR IS DEAD, THERE'LL STILL BE ONE LIFE LEFT TO TAKE, WON'T THERE? AND THAT'S THE ONE YOU CAN'T BRING YOURSELF TO SNUFF OUT.
YOU POMPOUS EXCUSE FOR A--
YOU'VE TRIED YOUR ENTIRE LIFE, I'D WAGER. BUT YOU'VE NEVER HAD THE STRENGTH TO SEE IT THROUGH. AND YOU KNEW I WOULD.
HUUUURGH!
YOU SAW TRUE, LOKI.
AND NOW YOU'LL NEVER SEE AGAIN.
GAAAARRRGGH!!!
GET AWAY FROM MY BROTHER!!!
CRACK

LOKI! GODS, WHAT HAS HE DONE TO YOU?
LEFT ME MY TONGUE AT LEAST. THAT'LL WIND UP COSTING HIM.
OH, BROTHER. I KNEW YOU WOULDN'T LEAVE ME TO DIE. YOU CAME BACK FOR ME.
THOR... DON'T DIE A FOOL.
THOOOM
GORR WAS RIGHT. ISN'T HE ALWAYS?
I KILL YOU. HE KILLS ME. THAT WAS THE PLAN.
HE JUST... SEEMS TO HAVE MIXED UP THE ORDER.
OH, LOKI. NO.
WE CAN STOP HIM. TOGETHER.
HEH. DON'T LOOK NOW, THOR, BUT WE'VE TWO ARMS AND ONE GOOD EYE BETWEEN THE BOTH OF US.
I DOUBT GORR'S EXACTLY SHAKING IN HIS BLACK BOOTIES BEFORE THE MIGHT OF THE CRIPPLED ODINSON BROTHERS.
TWO ARMS, ONE EYE...
...ONE HAMMER.
AND ONE CONNIVING, GIANT-SPAWNED BRAIN.
HE BUTCHERED YOUR FLESH, LOKI, BUT NOT YOUR MIND. HOW DO WE BEAT HIM?
WE DON'T, BROTHER.
I'M ALL OUT OF LIES, IT SEEMS. GORR IS TOO STRONG. TOO RIGHT. AND WE ARE FAR TOO OLD AND DESERVING OF HIS RAGE.
THIS IS THE PART WHERE WE DIE, THOR. AND THE WORST THING IS...HEH... I WON'T EVEN BE ABLE TO SEE YOU SUFFER.
NO! I REFUSE TO ACCEPT THAT! I BEAT THE MONSTER BEFORE! I CAN DO IT AGAIN!
I'VE BEATEN A MILLION BUTCHERS LIKE GORR OVER THE EONS! I AM STILL THE MIGHTY THOR! AND BY THE GODS, MY THUNDER WILL SOUND UNTIL THE VERY LAST--


GHHHRRH!
THERE ARE NO OTHER BUTCHERS LIKE ME, GOD OF THUNDER.
GORR, YOU COWARD! SHOW YOURSELF! FIGHT LIKE A--HHRH!
LIKE A MAN? I CEASED BEING ONE OF THOSE LONG AGO.
BUT I WILL NEVER BE ONE OF YOU. I AM SO MUCH MORE THAN A GOD. I AM A FORCE OF NATURE.
GODS MAY WALK ON WATER.
BUT GORR IS THE SEA.
AND THE SEA IS TIRED OF BEING TROD UPON.
YOU HAVE MY PERMISSION TO DROWN NOW, GODS OF ASGARD.

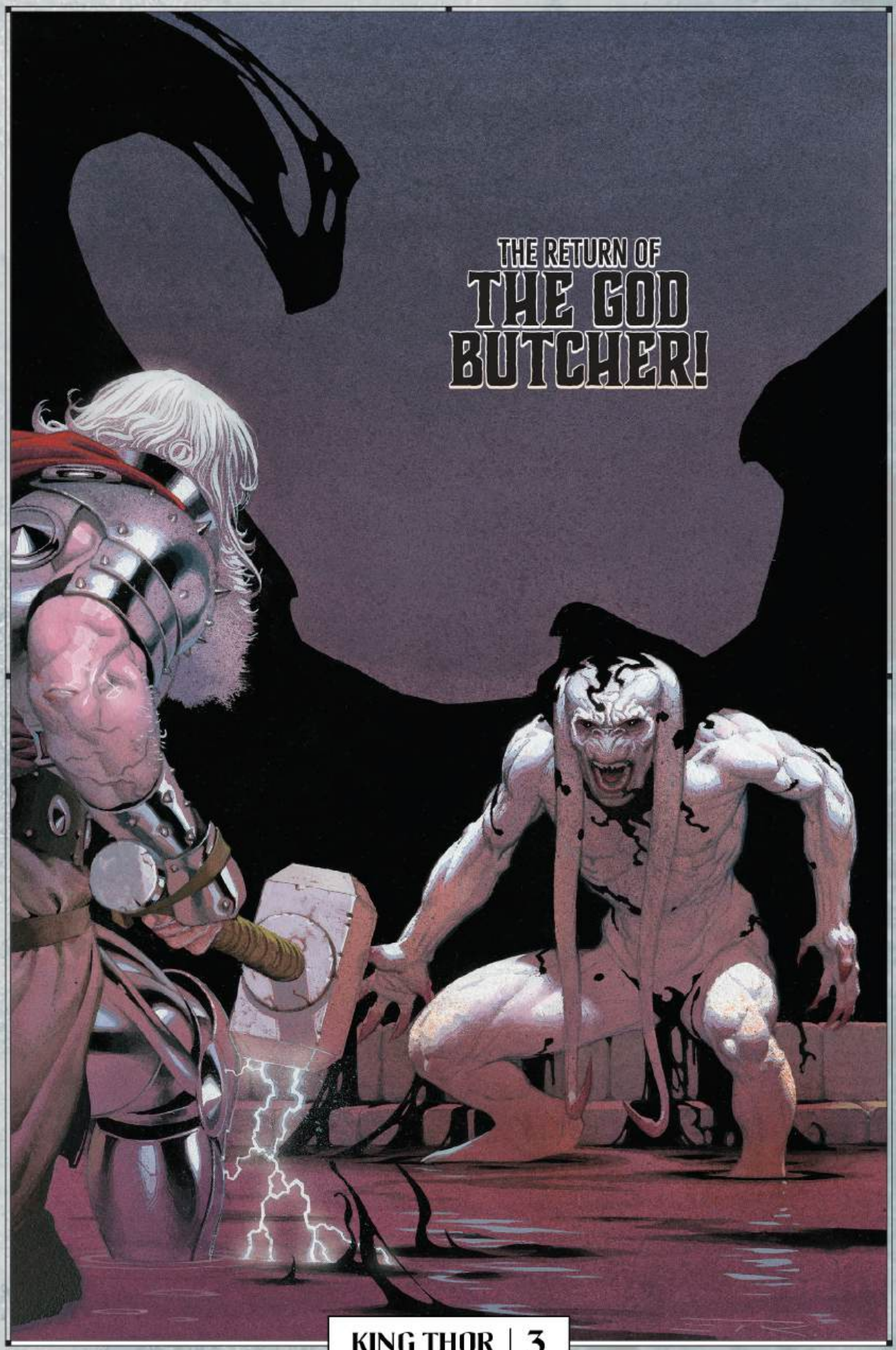
HRRRRRRGH!!!
LOKI! I CAN'T HOLD BACK THE DARKNESS!
I NEVER ASKED YOU TO! LET ME DIE, DAMMIT!
JUST AS LONG AS OUR FATHER'S BLOODLINE DIES RIGHT BY MY SIDE!
IF THIS IS IT, BROTHER...I WANT YOU TO KNOW...
I LIED.

MOTHER NEVER GAVE UP HOPE. NOT WHEN IT CAME TO YOU.
HER DYING WORDS TO ME WERE..."NEVER LET GO OF YOUR BROTHER."
"AND SOMEDAY HE'LL SAVE US ALL."

I'M SORRY I FAILED YOU, MOTHER.
I'M SORRY I FAILED US BOTH, LOKI. I'M SORRY FOR--
GHUUUGH!

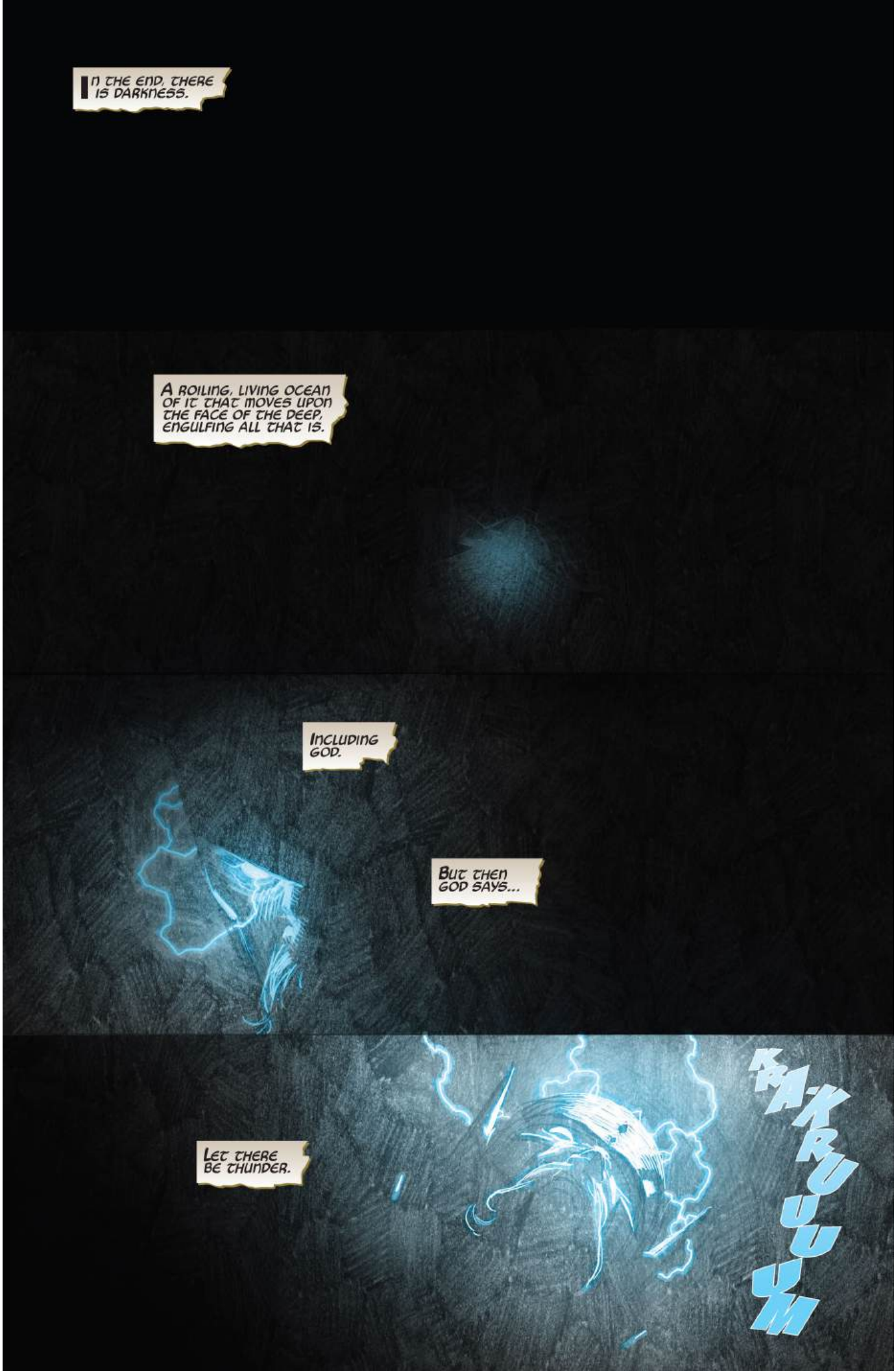
THE UNIVERSE IS A DESICCATED HUSK.

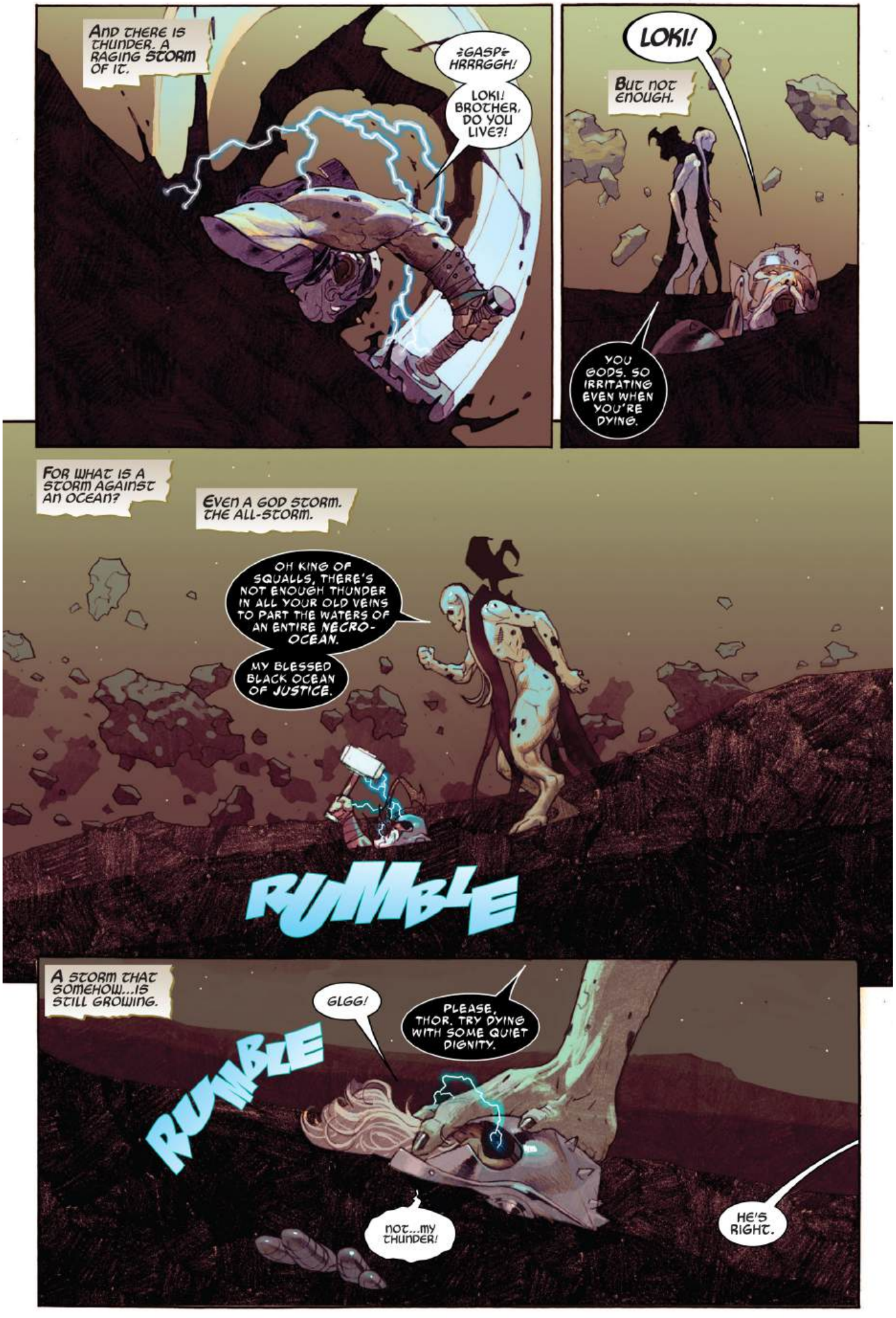
Soon there will be only entropy.
An inert sea of all-consuming nothingness.
These are but life's final twitches.
Behold...
...the dying of the light.



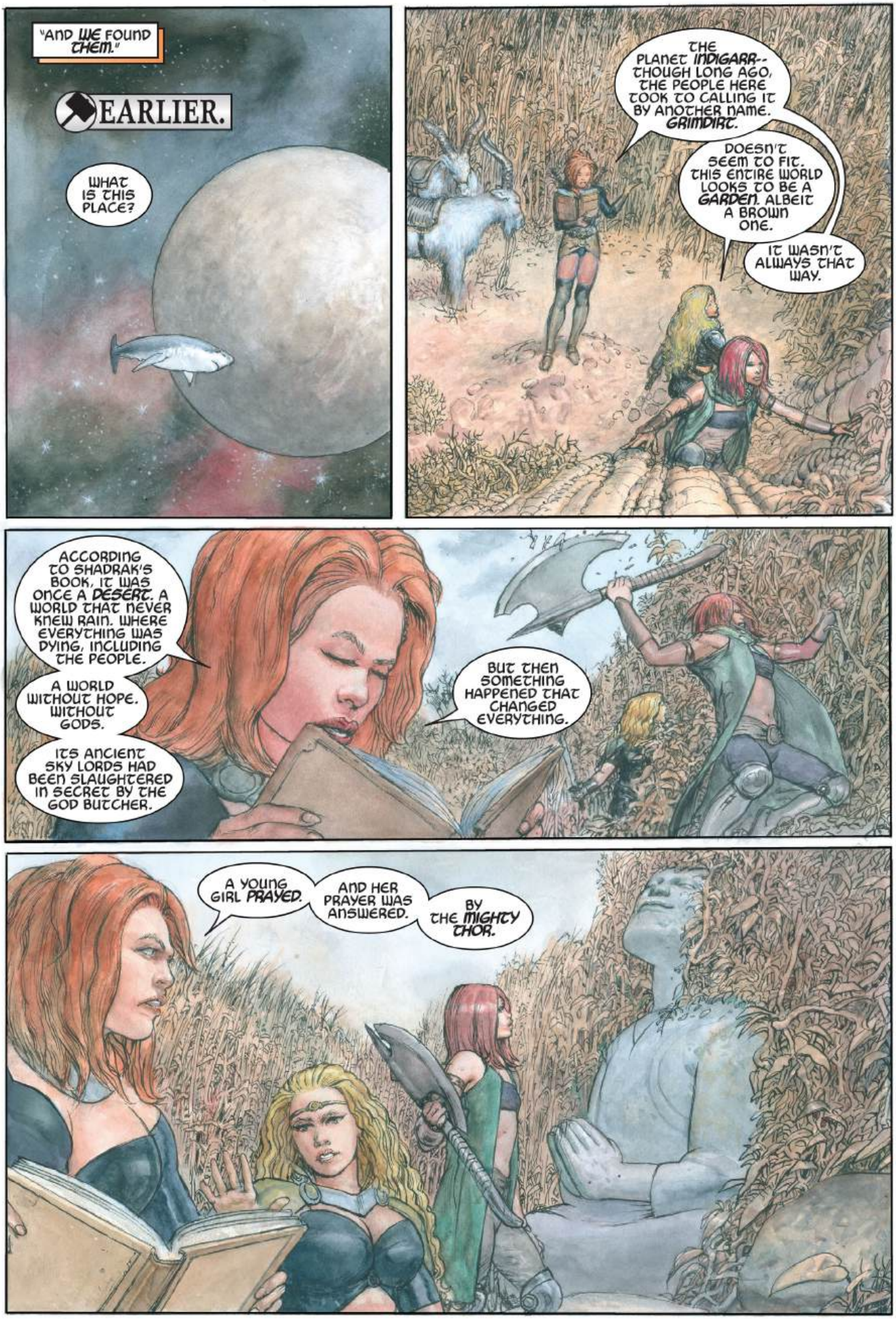
KING THOR | 3

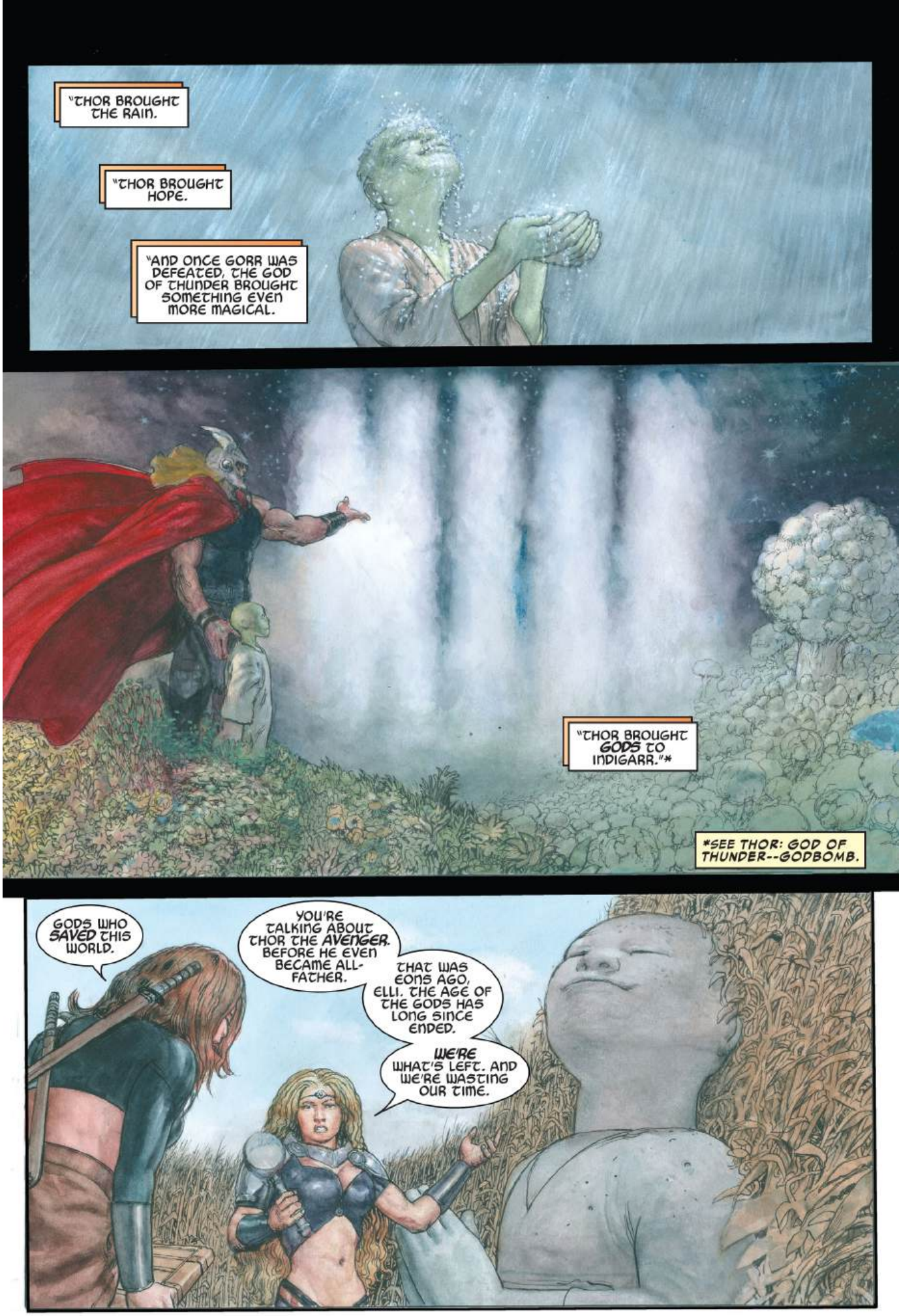
"A Storm of Prayers"


In the end, there is darkness.
A roiling, living ocean of it that moves upon the face of the deep, engulfing all that is.
Including God.
But then God says...
Let there be thunder.
KRA-KRUUUM


And there is thunder. A raging storm of it.
≥GASP≤ HRRRGGH!
LOKI! BROTHER, DO YOU LIVE?!
LOKI!
But not enough.
You gods. So irritating even when you're dying.
For what is a storm against an ocean?
Even a god storm. The all-storm.
Oh king of squalls, there's not enough thunder in all your old veins to part the waters of an entire necro-ocean.
My blessed black ocean of justice.
RUMBLE
A storm that somehow...is still growing.
RUMBLE
GLGG!
Please, Thor. Try dying with some quiet dignity.
Not...my thunder!
He's right.

IT'S OURS.
YOU REMEMBER THE GODDESSES OF THUNDER, DON'T YOU, GORR?
WE SURE AS HEL REMEMBER YOU.
GAAARRGH!
DEATH MOUTH, GO! FIND FARFAR!
LIGHTNING. ALL THE LIGHTNING LEFT IN THE HEAVENS WILL NOT SAVE THE BLOODLINE OF THOR.
WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT, THOUGH WE ALSO BROUGHT MORE THAN JUST A STORM, GOD BUTCHER.
KRAKA THOOMM
NO... THAT'S...NOT POSSIBLE.
OH, IT IS.
TURNS OUT YOU'RE AS TERRIBLE AT YOUR JOB AS YOU ARE UGLY.
WE THOUGHT THIS UNIVERSE WAS COMPLETELY DEAD AND LIFELESS... BUT IT TURNS OUT...
...GODS FIND A WAY.

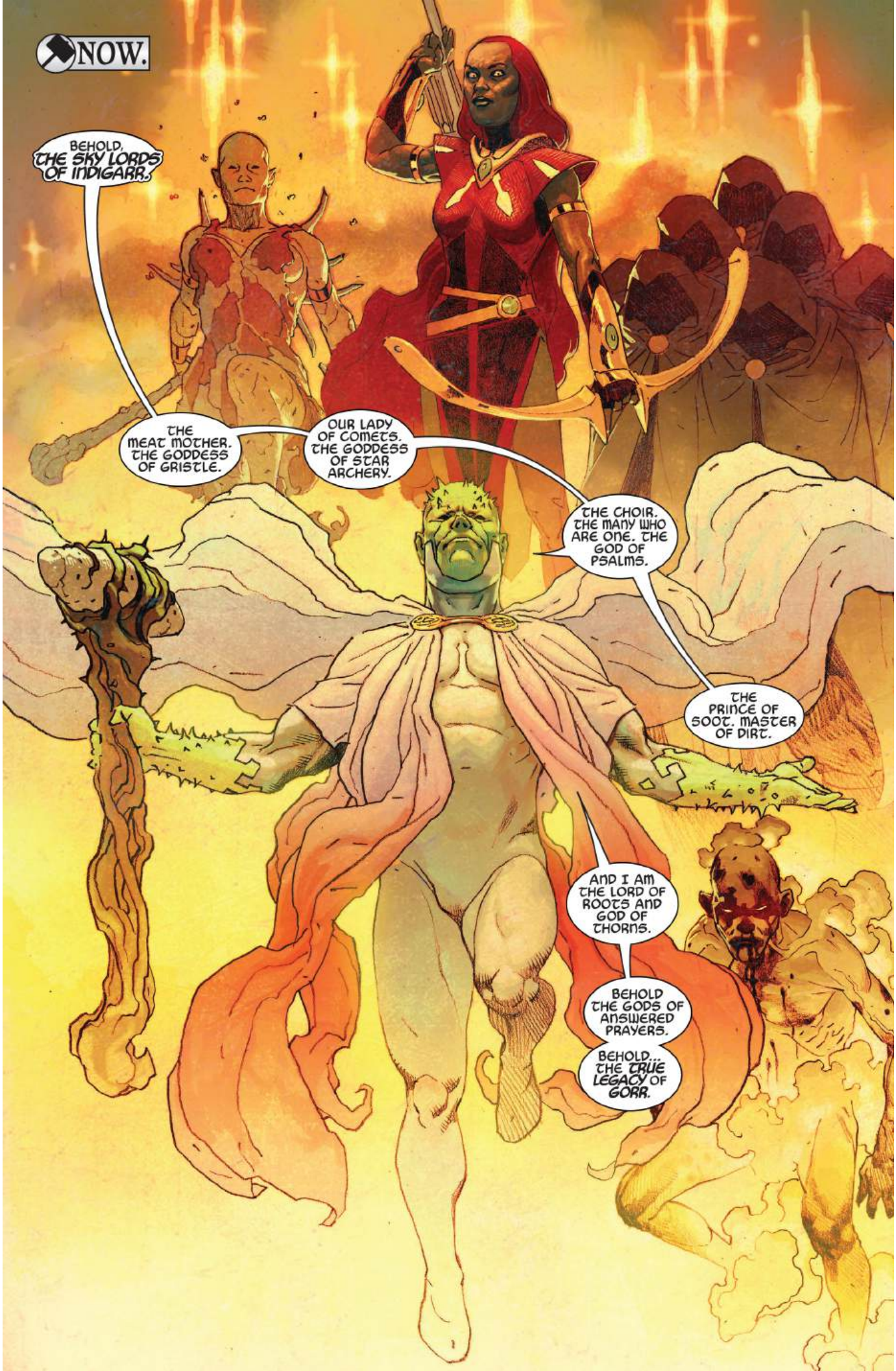

"AND WE FOUND THEM."
EARLIER.
WHAT IS THIS PLACE?
THE PLANET INDIGARR-- THOUGH LONG AGO, THE PEOPLE HERE TOOK TO CALLING IT BY ANOTHER NAME. GRIMDIRT.
DOESN'T SEEM TO FIT. THIS ENTIRE WORLD LOOKS TO BE A GARDEN. ALBEIT A BROWN ONE.
IT WASN'T ALWAYS THAT WAY.
ACCORDING TO SHADRAK'S BOOK, IT WAS ONCE A DESERT. A WORLD THAT NEVER KNEW RAIN. WHERE EVERYTHING WAS DYING, INCLUDING THE PEOPLE.
A WORLD WITHOUT HOPE. WITHOUT GODS.
ITS ANCIENT SKY LORDS HAD BEEN SLAUGHTERED IN SECRET BY THE GOD BUTCHER.
BUT THEN SOMETHING HAPPENED THAT CHANGED EVERYTHING.
A YOUNG GIRL PRAYED.
AND HER PRAYER WAS ANSWERED.
BY THE MIGHTY THOR.


"THOR BROUGHT THE RAIN.
"THOR BROUGHT HOPE.
"AND ONCE GORR WAS DEFEATED, THE GOD OF THUNDER BROUGHT SOMETHING EVEN MORE MAGICAL.
"THOR BROUGHT GODS TO INDIGARR."*
*SEE THOR: GOD OF THUNDER--GODBOMB.
GODS WHO SAVED THIS WORLD.
YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT THOR THE AVENGER. BEFORE HE EVEN BECAME ALL-FATHER.
THAT WAS EONS AGO, ELLI. THE AGE OF THE GODS HAS LONG SINCE ENDED.
WE'RE WHAT'S LEFT. AND WE'RE WASTING OUR TIME.

WE HAVE TO GET BACK TO GRANDFATHER. HE NEEDS US.
THERE'S NOTHING IN THIS RUINED GARDEN BUT GHOSTS AND OLD STORIES.
WE ALL OWE OUR LIVES TO OLD STORIES, SISTER.
AND THE AGE OF GODS DIDN'T END.
THOR WOULDN'T LET IT END.
AND NEITHER WILL WE.
ELLI... WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!
PRAYING. ON A WORLD THAT WAS SAVED BY PRAYER.
BUT THERE'S NOTHING HERE!
AND WE'RE ASGARDIANS! WE DON'T PRAY! WE ACT!
THOOOM
ATLI? WHAT THE HEL?
WE'RE THE GODDESSES OF THUNDER.
WE CAN DO BOTH.

BUT WHEN WE PRAY... WE DO IT A BIT LOUDER THAN MOST.
KRRRKKKRRRRRRRR
SHE'S RIGHT. AND WE DO IT TOGETHER.
IN THE NAME OF THOR.
IN THE NAME OF GRANDFATHER THOR.
FINE.
IN THE NAME OF THOR.
IN THE NAME OF THE GODS.
AND GODDESSES!
OF #$%& THUNDER!!!
THOR...

...I REMEMBER THAT NAME.
DEEP IN MY OLD ROOTS.
AND IT FEELS GOOD...
...REMEMBERING THINGS.
REMEMBERING ONESELF.
WHAT... ARE YOU?
I AM THE GOD OF THORNS.
THE ROSE FATHER OF INDIGARR.
AND I HAVE SLEPT FOR FAR TOO LONG.
WE ALL HAVE.

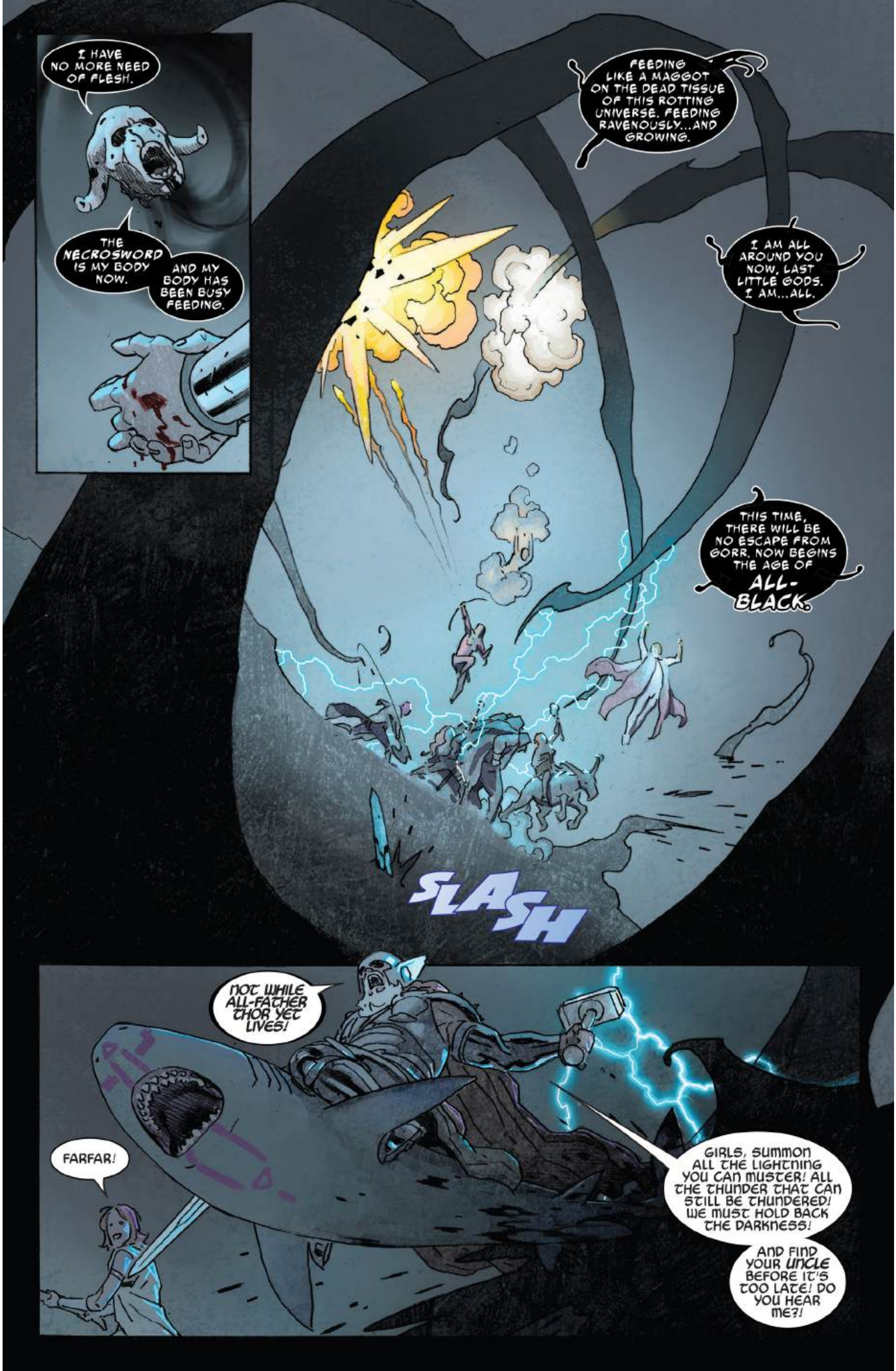

NOW.
BEHOLD, THE SKY LORDS OF INDIGARR.
THE MEAT MOTHER. THE GODDESS OF GRISTLE.
OUR LADY OF COMETS. THE GODDESS OF STAR ARCHERY.
THE CHOIR. THE MANY WHO ARE ONE. THE GOD OF PSALMS.
THE PRINCE OF SOOT. MASTER OF DIRT.
AND I AM THE LORD OF ROOTS AND GOD OF THORNS.
BEHOLD THE GODS OF ANSWERED PRAYERS.
BEHOLD... THE TRUE LEGACY OF GORR.

LEGACY... OF GORR?
YOU DARE?
IT'S TRUE.
AFTER YOUR REIGN OF BUTCHERING AND KIDNAPPING DEITIES TO BUILD YOUR GODBOMB, MANY OF US WERE LEFT LOST AND FORGOTTEN, WITHOUT WORLDS OF OUR OWN.
GAAGH!
SMACK
GUGH!
IT WAS THOR WHO GAVE US A CHANCE TO BE GODS AGAIN.
FOOM
GODS TO THE GODLESS.

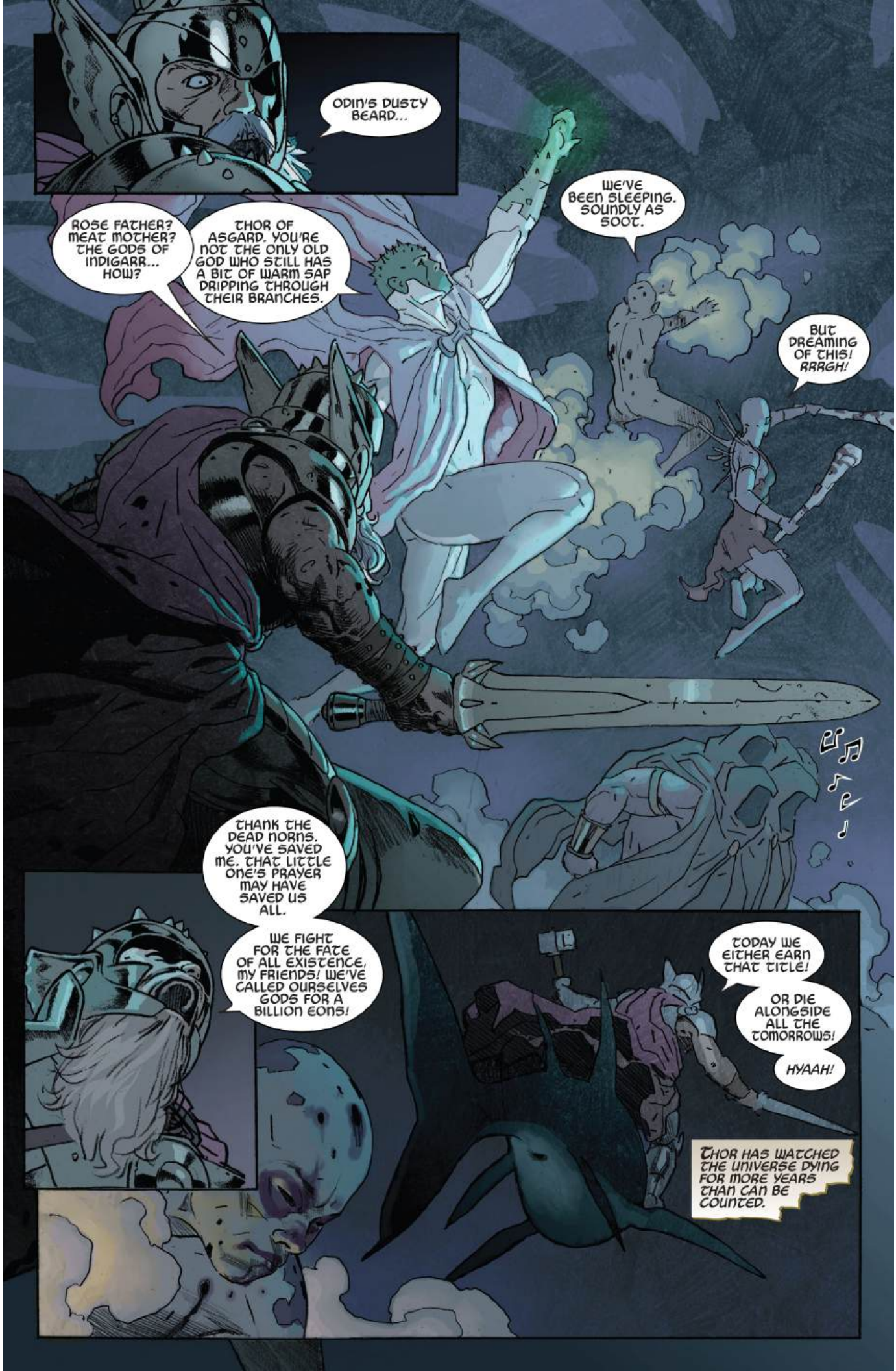
HHHRGH!
THOR BROUGHT US TO INDIGARR, A WORLD WITHOUT GODS.
WE MADE INDIGARR INTO A PARADISE, WHERE LIFE FLOURISHED FOR UNTOLD EONS.
ALL THANKS TO YOU.
AARGH!!!
CHOIR, LET US SING THE PRAISES OF GORR.
OF GORR THE REDEEMER.
GORR THE SAVIOR OF GODS.
GORRRRRRR!!!
GAAARRGGH!!!

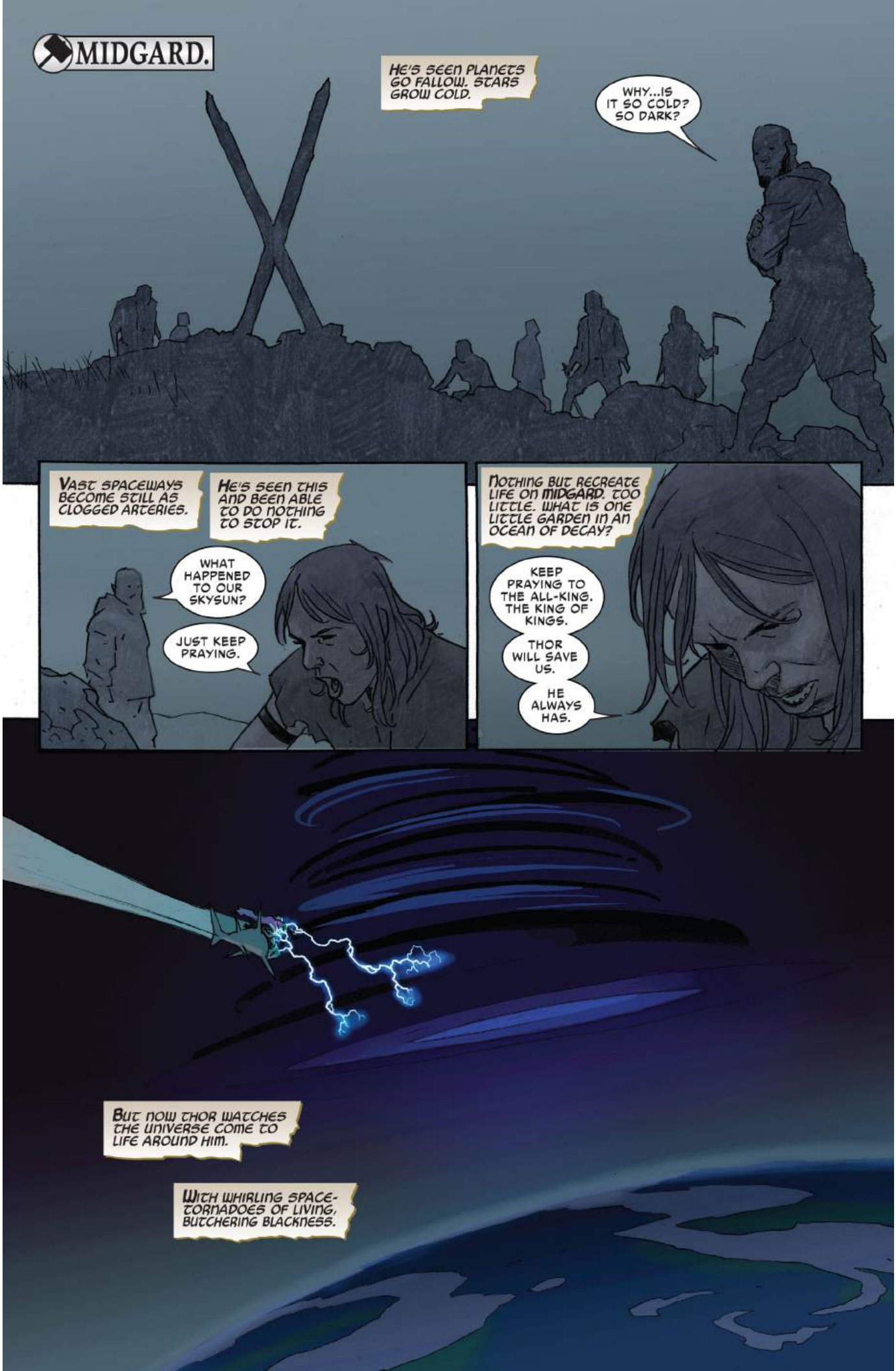
GRRAH! FORGOTTEN GODS AND THOR'S GRANDWHELPS!
YOU LOT ARE TOO LITTLE AND FAR TOO LATE! THIS TIME I'LL FINISH WHAT I STARTED! THIS TIME, NO GOD GETS OUT A--
KEEP DREAMING, GORR. LAST TIME YOU COULDN'T END THE GODS WITH THE GREATEST BOMB EVER BUILT.
AARRRGH!
AND THIS TIME YOU'RE ALL OUT OF BOMBS.
BUT WE'VE GOT ONE!
AND HER NAME IS ÁLFI WODENDOTTIR!
BOOM!

AND THIS TIME WE'LL MAKE SURE YOU STAY DEAD.
I'LL HURL THIS UGLY HEAD INTO THE BRIGHTEST STAR I CAN FIND.
AND THEN HURL THAT STAR INTO ANOTHER STAR.
FIRST WE'VE GOT TO FIND GRANDFATHER.
SISTERS...
HE'S STILL SOMEWHERE IN THAT OCEAN OF BLACKNESS. GODS, IT SEEMS LIKE IT'S ALMOST BIGGER NOW THAN--
SISTERS!
WHERE DID THE STARS GO?
INTO ME!
SHUNK
GAAAGH!!


I HAVE NO MORE NEED OF FLESH.
THE NECROSWORD IS MY BODY NOW.
AND MY BODY HAS BEEN BUSY FEEDING.
FEEDING LIKE A MAGGOT ON THE DEAD TISSUE OF THIS ROTTING UNIVERSE. FEEDING RAVENOUSLY...AND GROWING.
I AM ALL AROUND YOU NOW, LAST LITTLE GODS. I AM...ALL.
THIS TIME, THERE WILL BE NO ESCAPE FROM GORR. NOW BEGINS THE AGE OF ALL-BLACK.
SLASH
NOT WHILE ALL-FATHER THOR YET LIVES!
FARFAR!
GIRLS, SUMMON ALL THE LIGHTNING YOU CAN MUSTER! ALL THE THUNDER THAT CAN STILL BE THUNDERED! WE MUST HOLD BACK THE DARKNESS!
AND FIND YOUR UNCLE BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE! DO YOU HEAR ME?!

"SAVE LOKI!"
BROTHER, I MUST SAY...YOU SMELL EVEN MORE LIKE A GOAT THAN USUAL.
THERE HE IS!
TOOTHGNASHER SAVED HIM.
GOOD, THAT MEANS WE DON'T HAVE TO.
HELLO, DEAR NIECES. YOU'RE NOT STILL ANGRY ABOUT ME TRYING TO MURDER YOU WITH BIRDS, ARE YOU? BECAUSE THAT'S RATHER SOMETHING OF A FAMILY TRADI--
STILL YOUR TONGUE, LOKI. GRANDFATHER WANTS YOU ALIVE FOR SOME REASON. AND SO YOU ARE--
--BUT WE CARE NOT IF YOU STAY THAT WAY.
HMPH. THERE'S HARDLY ANYTHING LEFT OF HIM WORTH CHOPPING UP!
THE ENTIRE UNIVERSE IS INFECTED, LOKI. THIS IS THE END, ONE WAY OR THE OTHER. AND NOW WE'VE ALL GOT TO FINISH OUR OWN SAGAS.
HEH. SMART GIRL. EVERYONE DOES ENJOY A GOOD ENDING. EVEN IF IT'S THEIR OWN.
I'VE ALWAYS PREFERRED MINE WITH A FAIR AMOUNT OF TEARS AND BLOODSHED. WHAT ABOUT YOU, TOOTHGNASHER?
FEEL LIKE TELLING ONE LAST STORY?


ODIN'S DUSTY BEARD...
WE'VE BEEN SLEEPING. SOUNDLY AS SOOT.
ROSE FATHER? MEAT MOTHER? THE GODS OF INDIGARR... HOW?
THOR OF ASGARD. YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY OLD GOD WHO STILL HAS A BIT OF WARM SAP DRIPPING THROUGH THEIR BRANCHES.
BUT DREAMING OF THIS! RRRGH!
THANK THE DEAD NORNS. YOU'VE SAVED ME. THAT LITTLE ONE'S PRAYER MAY HAVE SAVED US ALL.
WE FIGHT FOR THE FATE OF ALL EXISTENCE, MY FRIENDS! WE'VE CALLED OURSELVES GODS FOR A BILLION EONS!
TODAY WE EITHER EARN THAT TITLE!
OR DIE ALONGSIDE ALL THE TOMORROWS!
HYAAH!
THOR HAS WATCHED THE UNIVERSE DYING FOR MORE YEARS THAN CAN BE COUNTED.

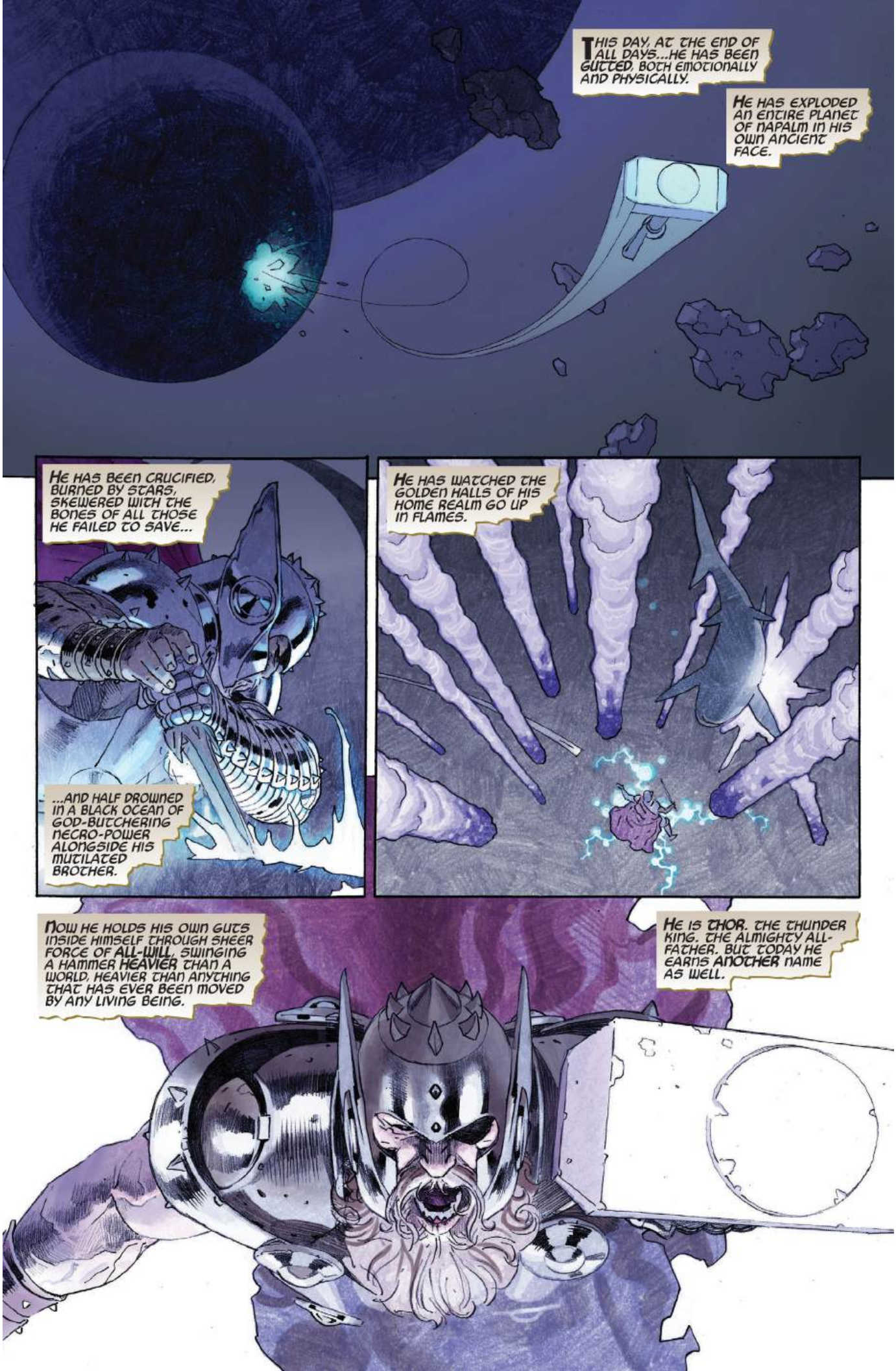

MIDGARD.
He's seen planets go fallow. Stars grow cold.
Why...is it so cold? So dark?
Vast spaceways become still as clogged arteries.
He's seen this and been able to do nothing to stop it.
What happened to our skysun?
Just keep praying.
Nothing but recreate life on MIDGARD. Too little. What is one little garden in an ocean of decay?
Keep praying to the All-King. The King of Kings.
Thor will save us.
He always has.
But now Thor watches the universe come to life around him.
With whirling space-tornadoes of living, butchering blackness.

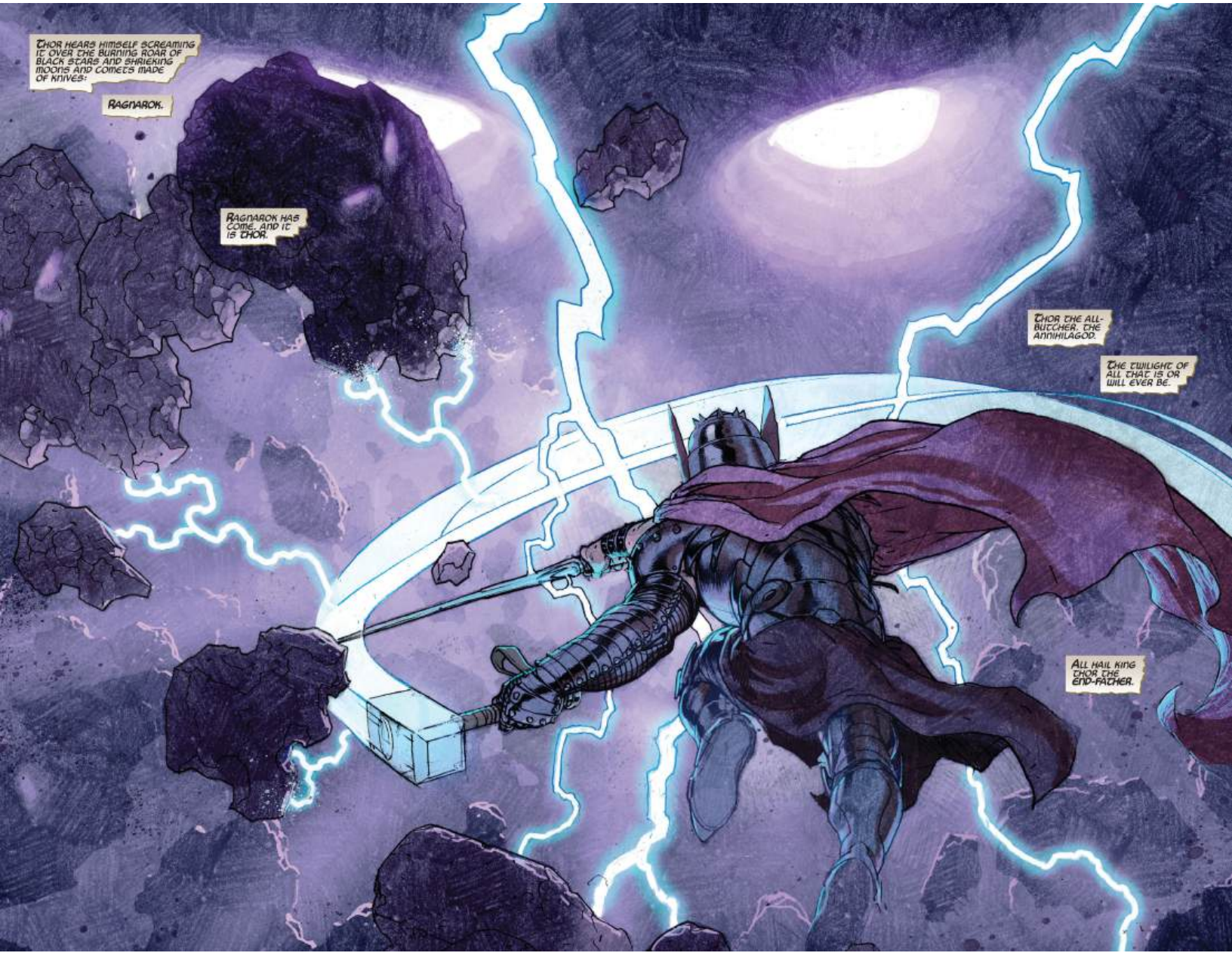
With god-eating berserker-moons.
With black-flamed comets of rage and hate.
With the all-consuming, all-blackened spirit of Gorr.
"I wanted to save the world," Thor thinks. "To save all the worlds. To save...something, at least. Some small piece of infinity.
"But now..."
By the gods of all the ages...
Yes, come, little king!

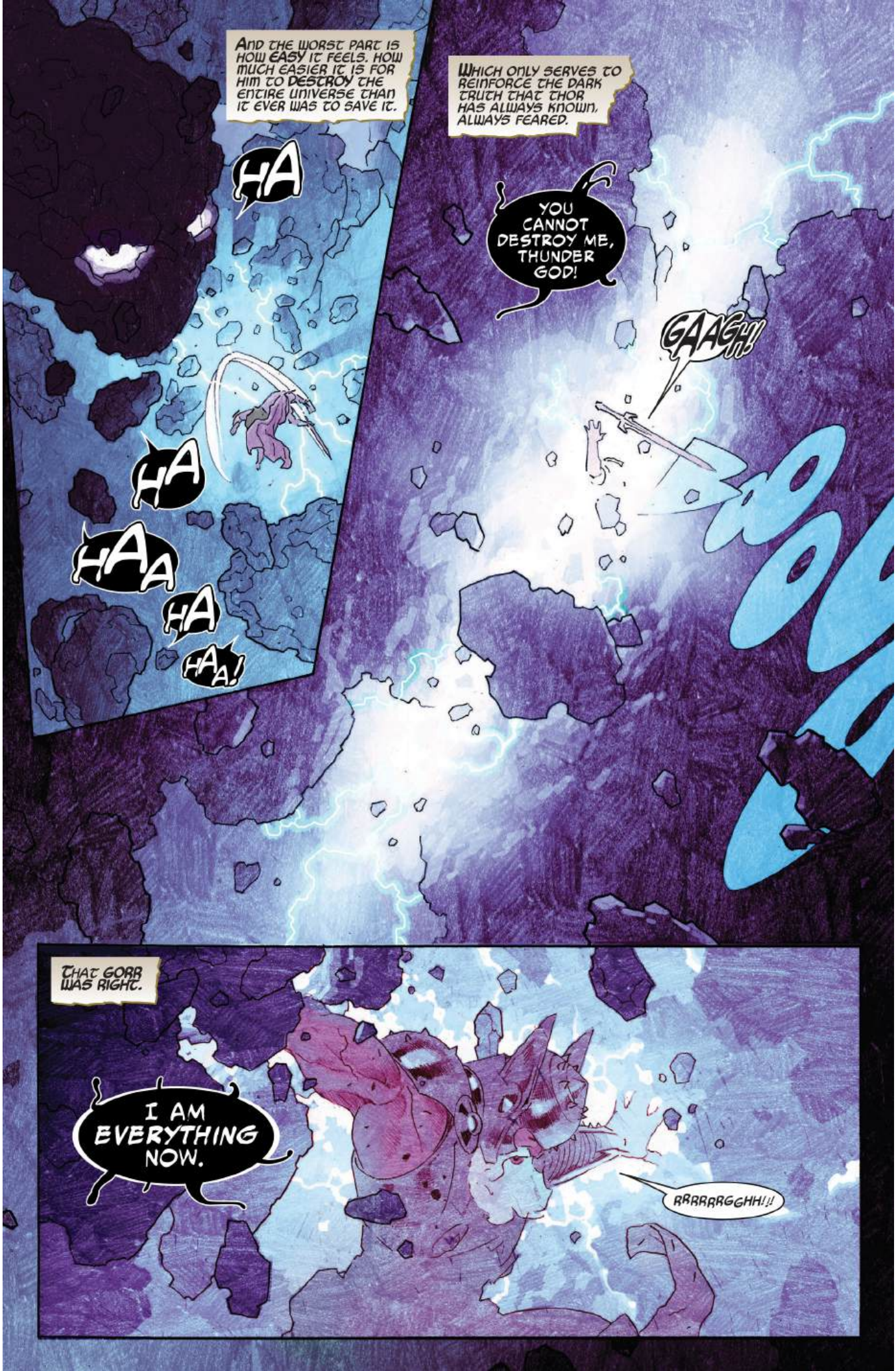
"...NOW I HAVE TO KILL IT," THINKS THE LAST KING OF THE GODS.
"I HAVE TO KILL IT ALL."
WELCOME TO ALL-BLACK THE NECRO-VERSE!

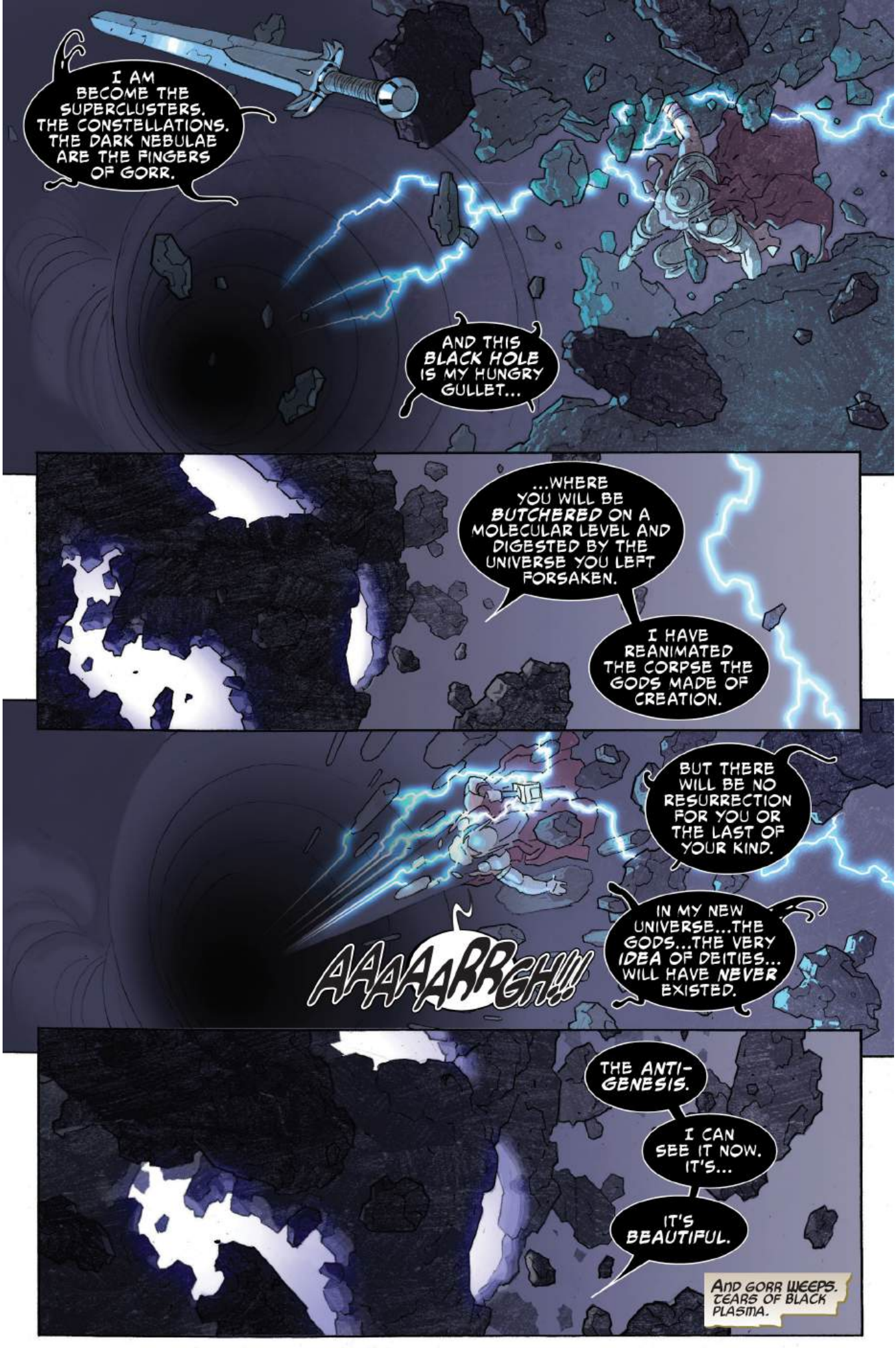
KING THOR | 4

"What is the Spirit of Thunder?"

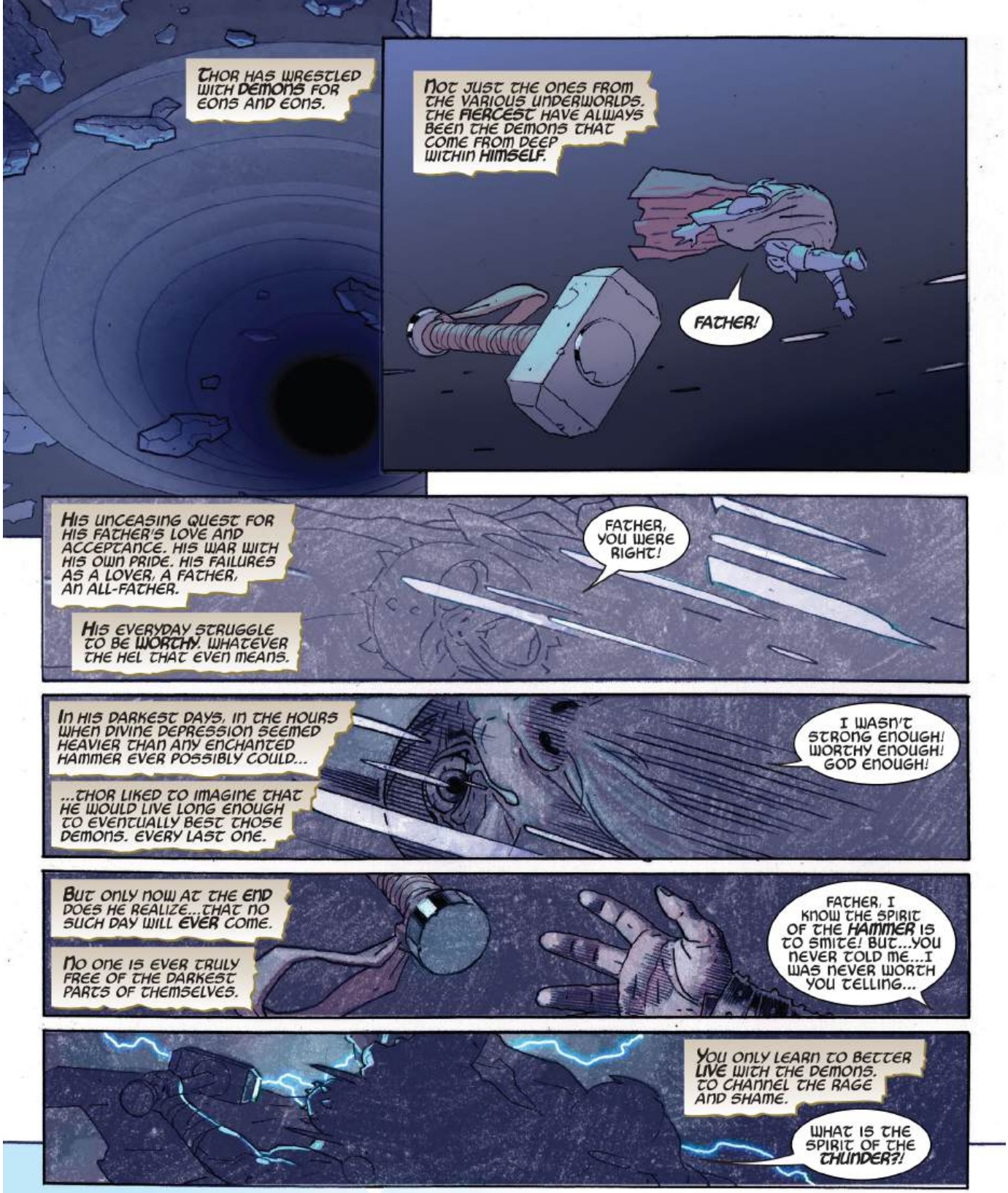

THIS DAY, AT THE END OF ALL DAYS...HE HAS BEEN GUTTED, BOTH EMOTIONALLY AND PHYSICALLY.
HE HAS EXPLODED AN ENTIRE PLANET OF NAPALM IN HIS OWN ANCIENT FACE.
HE HAS BEEN CRUCIFIED, BURNED BY STARS, SKEWERED WITH THE BONES OF ALL THOSE HE FAILED TO SAVE...
...AND HALF DROWNED IN A BLACK OCEAN OF GOD-BUTCHERING NECRO-POWER ALONGSIDE HIS MUTILATED BROTHER.
HE HAS WATCHED THE GOLDEN HALLS OF HIS HOME REALM GO UP IN FLAMES.
NOW HE HOLDS HIS OWN GUTS INSIDE HIMSELF THROUGH SHEER FORCE OF ALL-WILL, SWINGING A HAMMER HEAVIER THAN A WORLD, HEAVIER THAN ANYTHING THAT HAS EVER BEEN MOVED BY ANY LIVING BEING.
HE IS THOR. THE THUNDER KING. THE ALMIGHTY ALL-FATHER. BUT TODAY HE EARNS ANOTHER NAME AS WELL.

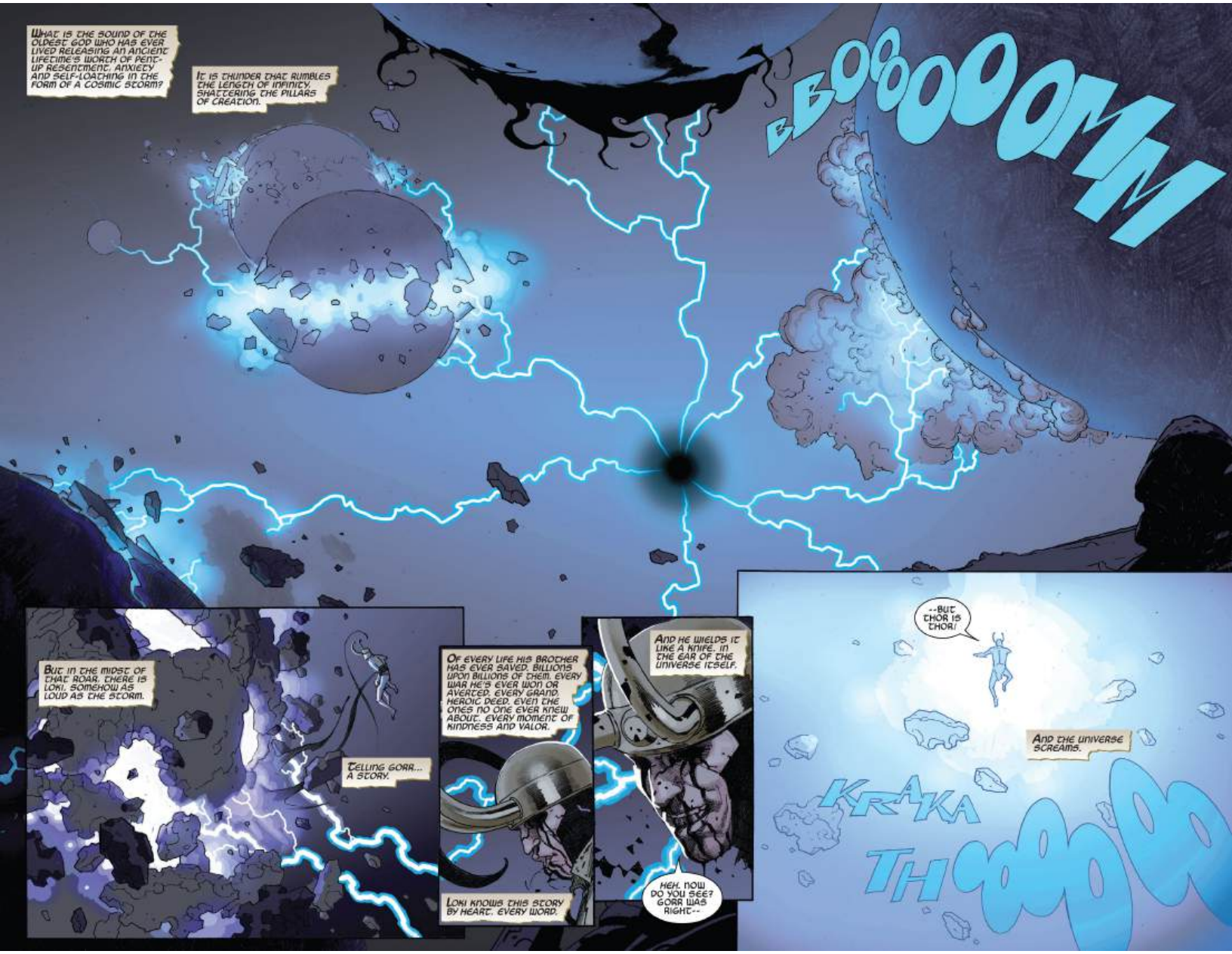

THOR HEARS HIMSELF SCREAMING IT OVER THE BURNING ROAR OF BLACK STARS AND SHRIEKING MOONS AND COMETS MADE OF KNIVES:
RAGNAROK.
RAGNAROK HAS COME. AND IT IS THOR.
THOR THE ALL-BUTCHER. THE ANNIHILAGOD.
THE TWILIGHT OF ALL THAT IS OR WILL EVER BE.
ALL HAIL KING THOR THE END-FATHER.

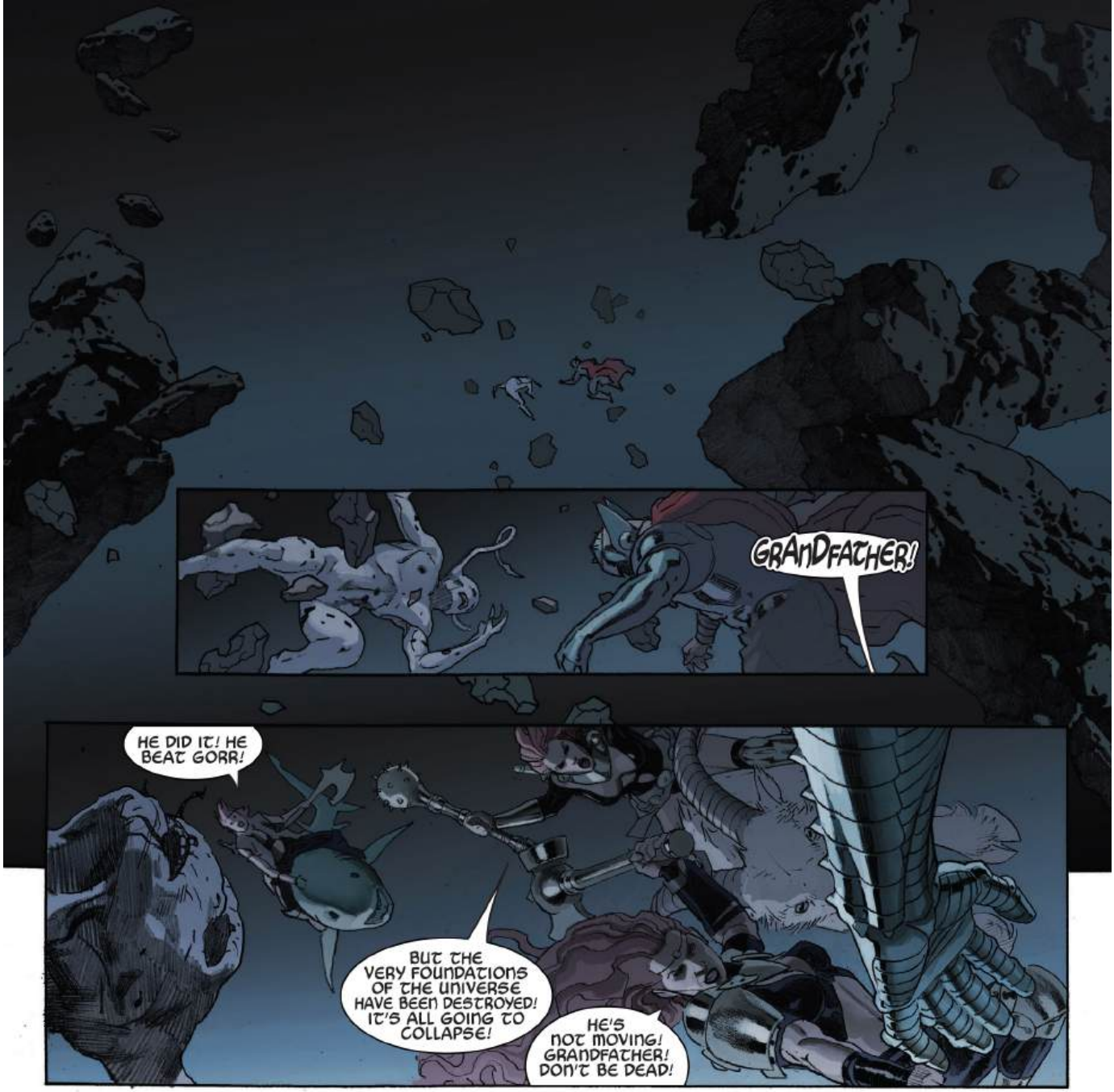

And the worst part is how EASY it feels. How much easier it is for him to DESTROY the entire universe than it ever was to save it.
HA
HA
HAA
HA
HAA!
Which only serves to reinforce the dark truth that Thor has always known, always feared.
YOU CANNOT DESTROY ME, THUNDER GOD!
GAAGH!
That Gorr was right.
I AM EVERYTHING NOW.
RRRRRRGGHH!!

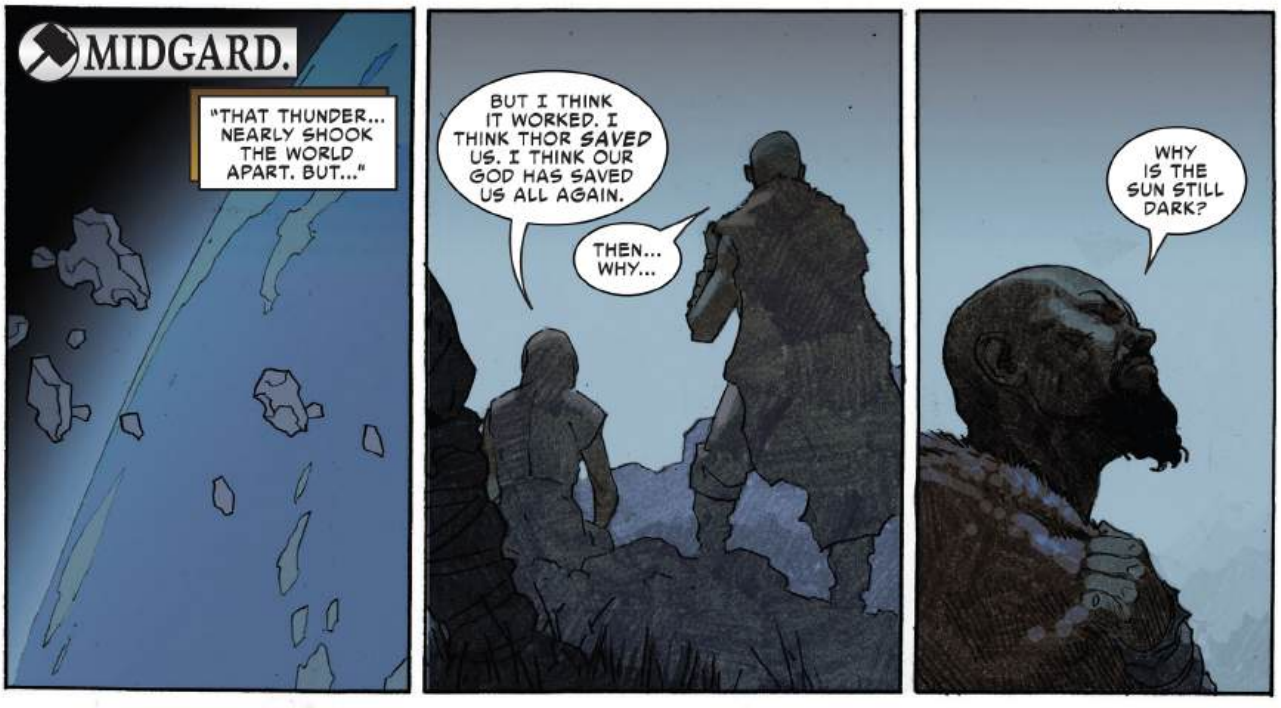

I AM BECOME THE SUPERCLUSTERS. THE CONSTELLATIONS. THE DARK NEBULAE ARE THE FINGERS OF GORR.
AND THIS BLACK HOLE IS MY HUNGRY GULLET...
...WHERE YOU WILL BE BUTCHERED ON A MOLECULAR LEVEL AND DIGESTED BY THE UNIVERSE YOU LEFT FORSAKEN.
I HAVE REANIMATED THE CORPSE THE GODS MADE OF CREATION.
BUT THERE WILL BE NO RESURRECTION FOR YOU OR THE LAST OF YOUR KIND.
AAAAARRGH!!!
IN MY NEW UNIVERSE...THE GODS...THE VERY IDEA OF DEITIES... WILL HAVE NEVER EXISTED.
THE ANTI-GENESIS.
I CAN SEE IT NOW. IT'S...
IT'S BEAUTIFUL.
AND GORR WEEPS. TEARS OF BLACK PLASMA.

SORRY, IS THIS A BAD TIME? SHOULD I COME BACK WHEN YOU'RE DONE SOBBING?
LOKI!
I SHOULD'VE LEFT YOU AN EYE SO YOU COULD BEHOLD MY FINAL GLORY. YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE IT ON FAITH, I SUPPOSE.
JUST KNOW...I AM IMMACULATE... AS I'M KILLING YOU.
I DON'T NEED EYES TO KNOW THAT'S NOT ENTIRELY TRUE, GORR. I CAN SMELL A LIE.
GAAGH! ESPECIALLY A POOR ONE. LIKE A SHARK SMELLS BLOOD IN THE WATER FROM MILES AWAY.
AND I NEED THIS SWORD THAT CAME TO ME IN THE ETHER EVEN LESS THAN I NEED EYES.
IT WAS MY FATHER'S SWORD. I'VE NEVER BEEN MUCH OF A FATHER'S SWORD SORT OF GOD MYSELF.
LOKI, ON BEHALF OF THE ENTIRE UNIVERSE, I HEREBY EXECUTE YOU FOR CRIMES TOO VAST AND VILE TO MENTION!
I DON'T NEED A HAMMER OR TWO GOOD ARMS EITHER. I DON'T EVEN NEED THIS GOAT. SORRY, TOOTHGNASHER.
ALL I NEED RIGHT NOW, GOD BUTCHER...
GRRGH!
...IS A WORD.


THOR HAS WRESTLED WITH DEMONS FOR EONS AND EONS.
NOT JUST THE ONES FROM THE VARIOUS UNDERWORLDS. THE FIERCEST HAVE ALWAYS BEEN THE DEMONS THAT COME FROM DEEP WITHIN HIMSELF.
FATHER!
HIS UNCEASING QUEST FOR HIS FATHER'S LOVE AND ACCEPTANCE. HIS WAR WITH HIS OWN PRIDE. HIS FAILURES AS A LOVER, A FATHER, AN ALL-FATHER.
HIS EVERYDAY STRUGGLE TO BE WORTHY. WHATEVER THE HEL THAT EVEN MEANS.
FATHER, YOU WERE RIGHT!
IN HIS DARKEST DAYS, IN THE HOURS WHEN DIVINE DEPRESSION SEEMED HEAVIER THAN ANY ENCHANTED HAMMER EVER POSSIBLY COULD...
...THOR LIKED TO IMAGINE THAT HE WOULD LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO EVENTUALLY BEST THOSE DEMONS. EVERY LAST ONE.
I WASN'T STRONG ENOUGH! WORTHY ENOUGH! GOD ENOUGH!
BUT ONLY NOW AT THE END DOES HE REALIZE...THAT NO SUCH DAY WILL EVER COME.
NO ONE IS EVER TRULY FREE OF THE DARKEST PARTS OF THEMSELVES.
FATHER, I KNOW THE SPIRIT OF THE HAMMER IS TO SMITE! BUT...YOU NEVER TOLD ME...I WAS NEVER WORTH YOU TELLING...
YOU ONLY LEARN TO BETTER LIVE WITH THE DEMONS. TO CHANNEL THE RAGE AND SHAME.
WHAT IS THE SPIRIT OF THE THUNDER?!
TO BE THE STORM.
FATHER!!!


What is the sound of the oldest god who has ever lived releasing an ancient lifetime's worth of pent-up resentment, anxiety and self-loathing in the form of a cosmic storm?
It is thunder that rumbles the length of infinity, shattering the pillars of creation.
BBOOOOOMM
But in the midst of that roar, there is Loki. Somehow as loud as the storm.
Telling Gorr... a story.
Of every life his brother has ever saved. Billions upon billions of them. Every war he's ever won or averted. Every grand, heroic deed. Even the ones no one ever knew about. Every moment of kindness and valor.
Loki knows this story by heart. Every word.
And he wields it like a knife. In the ear of the universe itself.
Heh. Now do you see? Gorr was right--
--But Thor is Thor!
And the universe screams.
KRAKA
TH


GRANDFATHER!
HE DID IT! HE BEAT GORR!
BUT THE VERY FOUNDATIONS OF THE UNIVERSE HAVE BEEN DESTROYED! IT'S ALL GOING TO COLLAPSE!
HE'S NOT MOVING! GRANDFATHER! DON'T BE DEAD!


MIDGARD.
"THAT THUNDER... NEARLY SHOOK THE WORLD APART. BUT..."
BUT I THINK IT WORKED. I THINK THOR SAVED US. I THINK OUR GOD HAS SAVED US ALL AGAIN.
THEN... WHY...
WHY IS THE SUN STILL DARK?

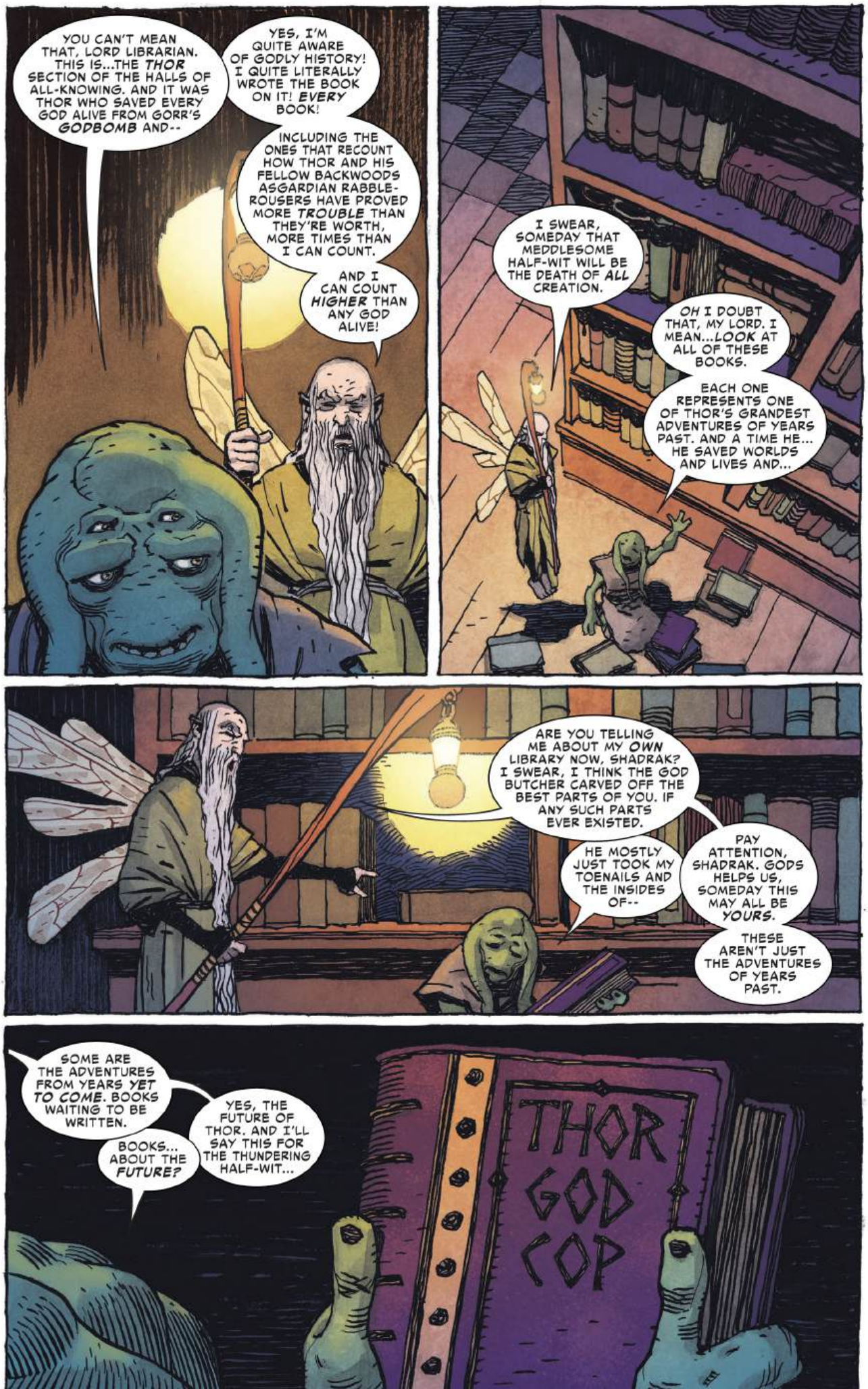
RRRGH.
EASY, BOY. IT'S ALL RIGHT. JUST A LITTLE FARTHER.
LIKE I SAID, WE STILL HAVE ONE LAST STORY TO TELL.
AND WE HAVEN'T TOLD IT YET.
THIS OLD SUN...ISN'T EXACTLY THE ENDING I WAS HOPING FOR, BUT, WELL...
...I SUPPOSE IT'S THE ONE I DESERVE.

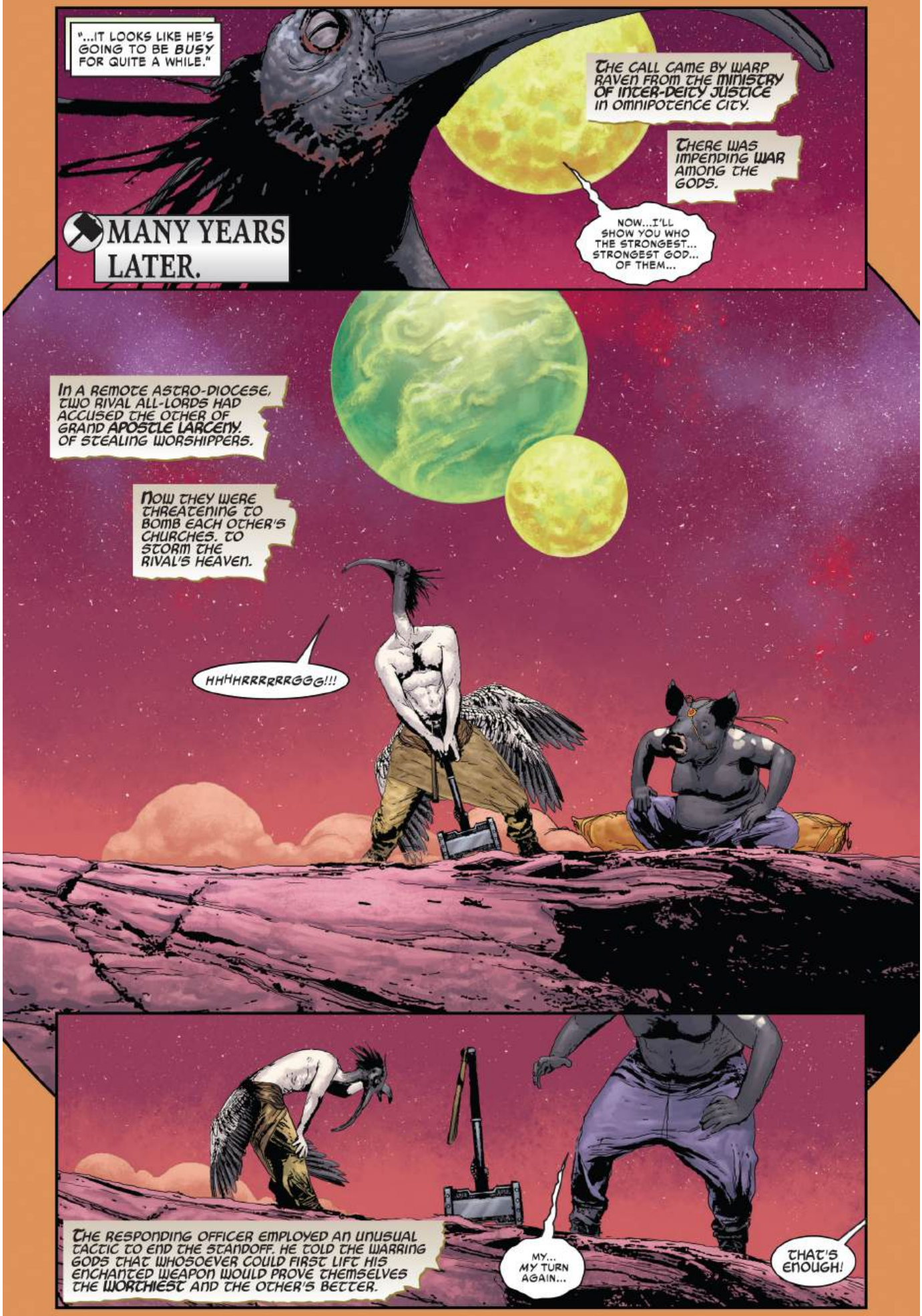
OMNIPOTENCE CITY,
NEXUS OF THE GODS.
THE PRESENT DAY.

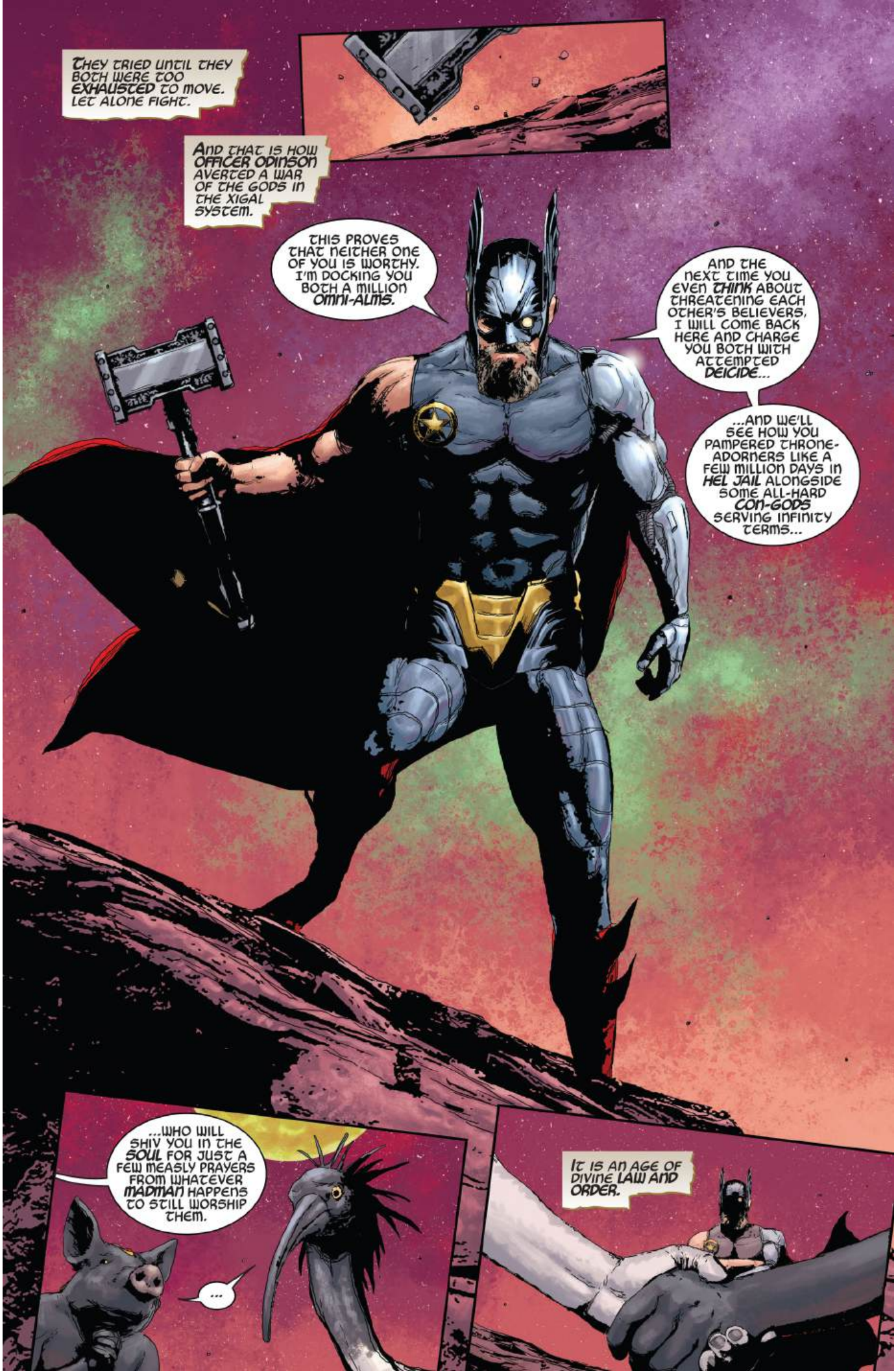
KRRSH
WHAT IN THE NAME OF THE 9,000 HELLS WAS THAT?

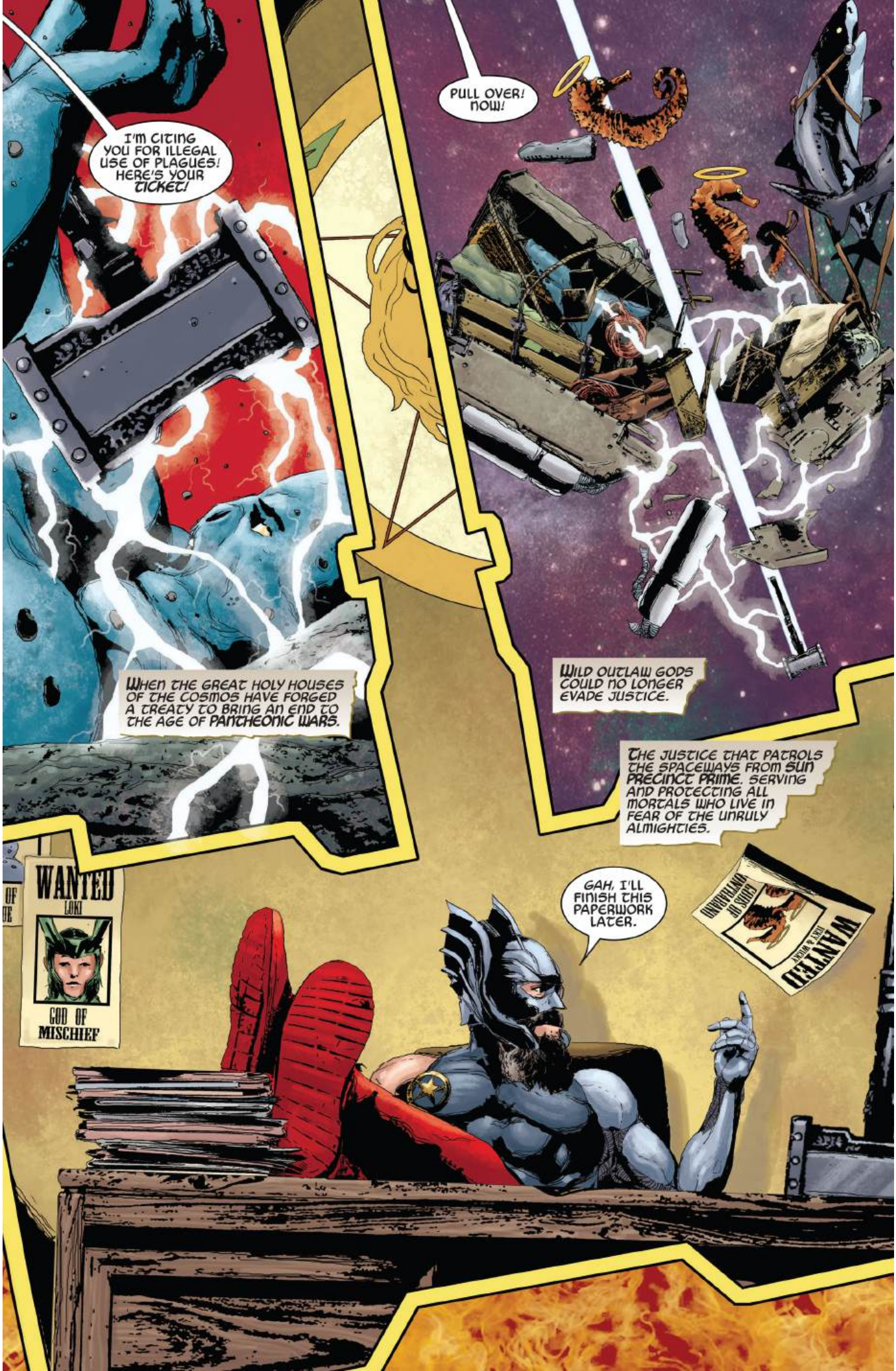
THIS IS THE HALLS OF ALL-KNOWING!
IS A MODICUM OF DIVINE DECORUM TOO BLOODY MUCH FOR WHICH TO ASK IN THE HALLOWED HALLS OF THE MOST EXALTED LIBRARY OF ALL THE GODS?
WHY DO YOU INSIST ON DEFILING MY METICULOUSLY REFINED TEMPLE OF COSMIC KNOWLEDGE...

...SHADRAK, GOD OF IMBECILES AND IMBECILITY?
I WAS... DUSTING THE BOOKS AND...AND I MUST'VE... DUSTED TOO HARD...
I'LL... I'LL CLEAN IT UP, LORD LIBRARIAN.
YES, YOU WILL.
I CANNOT ABIDE SEEING MY IRREPLACEABLE ANCIENT TEXTS SCATTERED UPON THE FLOOR LIKE COMMON TRASH.
WHICH SECTION IS THIS THAT YOU'VE MADE SUCH A...
OH.
I SEE.
NEVER MIND, THEN. THE FLOOR IS JUST FINE FOR THOSE.
THOR: THE QUEST FOR ODIN
THE WORLD BEYOND
THOR: GODSTORM
THOR: WORLDENGINE
YOUNG THOR

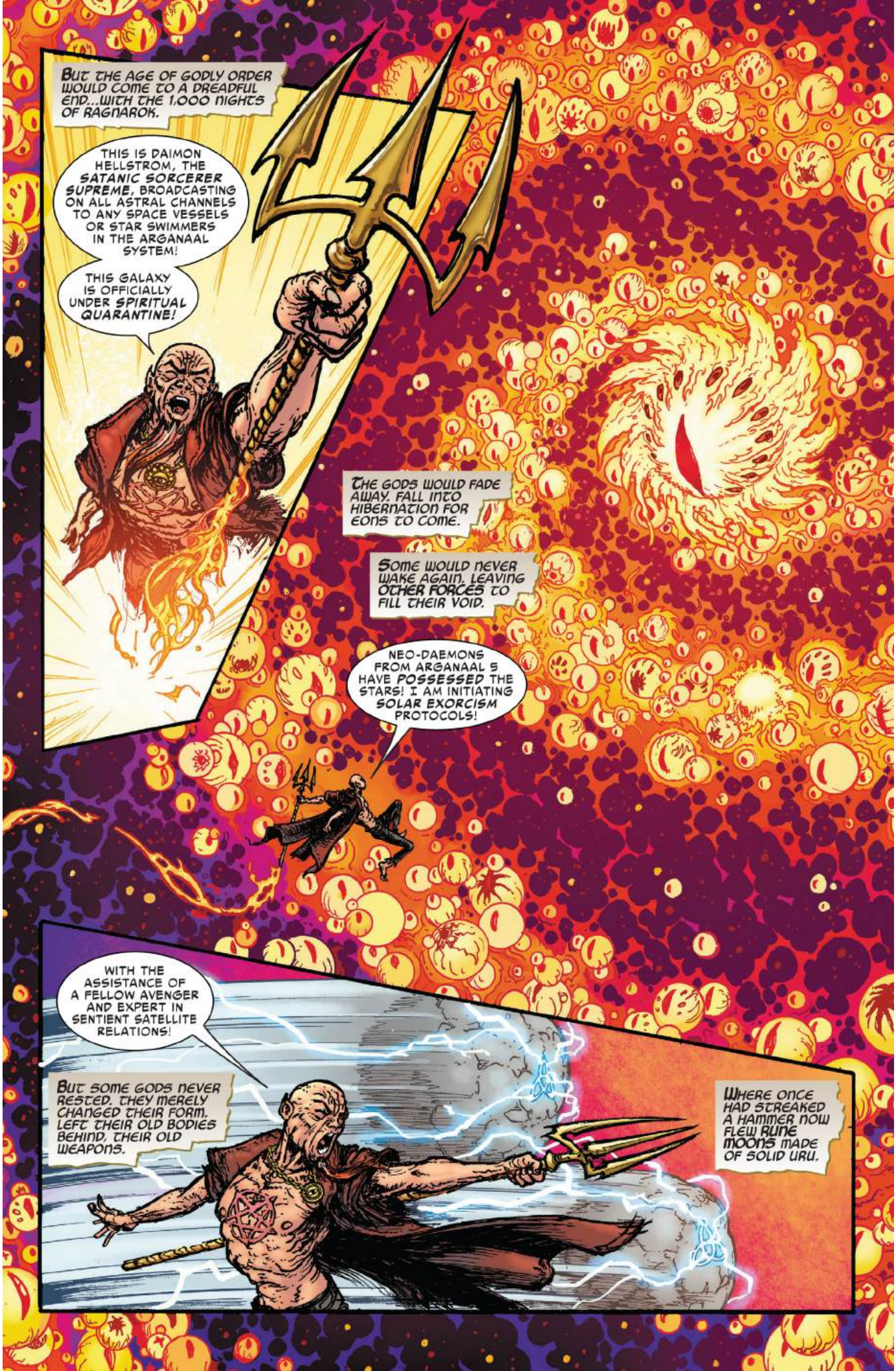

YOU CAN'T MEAN THAT, LORD LIBRARIAN. THIS IS...THE THOR SECTION OF THE HALLS OF ALL-KNOWING. AND IT WAS THOR WHO SAVED EVERY GOD ALIVE FROM GORR'S GODBOMB AND--
YES, I'M QUITE AWARE OF GODLY HISTORY! I QUITE LITERALLY WROTE THE BOOK ON IT! EVERY BOOK!
INCLUDING THE ONES THAT RECOUNT HOW THOR AND HIS FELLOW BACKWOODS ASGARDIAN RABBLE-ROUSERS HAVE PROVED MORE TROUBLE THAN THEY'RE WORTH, MORE TIMES THAN I CAN COUNT.
AND I CAN COUNT HIGHER THAN ANY GOD ALIVE!
I SWEAR, SOMEDAY THAT MEDDLESOME HALF-WIT WILL BE THE DEATH OF ALL CREATION.
OH I DOUBT THAT, MY LORD. I MEAN...LOOK AT ALL OF THESE BOOKS.
EACH ONE REPRESENTS ONE OF THOR'S GRANDEST ADVENTURES OF YEARS PAST. AND A TIME HE... HE SAVED WORLDS AND LIVES AND...
ARE YOU TELLING ME ABOUT MY OWN LIBRARY NOW, SHADRAK? I SWEAR, I THINK THE GOD BUTCHER CARVED OFF THE BEST PARTS OF YOU. IF ANY SUCH PARTS EVER EXISTED.
HE MOSTLY JUST TOOK MY TOENAILS AND THE INSIDES OF--
PAY ATTENTION, SHADRAK. GODS HELPS US, SOMEDAY THIS MAY ALL BE YOURS.
THESE AREN'T JUST THE ADVENTURES OF YEARS PAST.
SOME ARE THE ADVENTURES FROM YEARS YET TO COME. BOOKS WAITING TO BE WRITTEN.
BOOKS... ABOUT THE FUTURE?
YES, THE FUTURE OF THOR. AND I'LL SAY THIS FOR THE THUNDERING HALF-WIT...
THOR GOD COP


"...IT LOOKS LIKE HE'S GOING TO BE BUSY FOR QUITE A WHILE."
THE CALL CAME BY WARP RAVEN FROM THE MINISTRY OF INTER-DEITY JUSTICE IN OMNIPOTENCE CITY.
THERE WAS IMPENDING WAR AMONG THE GODS.
NOW...I'LL SHOW YOU WHO THE STRONGEST... STRONGEST GOD... OF THEM...
MANY YEARS LATER.
IN A REMOTE ASTRO-DIOCESE, TWO RIVAL ALL-LORDS HAD ACCUSED THE OTHER OF GRAND APOSTLE LARCENY. OF STEALING WORSHIPPERS.
NOW THEY WERE THREATENING TO BOMB EACH OTHER'S CHURCHES. TO STORM THE RIVAL'S HEAVEN.
HHHHRRRRRRGGG!!!
THE RESPONDING OFFICER EMPLOYED AN UNUSUAL TACTIC TO END THE STANDOFF. HE TOLD THE WARRING GODS THAT WHOSOEVER COULD FIRST LIFT HIS ENCHANTED WEAPON WOULD PROVE THEMSELVES THE WORTHIEST AND THE OTHER'S BETTER.
MY... MY TURN AGAIN...
THAT'S ENOUGH!


They tried until they both were too EXHAUSTED to move. Let alone fight.
And that is how OFFICER ODINSON averted a war of the gods in the Xigal system.
This proves that neither one of you is worthy. I'm docking you both a million OMNI-ALMS.
And the next time you even THINK about threatening each other's believers, I will come back here and charge you both with attempted DEICIDE...
...and we'll see how you pampered throne-adorners like a few million days in HEL JAIL alongside some all-hard CON-GODS serving infinity terms...
...who will shiv you in the SOUL for just a few measly prayers from whatever MADMAN happens to still worship them.
...
It is an age of divine LAW and ORDER.


I'M CITING YOU FOR ILLEGAL USE OF PLAGUES! HERE'S YOUR TICKET!
PULL OVER! NOW!
WHEN THE GREAT HOLY HOUSES OF THE COSMOS HAVE FORGED A TREATY TO BRING AN END TO THE AGE OF PANTHEONIC WARS.
WILD OUTLAW GODS COULD NO LONGER EVADE JUSTICE.
THE JUSTICE THAT PATROLS THE SPACEWAYS FROM SUN PRECINCT PRIME, SERVING AND PROTECTING ALL MORTALS WHO LIVE IN FEAR OF THE UNRULY ALMIGHTIES.
WANTED
LOKI
GOD OF MISCHIEF
GAH, I'LL FINISH THIS PAPERWORK LATER.
WANTED
GODS OF CONTRABAND

THE JUSTICE OF OFFICER THOR ODINSON OF THE UNIVERSAL GOD POLICE.
PARTNER. LET'S RIDE.
THE COP OF THUNDER.
OFFICER ODINSON. ZEUS CHAPTER 4, VERSE 9 IN PROGRESS. THE ARCHIMEDES SYSTEM.
COPY THAT. RESPONDING.
MJOLNIR, SOUND THE SIREN.
KRAK-AKOOOM


But the age of godly order would come to a dreadful end...with the 1,000 nights of Ragnarok.
This is Daimon Hellstrom, the Satanic Sorcerer Supreme, broadcasting on all astral channels to any space vessels or star swimmers in the Arganaal system!
This galaxy is officially under Spiritual Quarantine!
The gods would fade away. Fall into hibernation for eons to come.
Some would never wake again, leaving other forces to fill their void.
Neo-daemons from Arganaal 5 have possessed the stars! I am initiating solar exorcism protocols!
With the assistance of a fellow Avenger and expert in sentient satellite relations!
But some gods never rested. They merely changed their form. Left their old bodies behind, their old weapons.
Where once had streaked a hammer now flew rune moons made of solid uru.

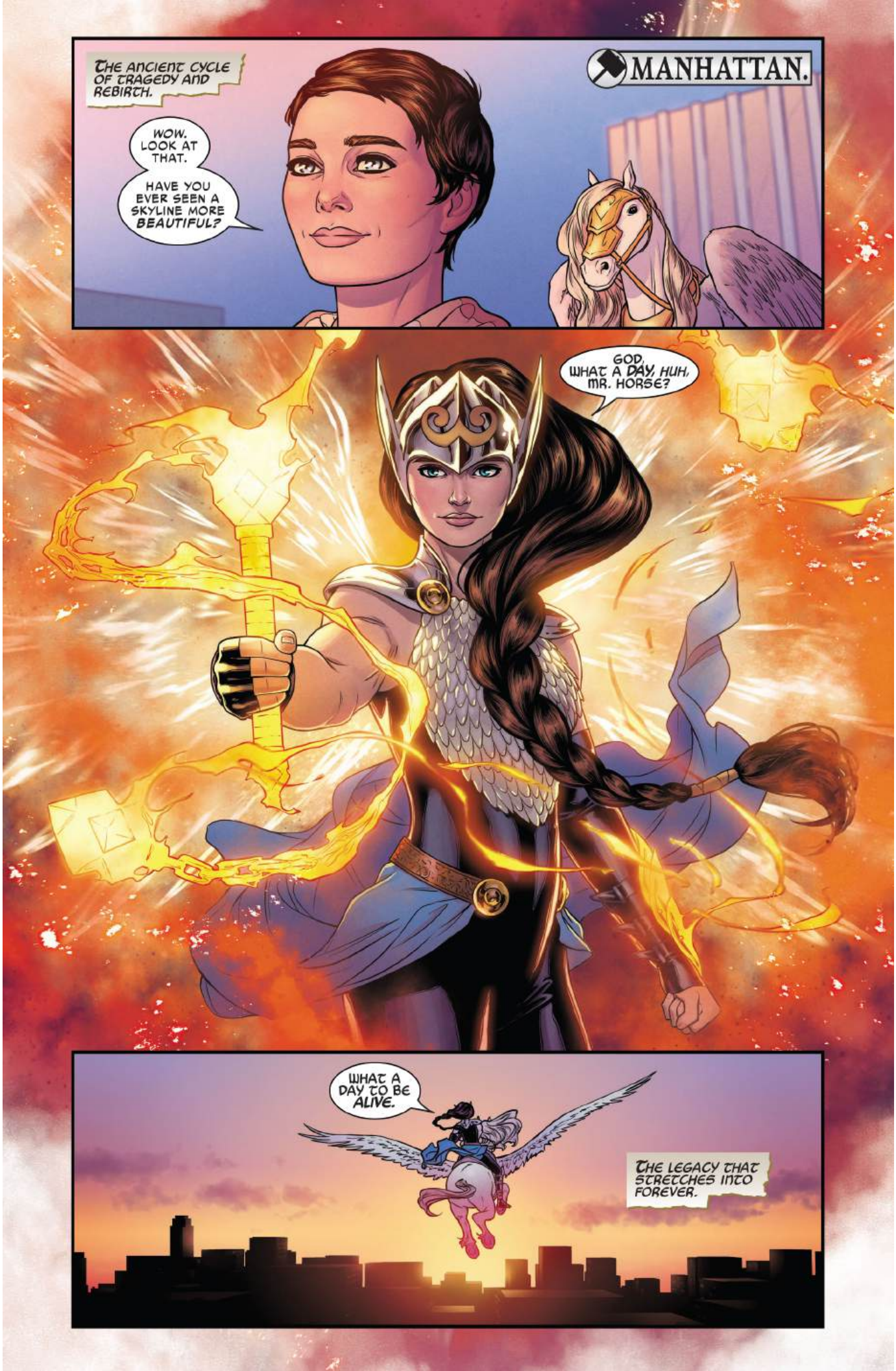
THOR ODINSON WAS DEAD.
SO WAS BORN THOR THE THUNDER WORLD.

But that age too would pass.
HRRGH!
Thor would one day regain his form. But then lose something even more precious deep in the frozen jungles of Jotunheim.
GRRH!
His mind.
RRRRRRRRRRGH!!!
After an attack by psychic frost giant assassins, Thor would be left lost and amnesiac, before being taken in by the wild beasts of the winter lands.
Thus began the legend of Thor, Lord of the Ice Apes.
Me Thor! Me strongest ape!

But the soldiers of the Jotunn King never stopped searching for their enemy.
HHRGGH!
YOU! I've been looking all over for you!
Did you think you could sneak out today without having to face me?
Well you were WRONG, little God!
And it was only once they found him that the strangest story yet began to unfold.
My love.
The secret story of the torrid affair between the ape god and the fiercest SHE-BLIZZARD in all of Jotunheim.
The story that would spawn Thor's firstborn son, the giant of thunder.
The Jotunn prince who would one day sit the throne of Asgard.

There is a POWER in tales untold.
And the way our stories collide and entwine.
The ones from long ago.
The ones yet to come.
And the stories that DEFY all time.

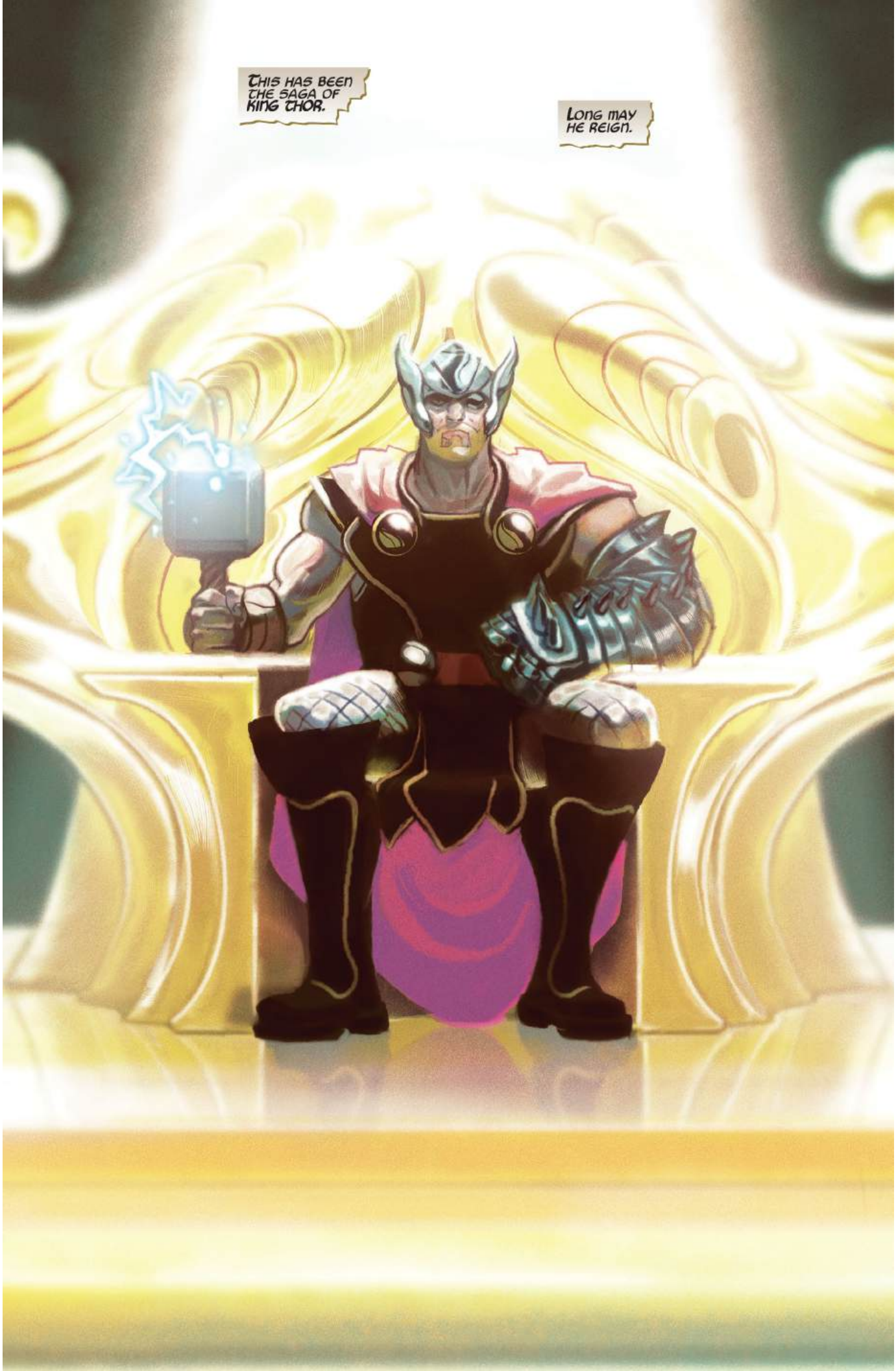
And then there are the stories of the NOW.
THE PRESENT DAY.
THE ROOTS OF THE WORLD TREE.
THE WORK IS FINISHED. THE NORNKEEP STANDS AGAIN.
THERE IS A POWER IN TALES UNTOLD.
STORIES OF REVELRY AND WOE, OF TRIUMPH AND TRIBULATION.
STORIES OF WAR AND THUNDER.
OF HAMMERS AND HEL AND THE TWILIGHT OF THE GODS.
THE NORNS ARE ONCE MORE PROTECTED.
SAFE TO CARRY OUT THEIR IMMORTAL DUTY OF SPINNING THE FATES OF ALL THE GODS.
AND THEIR KEEP WILL NEVER FALL AGAIN.
SO SWEARS BALDER, KING OF THE NORNS.
THIS IS FOR YOU, KARNILLA, MY LOVE.
This is the NOW that never ends.


THE ANCIENT CYCLE OF TRAGEDY AND REBIRTH.
MANHATTAN.
WOW. LOOK AT THAT.
HAVE YOU EVER SEEN A SKYLINE MORE BEAUTIFUL?
GOD, WHAT A DAY, HUH, MR. HORSE?
WHAT A DAY TO BE ALIVE.
THE LEGACY THAT STRETCHES INTO FOREVER.

THE FAMILY THAT WILL NEVER DIE.
I CAN SEE THE DWARVES DREAMING IN THEIR CAVES IN NIDAVELLIR.
I SEE WHAT THE SEA ELVES OF ALFHEIM ARE HAVING FOR DINNER.
BUT I CANNOT SEE YOU, BROTHER.
WHEREVER YOU RESIDE IN THE REALMS BEYOND...I PRAY YOU'RE RESTING WELL. WITH THE KNOWLEDGE THAT YOUR WATCH CONTINUES ON, BELOVED HEIMDALL.
AND THAT ASGARD STANDS PROTECTED.
SO SWEARS SIF, GUARDIAN OF THE BIFROST.
THE ALL-SEEING EYES THAT NEVER BLINK.

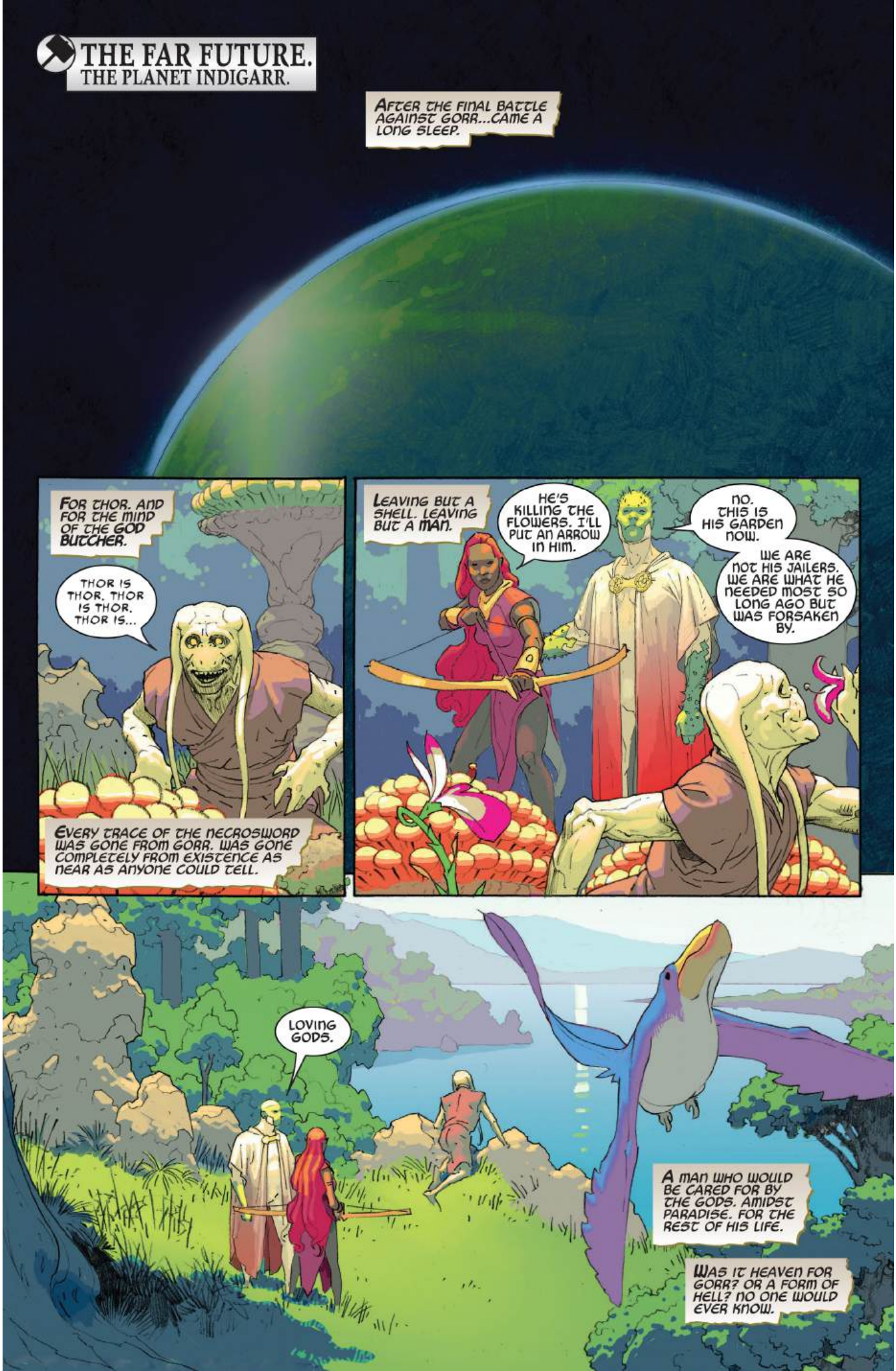
THE ENCHANTMENT... THAT WILL NEVER FADE.
WHOSOEVER HOLDS THIS HAMMER, IF THEY BE WORTHY, SHALL POSSESS THE POWER OF... THOR
YOU KNOW I LEAVE YOU HERE EACH NIGHT FOR A REASON, RIGHT?
BECAUSE IF I CAN'T MOVE YOU OUT OF THE WAY... THEN I DON'T DESERVE TO SIT THERE.
SO LET'S SEE WHERE WE ARE TODAY THEN, SHALL WE?
ALL-FATHER IT IS.
FOR ANOTHER MORN AT LEAST.
SO BE IT.
GODS KNOW IT'S BEEN A LONG HARD ROAD TO GET TO THIS PLACE.
AND PERSONALLY, OLD FRIEND, I'M RATHER EXCITED...

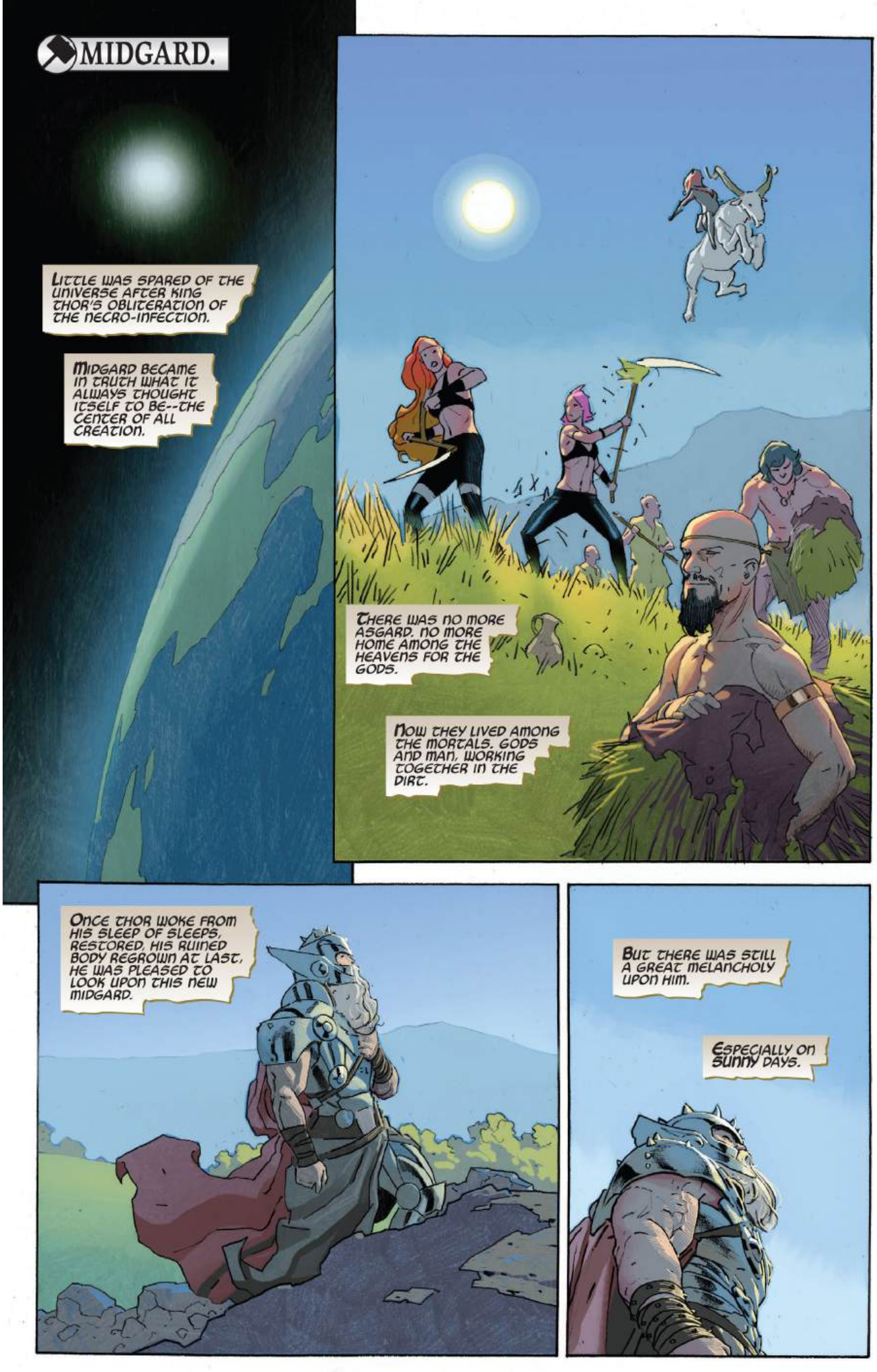
"...TO SEE WHERE WE GO FROM HERE."
ASGARD. THE REALM ETERNAL.
STORIES.
IN THE END, THAT'S ALL WE'LL EVER BE. THAT'S ALL WE'LL LEAVE BEHIND.
SOME TALES TOLD AND RETOLD DOWN THROUGH TIME.
THE GREATEST OF THESE ARE THE ONES THAT NEVER DIE.
THE STORIES THAT STAND IMMORTAL. ENTHRONED.
THE WORTHIEST OF ALL OUR MANY IMAGININGS.
THESE ARE THE STORIES...OF WHICH GODS ARE MADE.

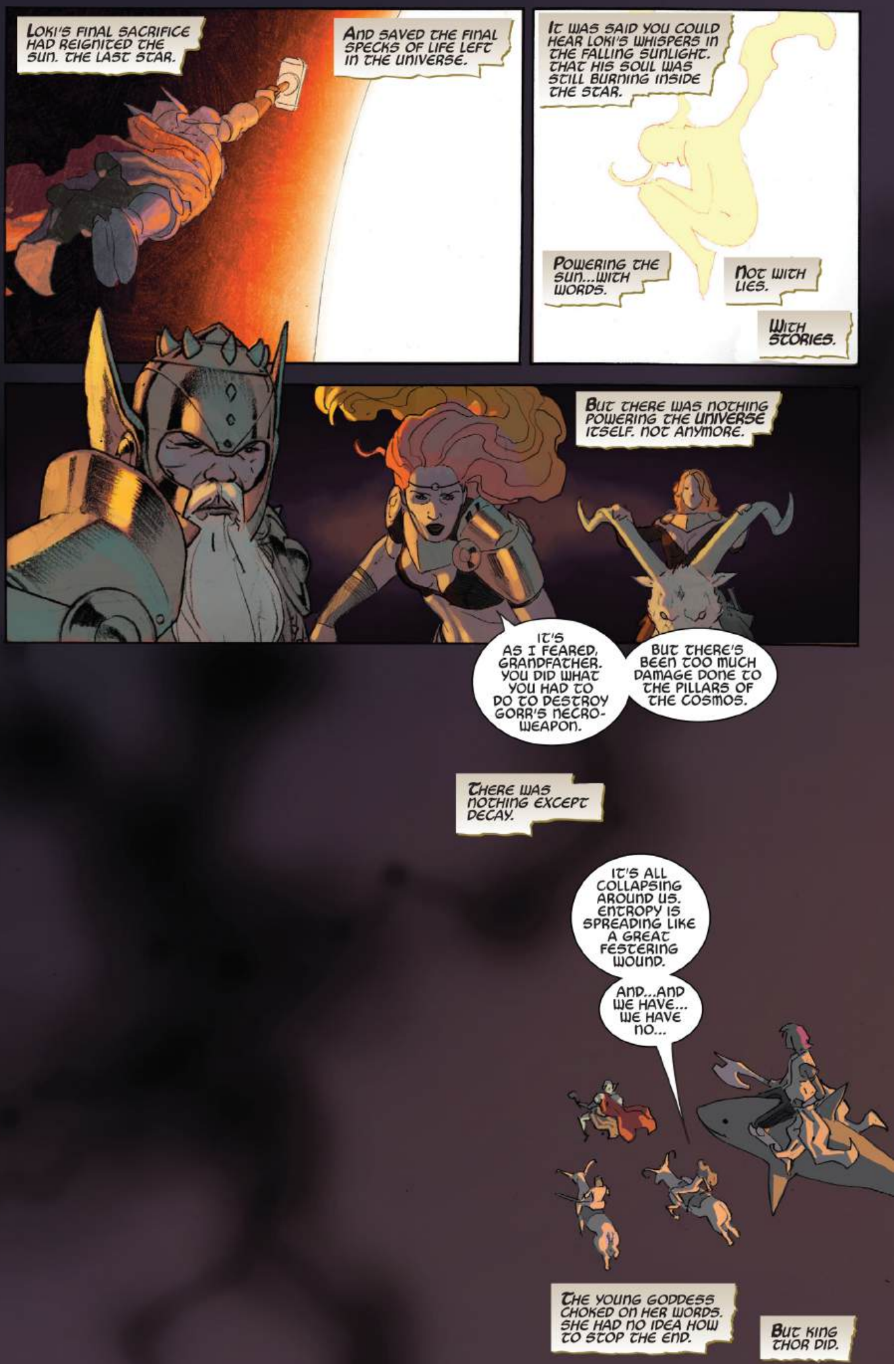

THIS HAS BEEN THE SAGA OF KING THOR.
LONG MAY HE REIGN.

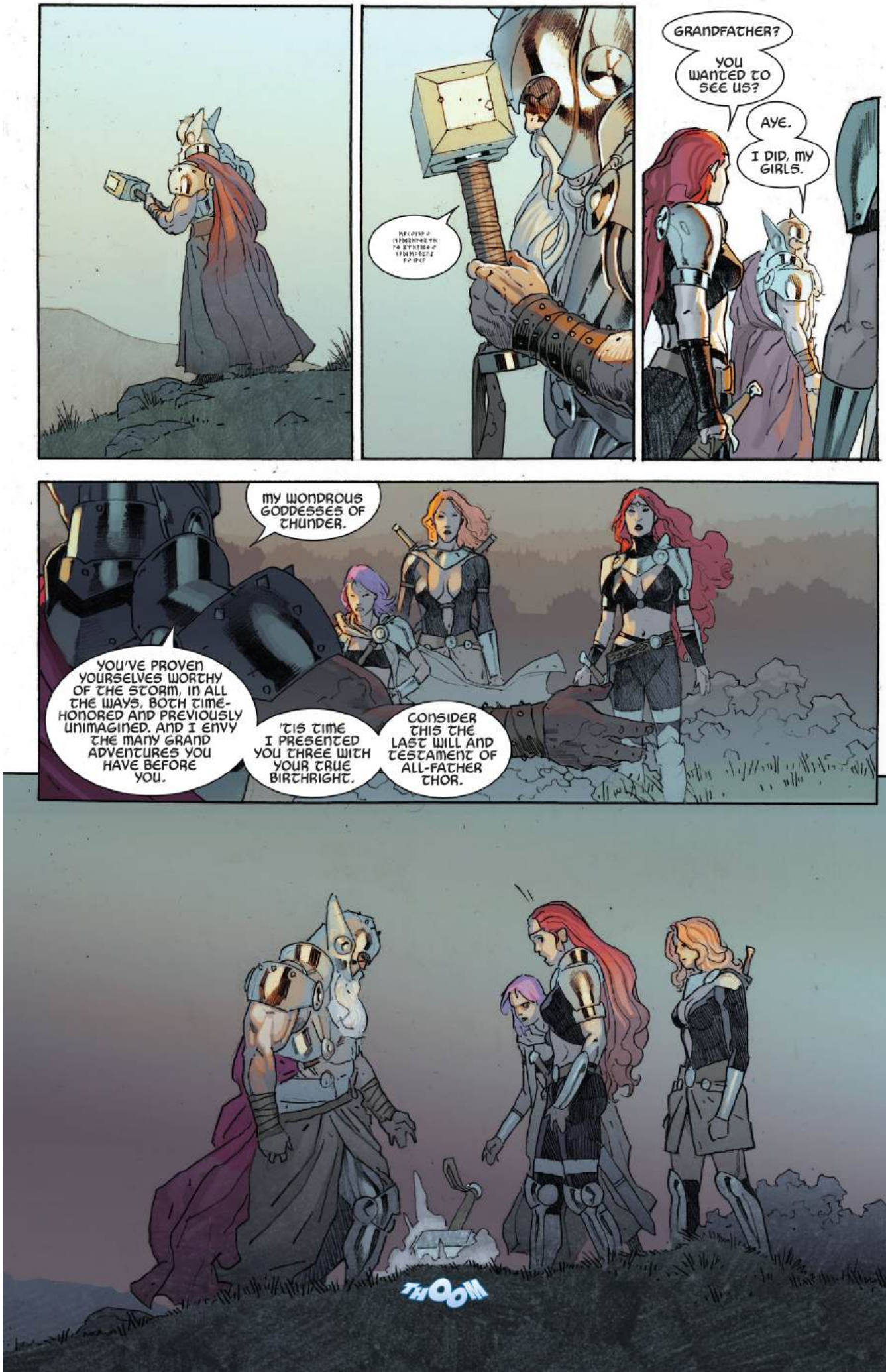
GODS. I...
I DON'T WANT IT TO END.
I DON'T WANT IT TO EVER END.
KING THOR
THERE ARE ENOUGH STORIES HERE...THAT I...I CAN JUST KEEP... READING THEM...
...FOREVER AND EVER AND...
SHADRAK! STOP DAWDLING AND GET BACK TO WORK!
YES, SIR, LORD LIBRARIAN, SIR.
OH WELL. MAYBE I'LL...
...I'LL HAVE TIME TO READ ANOTHER ONE TOMORROW.
THE BOOKS AREN'T GOING ANYWHERE, RIGHT?

THE STONE MEN FROM SATURN
AGES OF THUNDER
MJOLNIR'S SONG
THE SURTUR SAGA
GODBOMB
TO WAKE THE MANGOG
THE DEVOURER KING
KING THOR
THE DEATH OF THE MIGHTY THOR
THE WAR FOR ASGARD
AND THE HAMMER FELL
THOR: THE MIGHTY AVENGER
YOUNG THOR
THE WAR THOR
SECRET WARS: THORS
THERE WILL ALWAYS BE MORE THOR STORIES.


THE FAR FUTURE.
THE PLANET INDIGARR.
AFTER THE FINAL BATTLE AGAINST GORR...CAME A LONG SLEEP.
FOR THOR. AND FOR THE MIND OF THE GOD BUTCHER.
THOR IS THOR. THOR IS THOR. THOR IS...
EVERY TRACE OF THE NECROSWORD WAS GONE FROM GORR. WAS GONE COMPLETELY FROM EXISTENCE AS NEAR AS ANYONE COULD TELL.
LEAVING BUT A SHELL. LEAVING BUT A MAN.
HE'S KILLING THE FLOWERS. I'LL PUT AN ARROW IN HIM.
NO. THIS IS HIS GARDEN NOW.
WE ARE NOT HIS JAILERS. WE ARE WHAT HE NEEDED MOST SO LONG AGO BUT WAS FORSAKEN BY.
LOVING GODS.
A MAN WHO WOULD BE CARED FOR BY THE GODS. AMIDST PARADISE. FOR THE REST OF HIS LIFE.
WAS IT HEAVEN FOR GORR? OR A FORM OF HELL? NO ONE WOULD EVER KNOW.

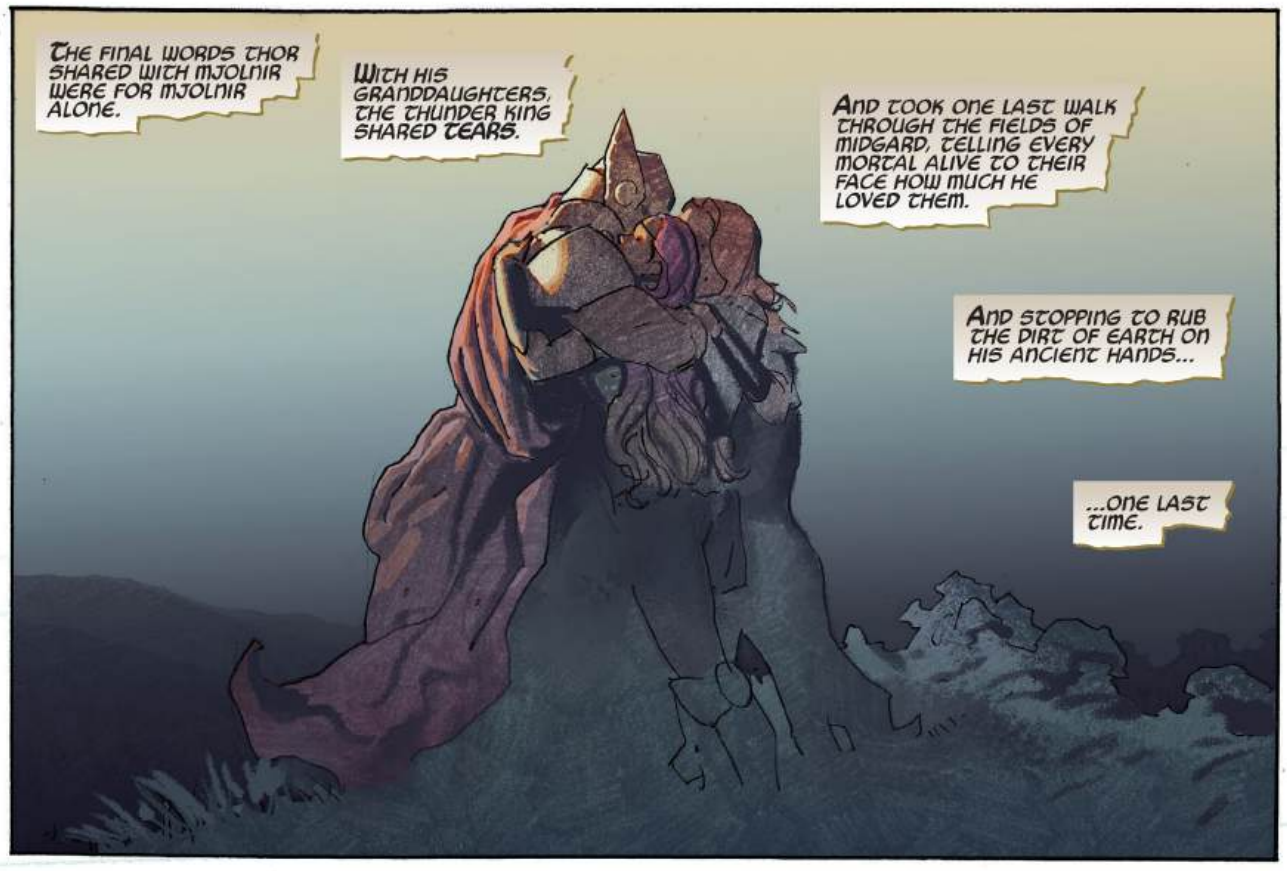

MIDGARD.
LITTLE WAS SPARED OF THE UNIVERSE AFTER KING THOR'S OBLITERATION OF THE NECRO-INFECTION.
MIDGARD BECAME IN TRUTH WHAT IT ALWAYS THOUGHT ITSELF TO BE--THE CENTER OF ALL CREATION.
THERE WAS NO MORE ASGARD. NO MORE HOME AMONG THE HEAVENS FOR THE GODS.
NOW THEY LIVED AMONG THE MORTALS. GODS AND MAN, WORKING TOGETHER IN THE DIRT.
ONCE THOR WOKE FROM HIS SLEEP OF SLEEPS, RESTORED, HIS RUINED BODY REGROWN AT LAST, HE WAS PLEASED TO LOOK UPON THIS NEW MIDGARD.
BUT THERE WAS STILL A GREAT MELANCHOLY UPON HIM.
ESPECIALLY ON SUNNY DAYS.

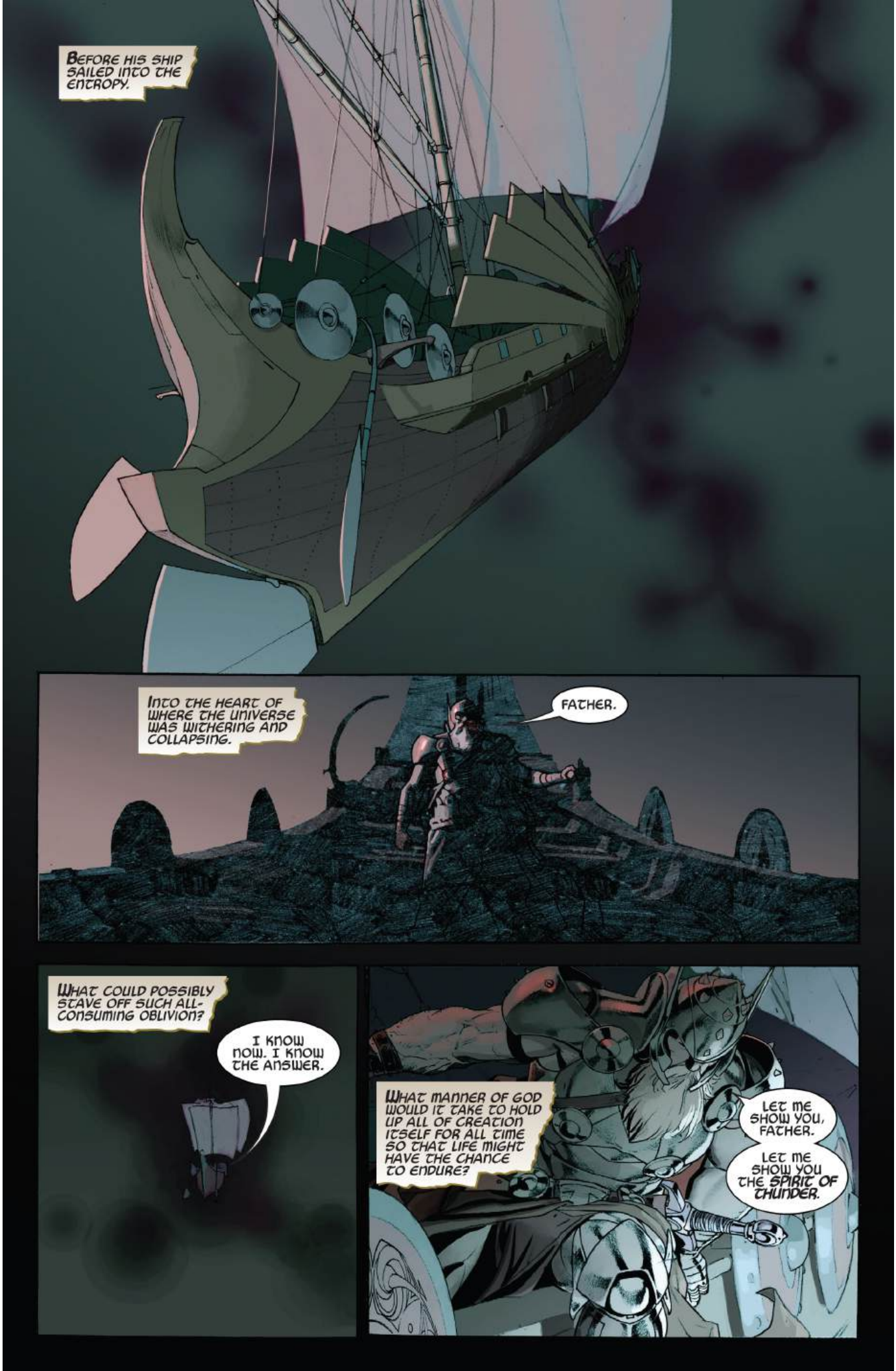

Loki's final sacrifice had reignited the sun. The last star.
And saved the final specks of life left in the universe.
It was said you could hear Loki's whispers in the falling sunlight. That his soul was still burning inside the star.
Powering the sun...with words.
Not with lies.
With stories.
But there was nothing powering the UNIVERSE itself. Not anymore.
It's as I feared, grandfather. You did what you had to do to destroy Gorr's necro-weapon.
But there's been too much damage done to the pillars of the cosmos.
There was nothing except decay.
It's all collapsing around us. Entropy is spreading like a great festering wound.
And...and we have... we have no...
The young goddess choked on her words. She had no idea how to stop the end.
But King Thor did.


GRANDFATHER?
YOU WANTED TO SEE US?
AYE.
I DID, MY GIRLS.
MY WONDROUS GODDESSES OF THUNDER.
YOU'VE PROVEN YOURSELVES WORTHY OF THE STORM, IN ALL THE WAYS, BOTH TIME-HONORED AND PREVIOUSLY UNIMAGINED. AND I ENVY THE MANY GRAND ADVENTURES YOU HAVE BEFORE YOU.
'TIS TIME I PRESENTED YOU THREE WITH YOUR TRUE BIRTHRIGHT.
CONSIDER THIS THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF ALL-FATHER THOR.
THOOM

GRANDFATHER THOR...WHAT...
WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?

IT MEANS GOODBYE, MY LOVES.

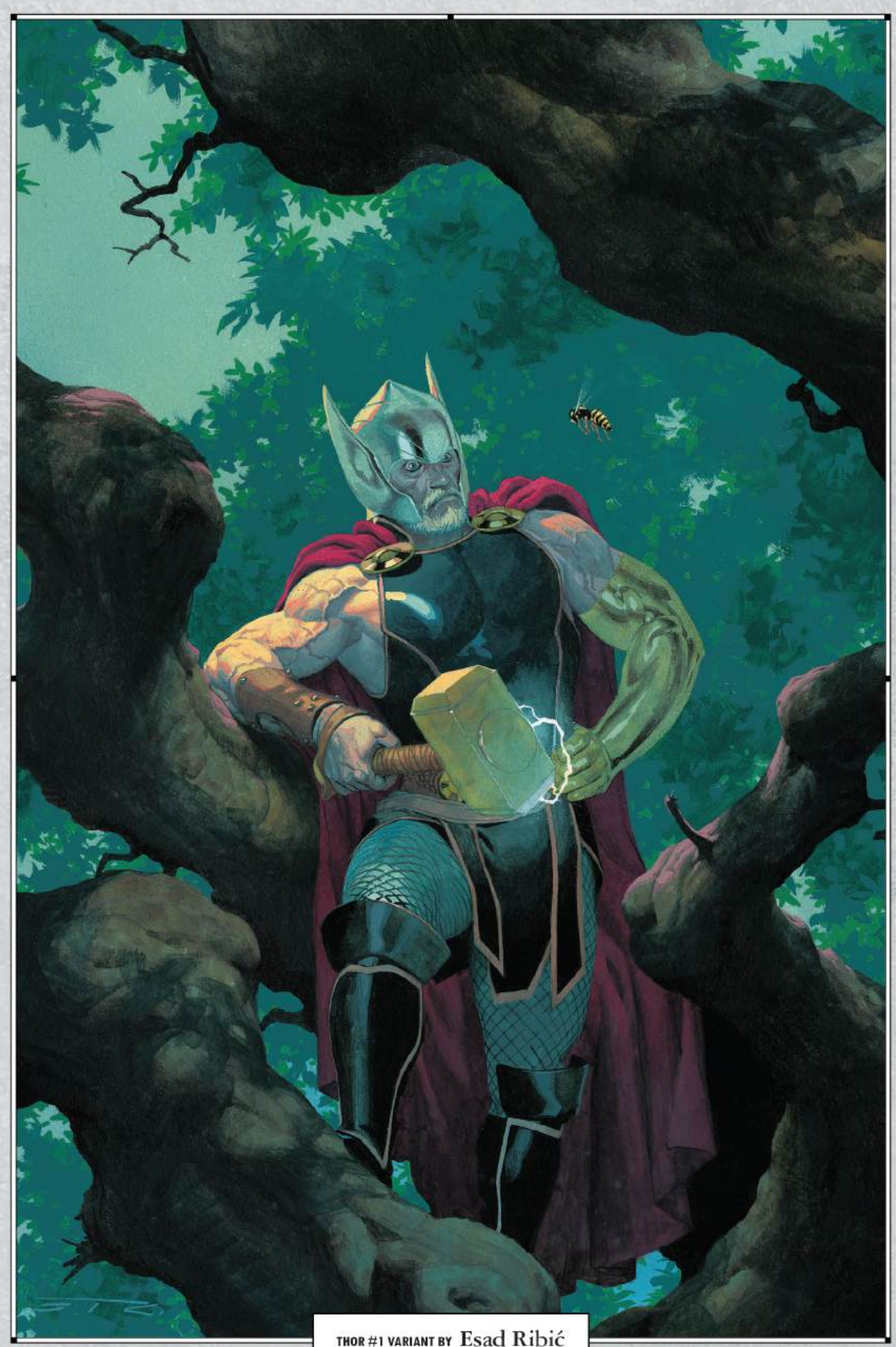

THE FINAL WORDS THOR SHARED WITH MJOLNIR WERE FOR MJOLNIR ALONE.
WITH HIS GRANDDAUGHTERS, THE THUNDER KING SHARED TEARS.
AND TOOK ONE LAST WALK THROUGH THE FIELDS OF MIDGARD, TELLING EVERY MORTAL ALIVE TO THEIR FACE HOW MUCH HE LOVED THEM.
AND STOPPING TO RUB THE DIRT OF EARTH ON HIS ANCIENT HANDS...
...ONE LAST TIME.


BEFORE HIS SHIP SAILED INTO THE ENTROPY.
INTO THE HEART OF WHERE THE UNIVERSE WAS WITHERING AND COLLAPSING.
FATHER.
WHAT COULD POSSIBLY STAVE OFF SUCH ALL-CONSUMING OBLIVION?
I KNOW NOW. I KNOW THE ANSWER.
WHAT MANNER OF GOD WOULD IT TAKE TO HOLD UP ALL OF CREATION ITSELF FOR ALL TIME SO THAT LIFE MIGHT HAVE THE CHANCE TO ENDURE?
LET ME SHOW YOU, FATHER.
LET ME SHOW YOU THE SPIRIT OF THUNDER.

When Thor was a very young boy, it was said he was frightened by storms.
That he would cry fretfully in his crib whenever it thundered.
And his father Odin became so enraged by this that once during a downpour, he had the boy hurled outside the royal halls of Asgard and forbid anyone to give him shelter.
That night, thunder rattled every building in the Realm Eternal. It was the fiercest storm any god could remember.
The next morning, little Thor was found, drenched to the bone, but without a tear in his eye.
He never cried again at the sound of thunder.
For in truth, what his foolish father had missed so completely was that Thor had never cried because of the storm.
The storm was his crying.
Thor's first words were spoken with thunder.
And so would be his last.

THE SPIRIT OF A SWORD IS TO CUT. THE SPIRIT OF A HAMMER IS TO SMASH.
BUT WHAT IS THE SPIRIT OF THUNDER?
KRUKKA-KA-OOOOM!!
FATHER... WHAT'S THAT SOUND?
DON'T BE SCARED, MY CHILDREN.
THAT IS THUNDER.
AND THUNDER IS THE SOUND OF GOD LOVING US.
THUNDER IS HOW WE KNOW HE'S UP THERE, FIGHTING BACK THE DARKNESS.
FOR US. FOR ANOTHER DAWN.
ANOTHER DAY FOR US TO LIVE AND DREAM. AND STRIVE TO BE WORTHY.
LET ME TELL YOU, MY CHILDREN, OF THE MIGHTINESS OF OUR GOD.

THE SPIRIT OF THUNDER IS TO BE HEARD.
LET ME TELL YOU THE STORY OF THOR.
Amen.



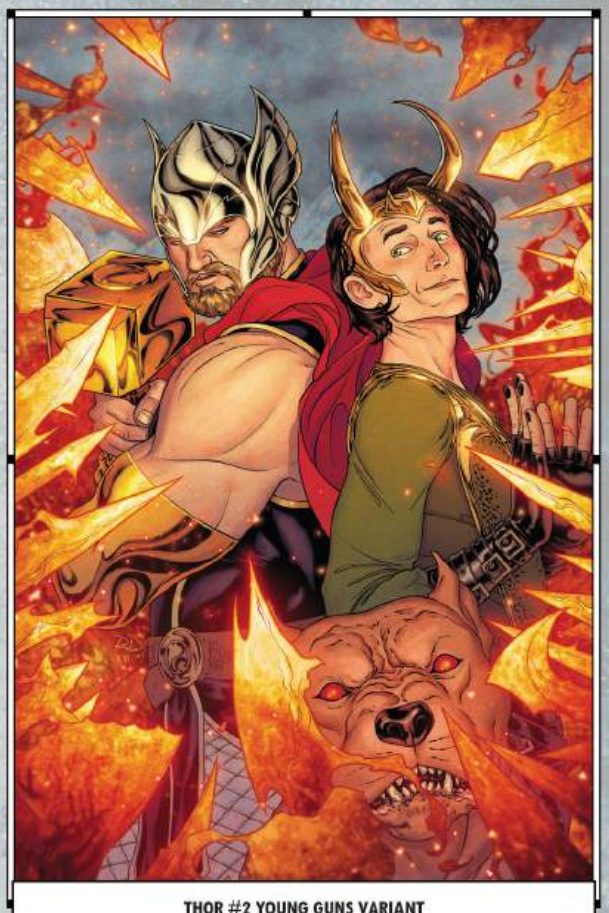
THOR #1 VARIANT BY Esad Ribić

THOR #1 VARIANT BY Christian Ward

THOR #1 VARIANT BY Kaare Andrews

THOR #1 DESIGN VARIANT
BY Russell Dauterman

THOR #1 REMASTERED VARIANT
BY Jack Kirby, Vince Colletta & Paul Mounts WITH Michael Kelleher



THOR #2 YOUNG GUNS VARIANT
BY Russell Dauterman & Matthew Wilson

THOR #2 VARIANT
BY Mike Deodato Jr. & Frank Martin

THOR #5 COSMIC GHOST RIDER VS. VARIANT
BY Ema Lupacchino & Jason Keith

THOR #6 MARVEL KNIGHTS 20TH ANNIVERSARY VARIANT
BY Richard Isanove

THOR #8 VARIANT
BY Kaare Andrews

THOR #8 CONAN VS. VARIANT
BY Patch Zircher & Dean White

THOR #1-5 COMBINED VARIANTS BY James Harren & Dave Stewart

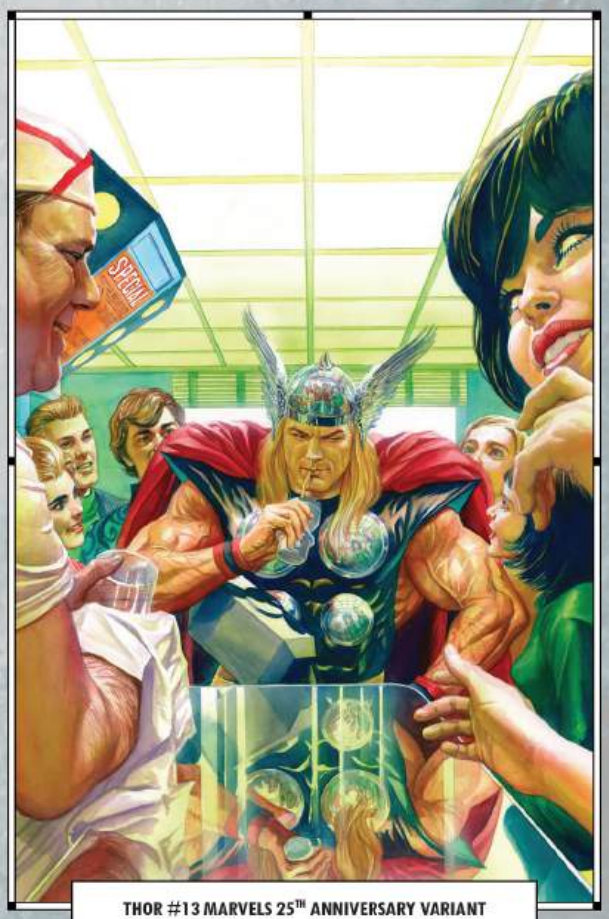
THOR #9 CONAN VS. VARIANT
BY Greg Smallwood

THOR #9 MARVEL 80TH ANNIVERSARY VARIANT
BY Phil Noto

THOR #10 SKRULLS VARIANT
BY Khary Randolph & Morry Hollowell

THOR #11 VARIANT
BY Giuseppe Camuncoli & Jason Keith

THOR #12 ASGARDIAN VARIANT
BY Olivier Coipel & Matthew Wilson

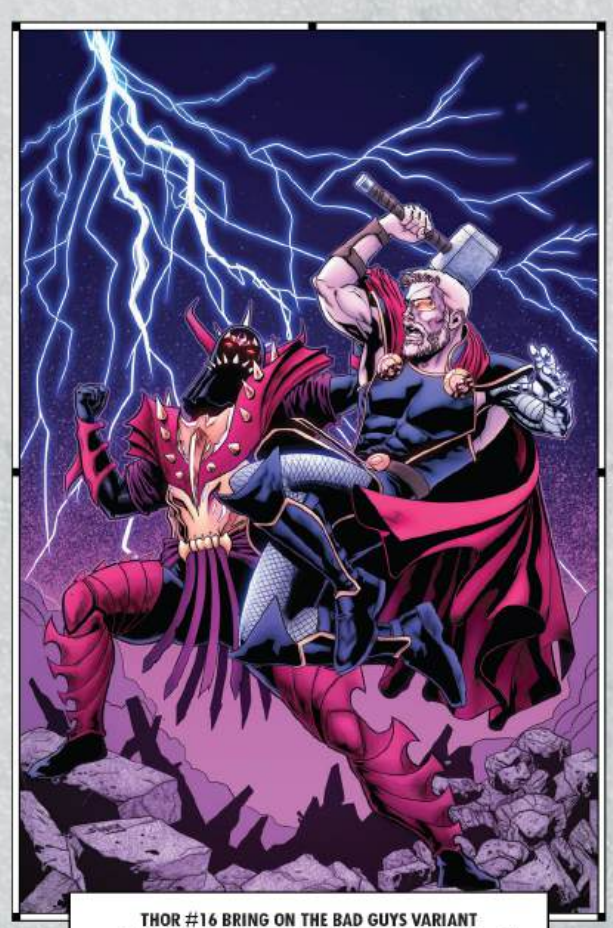


THOR #13 MARVELS 25TH ANNIVERSARY VARIANT
BY Alex Ross

THOR #14 MARVELS 25TH ANNIVERSARY TRIBUTE VARIANT
BY Yasmine Putri

THOR #15 CARNAGE-IZED VARIANT
BY Mike McKone & Nolan Woodard

THOR #16 MARVEL 80TH ANNIVERSARY FRAME VARIANT
BY Mike McKone & Edgar Delgado



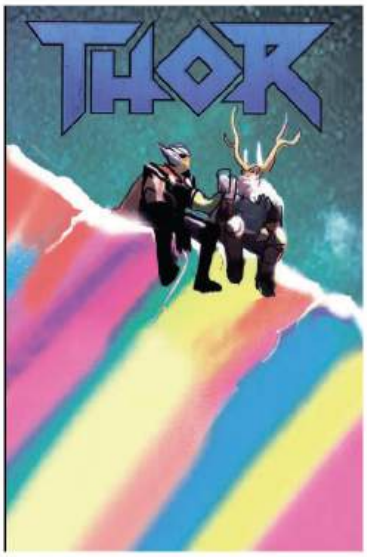
THOR #16 BRING ON THE BAD GUYS VARIANT
BY Will Sliney & Morry Hollowell

KING THOR #1 VARIANT
BY Gerardo Zaffino

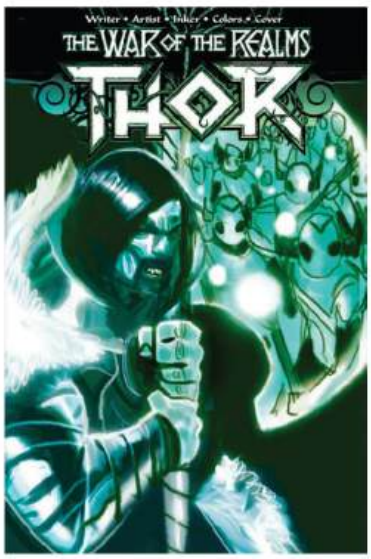
KING THOR #1 VARIANT
BY Adam Kubert & Matthew Wilson

KING THOR #1 IMMORTAL VARIANT
BY Luke Ross & Frank D'Armata

KING THOR #4 VARIANT
BY Steve Epting



THOR #7 & #9-10 COVER SKETCHES BY Mike del Mundo

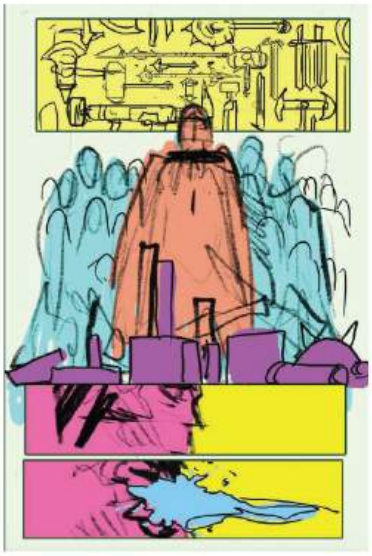
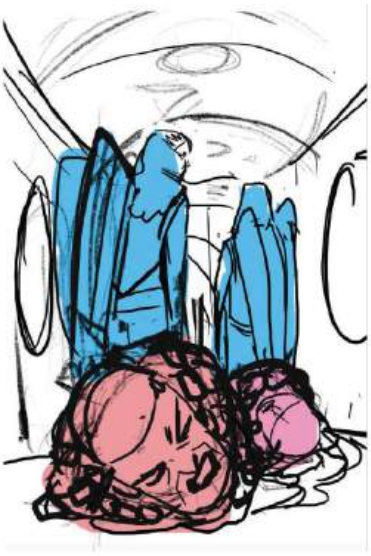
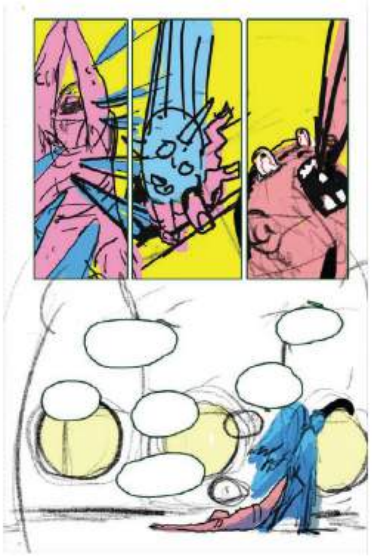
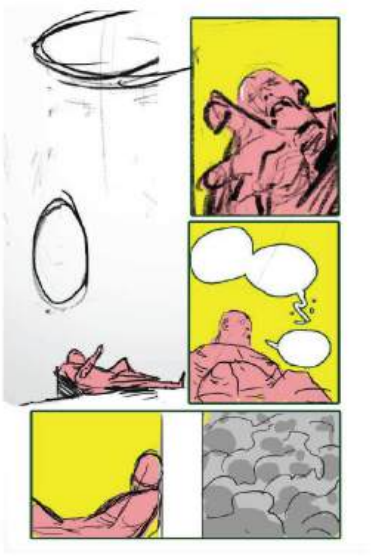


THOR #12-13 COVER SKETCHES BY Mike del Mundo

THOR #14-15 COVER SKETCHES BY Mike del Mundo

THOR #16 COVER PROCESS BY Mike del Mundo

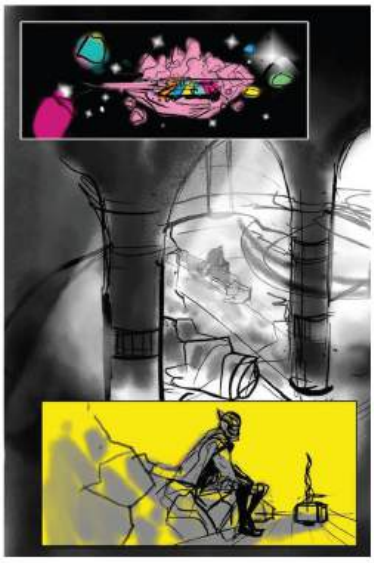
THOR #7, PAGES 8-11 ART BY Tony Moore

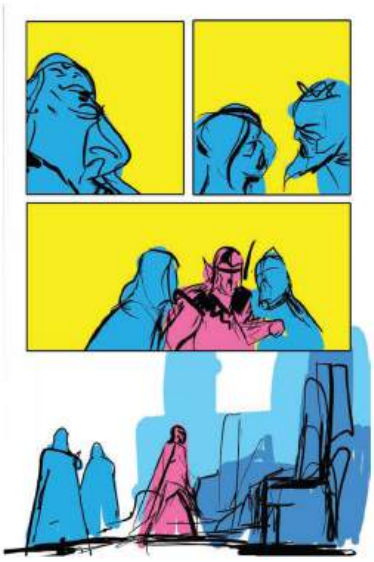





THOR #8, PAGES 1-9 LAYOUTS BY Mike del Mundo

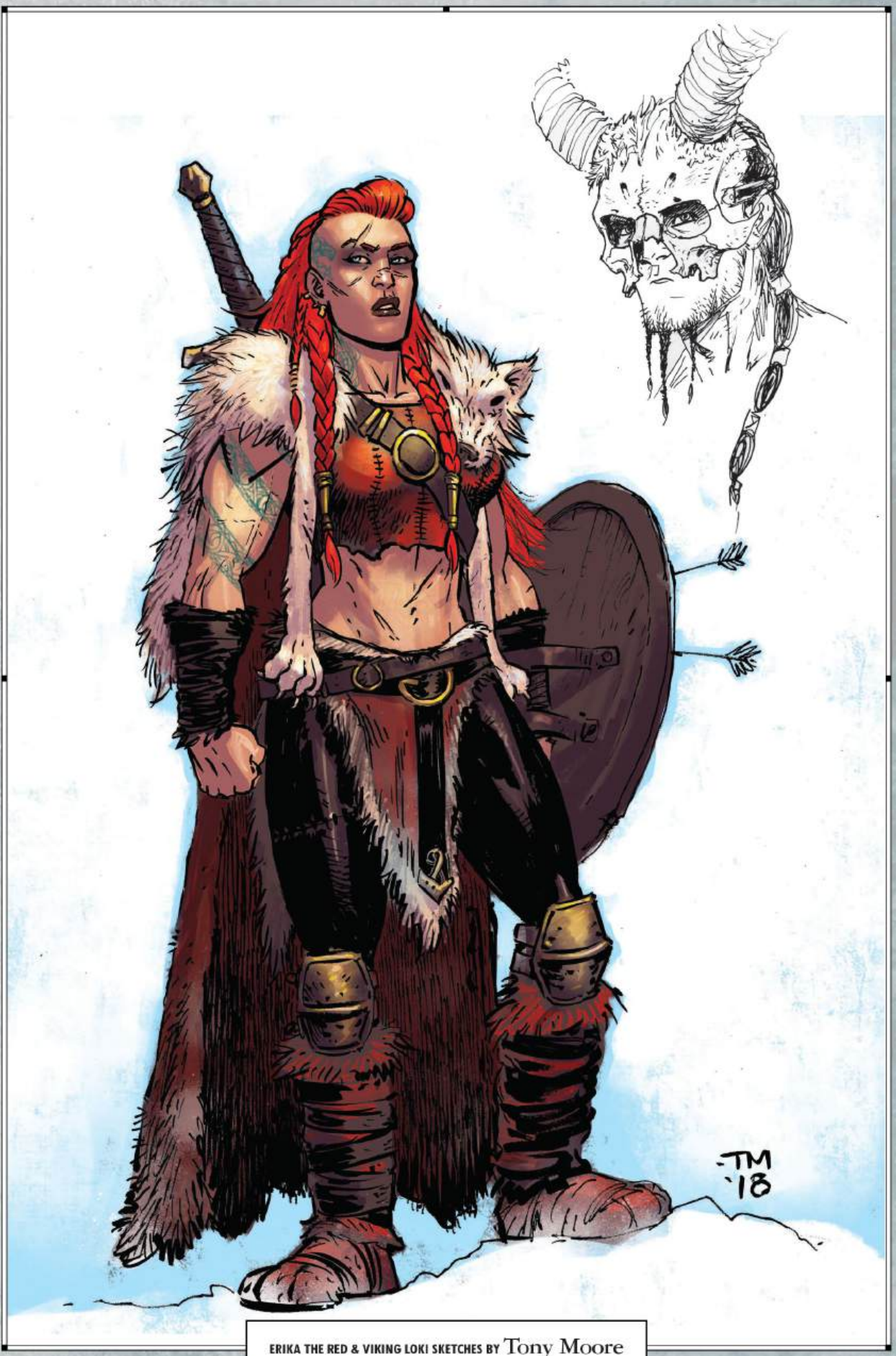
THOR #14, PAGES 3-4 ART PROCESS BY Scott Hepburn

THOR #14, PAGES 6-7 ART PROCESS BY Scott Hepburn





THOR #15, PAGES 11-20 LAYOUTS BY Mike del Mundo



ERIKA THE RED & VIKING LOKI SKETCHES BY Tony Moore

AGENT ROZ SOLOMON & WAKANDAN VEHICLE SKETCHES BY Mike del Mundo

Well. This is an ending for me. Of sorts. With this issue, I've now taken our present-day Thor just about as far as I ever will. He's survived a God Butcher, unworthiness and the war of wars to become the one-eyed, one-armed, Mjolnir-toting king of Asgard. Sounds familiar, doesn't it? Who knows what wild new adventures lie in store for All-Father Thor. Well, I've got at least a little idea what's coming for our God of Thunder. But more on that in a minute.

I'll save my seven years' worth of thanks and blubbery goodbyes for a few months from now. But I do want to take this moment to bid a very heartfelt adieu to Mike del Mundo. I've been very spoiled when it comes to artists on my THOR run, going back to Esad Ribić at the beginning and continuing on through Russell Dauterman and Olivier Coipel — all artistic heavyweights at the peak of their prowess, each with their own wildly imaginative and distinctive style. That's a tough group to follow. But Mike took the Asgardian baton with this latest volume, with the rebirth of Thor Odinson, and very much made the character his own. Made Thor's entire world his own. No one in comics or anywhere else is going to out-imagine Mike del Mundo. The wild life, pure uncut passion and beautiful weirdness he injects into his pages has filled me each and every month with complete and utter joy, awe and gratitude. Thank you, Mike. It's been a thunderous pleasure.

So where do we go from here? Well, back to the very beginning in one sense. And all the way to the dark and dismal end in another. The end of everything that's ever been or ever will be. The last Thor story. That's what awaits you in the pages of KING THOR #1, along with the triumphant return of Esad Ribić and maybe a few other old friends as well...as I try to say goodbye in style.

It's the end of my run on THOR. And I've decided that when I leave...I'm going to take the whole universe with me.

Join me in the fire, won't you?

Stay worthy.

Jason Aaron
KC, August 2019

This book has been such an amazing ride. I really feel like my art flourished throughout my run, and I am so proud of what I was able to accomplish. It's all because of the complex, fun, emotional, action-packed scenes and intimate moments that Jason writes. I've been truly spoiled by how Jason crafts this beautiful story and am super blessed to be a part of his epic run. So many standout moments, from Toothgrinder driving Thor's boat to Odin and Thor's father-son scenes, the battle scene with Juggernaut, Balder's monster truck, Loki and his father's relationship. There's Roz melting away a Frost Giant, Thanos and Hela's breakup, Thor's torture scene with the Angels, and I can't forget that murderous dog, Thori. There are so many other scenes to name. Thank you, Jason, for making me a part of your story — it's really been surreal, and I hope we can do it again. WEIRDWORLD gave me a small fix of your talent and it left me wanting more. I finally got it with THOR.

Thanks to Wil Moss and Sarah Brunstad for an amazing job at calling the plays in this book and making sure each detail was carefully looked at with love, and also for guiding me through this whole process.

Joe Sabino, your lettering is impeccable. Thank you!

Marco, I couldn't have finished this book without you. You're the best at setting the stage and laying down that lighting. Also love the names you make up in the layers palette.

I'm gonna miss this book... Bring on the thunder!

Regards,

Mike del Mundo

I'M NOT GONNA LIE. IT WAS HARD TO LET GO.

I don't know that I'm very good at letting go in general. But especially after seven years and 100 or so issues of being the "Thor guy" at Marvel, I found it was really hard to put this final one to bed. I held on to those last few pages for as long as I possibly could. Even though that last scene had been sitting in my head, waiting to be written, for many years.

I put a lot of myself into those 100 issues. A lot of who I was growing up, playing alone in the woods of the Deep South, breathing in stories like the purest of pine-scented oxygen, dreaming my way in the roundabout direction of the life I wanted. And a lot of who I became when I grew up, lost religion, almost lost myself, moved away, found love, found fatherhood, found the man I wanted to be, a man I'm still working to more fully realize every day.

Thor helped with that. Thor literally changed my life. And I just hope I returned the favor in some way that mattered.

Personally, I haven't believed in God, in any gods, for a long time. Faith hasn't been a part of who I am for many years. But I still have ideas and values that are precious and fundamental to me in ways that feel almost religious in nature. Even as an atheist, I still have things I worship.

And I wrote about all of them with Thor.

Thor is truly the sort of god (or gods, I guess, as I wrote a whole bunch of Thors) that I would like to believe in. The god who wakes up every single day and looks at that hammer, with its worthiness enchantment, and doesn't know if they will be able to lift it. Who lives every day questioning their own worthiness, aspiring for it, while also embracing their unworthiness, their failings. The kind of god who delights and takes unbridled joy from the wild, unimaginable beauty all around them. A god who sometimes drinks too much, sometimes loves too recklessly, who thinks both too highly and too lowly of themselves, who laughs big and weeps bigger, who thunders and broods and feels things deeply, even through near-impenetrable flesh. Who would die a thousand times to save what's most precious to them, which is us. Like the Vikings of old weaving their sagas, I was fortunate enough to be able to dream that very god into being, while standing on the shoulders of god-spawning giants with names like Lee and Kirby and Simonson. And now Thor will always be very real to me. The God of Thunder will always be a profound presence in my life.

I wasn't a huge Thor fan growing up. This Thor run of mine was never really the plan. Until suddenly it was. Back in 2012, there was a moment when every major title at Marvel was up for grabs all at once. I'd already been penciled in to take over a different solo Avenger series. But for some reason, it didn't feel right. And something else did. I'd really loved Matt Fraction's Thor: Ages of Thunder one-shots. Something about them really resonated with me at that moment in time. And so I asked if I could take over Thor. I didn't have a story. Didn't have a direction. Didn't know who Thor was to me. But suddenly, he was mine. And if nothing else, I hope it still shows seven years later that I have thoroughly enjoyed our time together.

So if there's a lesson in there, I guess it's to be who you are and follow what feels right in the moment.

And dream your own gods.

Speaking of gods, there's a long list of the artistic variety whom I was lucky enough to collaborate with over the course of this run. It's too large a pantheon for me to list every single deified one of them here, but I would like to acknowledge a few. Before I ever had my first Thor story idea, I knew Esad Ribi´c was going to draw it, and that truly helped define everything to me. The scope, the power, the feel. Everything I've done with the character goes back to Esad's initial designs and the power of his opening pencils (along with Ive Svorcina's breathtaking colors). Esad was the spark, the fiery cosmic genesis, the jaw-dropping spectacle. And he was a tough damn act to follow. But Russell Dauterman still managed to swoop in and make the character and the world so completely and utterly his own. Along with the near-omnipotently talented colorist Matthew Wilson, Russell became the heart, the soul, the beauty and Uru-strong emotion of the series. I've never cried so much looking at a comic page as I still do with Russell and Matthew's work on the Jane Foster storyline. And I expect that will always be the case. And then the amazing Mike del Mundo took the reins for the last big series and brought his own unique, staggeringly imaginative and inventive style to Thor's world. Mike managed to weave together the spectacle and the heart, the power and the passion, in a way that felt like both a progression of what had come before and something wildly new and different. I will owe these artists free drinks for the rest of my life. And I look forward to them collecting.

I also owe unending thanks to everyone at Marvel who's helped make this happen, from former EiC Axel Alonso and my original editor, Lauren Sankovitch, to the current chief, C.B. Cebulski, and my longtime editorial collaborators and infinitely patient creative partners, editors Wil Moss and Sarah Brunstad. Those artists I mentioned before are the reason this run has looked so incredible for so long. But Wil and Sarah are the power behind that. It's been their eyes and impeccable tastes guiding the look of all these gorgeous series. So we all owe them free drinks for that.

And there's one other vitally important person who's been an even bigger part of my run than anyone else. And that's letterer Joe Sabino. Joe has brought his letters and

creativity to every single issue of my time on Thor. And even more than that, he's been a part of Thor history for even longer, working on the character all the way back to the JMS days. And thankfully Joe will still be here after I'm gone.

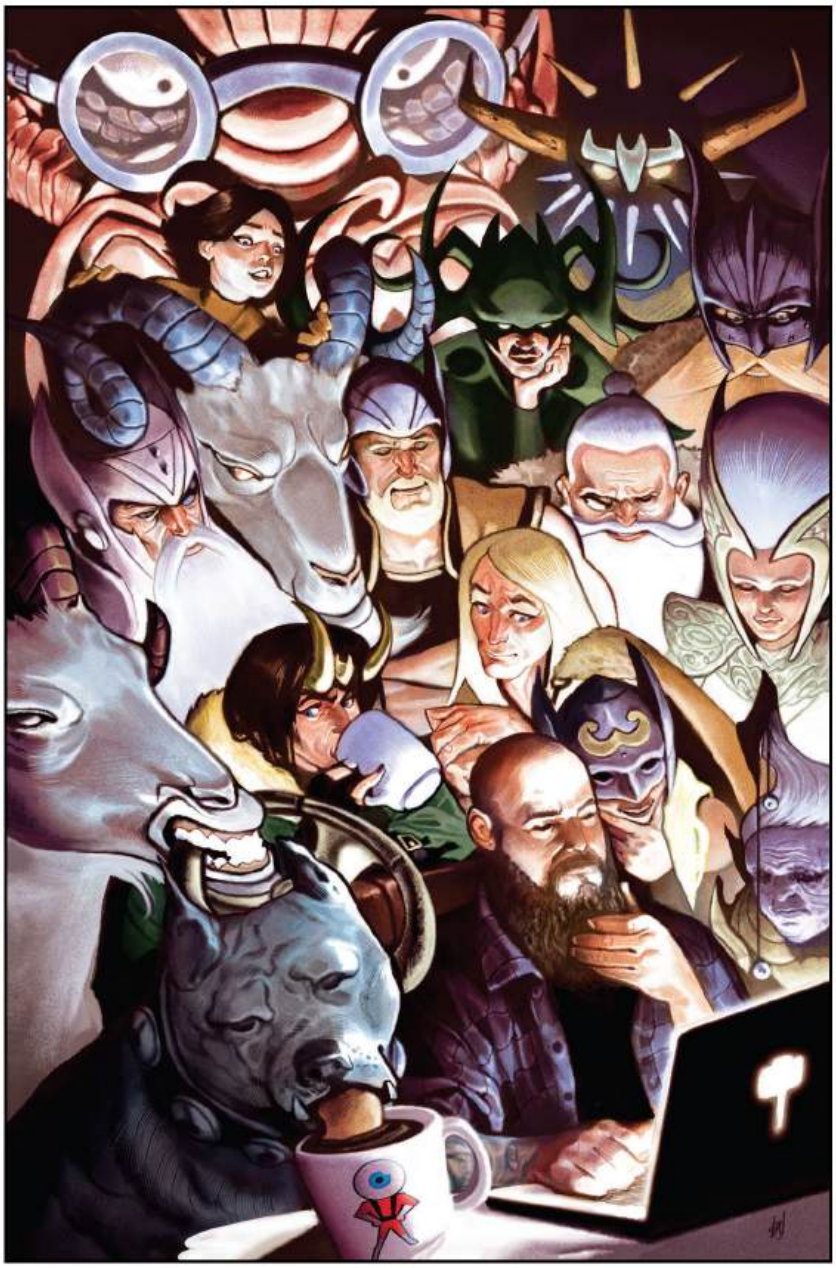
Which I guess means it's time to pass the Mjolnir on to its new caretakers, Donny Cates and Nic Klein, so I can step aside and enjoy the cosmic epicness that I know for a fact they're about to bestow upon us.

And enjoy it; I will. Because I'll be right there with all of you now. The people I owe the most thanks to. The fans who read and supported this entire tale. I don't know how I could ever possibly convey to you just how deeply I've cherished and appreciated the connection we've forged from across the pages. If nothing else, I hope that connection has earned me the honor of standing alongside you. As a Thor fan. Eagerly awaiting the next issue. The next grand adventure. The next chance to spend a little more time with a dear old friend.

I love you, Thor. Most verily, I do. Thanks for the chance to share that love with the world.

I'll look for you in the storm clouds, friend.

Stay worthy.
Jason Aaron
KC, November 14, 2019



KING THOR #4 VARIANT BY Mike del Mundo

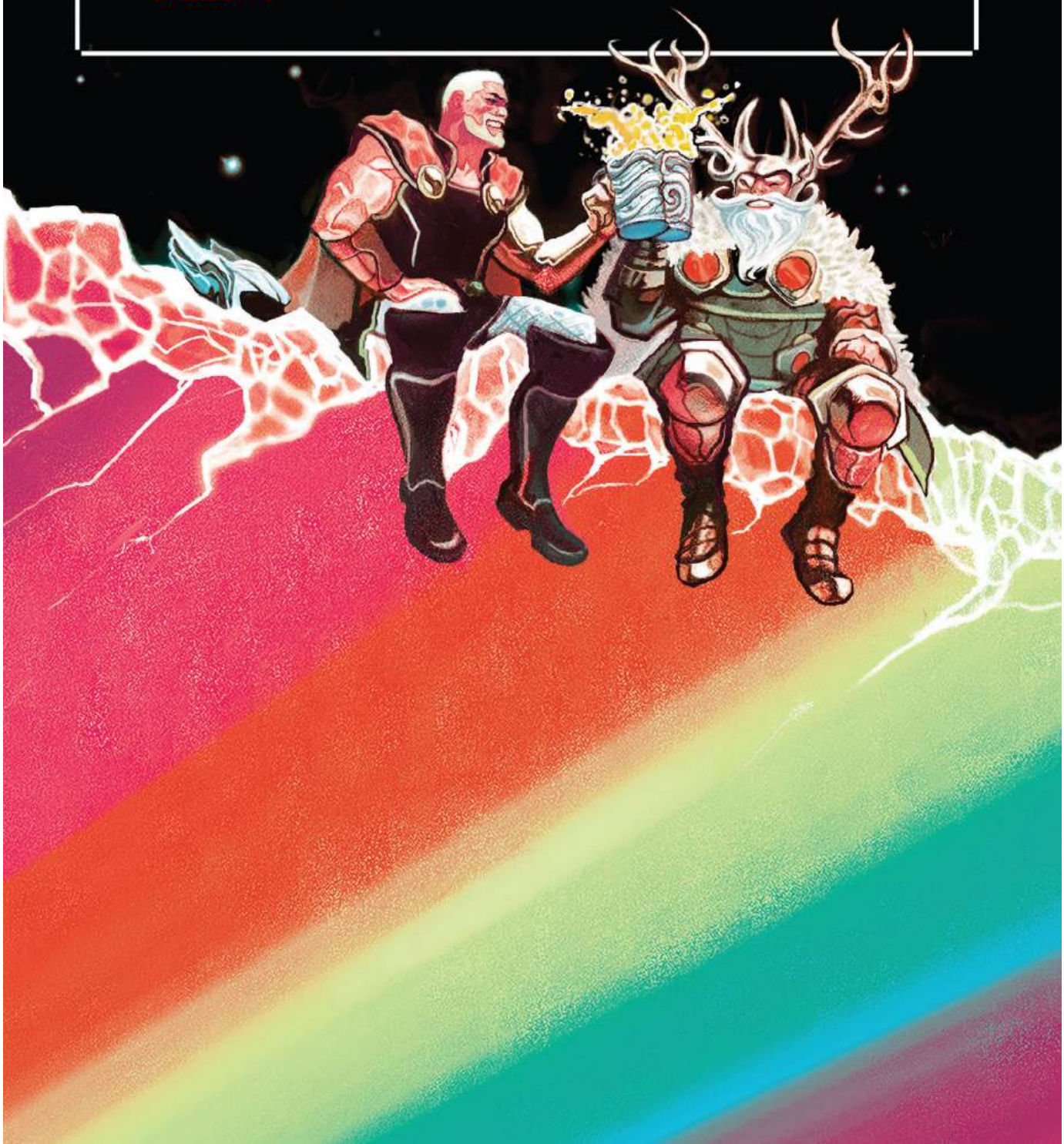
THE MYTH-MAKING CLIMAX OF JASON AARON'S LEGENDARY RUN!

The Odinson has regained his mantle, but Mjolnir has been destroyed! With conflict spreading through the realms, Thor will need new hammers. Lots of them! But will any amount of weapons be enough against such threats as the unstoppable Juggernaut and the Queen of Cinders? Valkyries, angels and more join the fight as the dark elf Malekith's War of the Realms spills into Midgard, engulfing Thor and all those he loves! Everything is about to change, for Thor and for Asgard. Then, at the end of time, witness the ancient King Thor's final fate as he encounters an old friend and faces his hated adopted brother Loki one last time! Jason Aaron and artist Esad Ribić reunite for the epic conclusion!

T+

MARVEL

COLLECTING *THOR (2018) #1-16* AND *KING THOR #1-4* — WRITTEN BY JASON AARON; AND ILLUSTRATED BY MIKE DEL MUNDO, CHRISTIAN WARD, TONY MOORE, LEE GARBETT, SCOTT HEPBURN, ESAD RIBIĆ AND MORE.



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